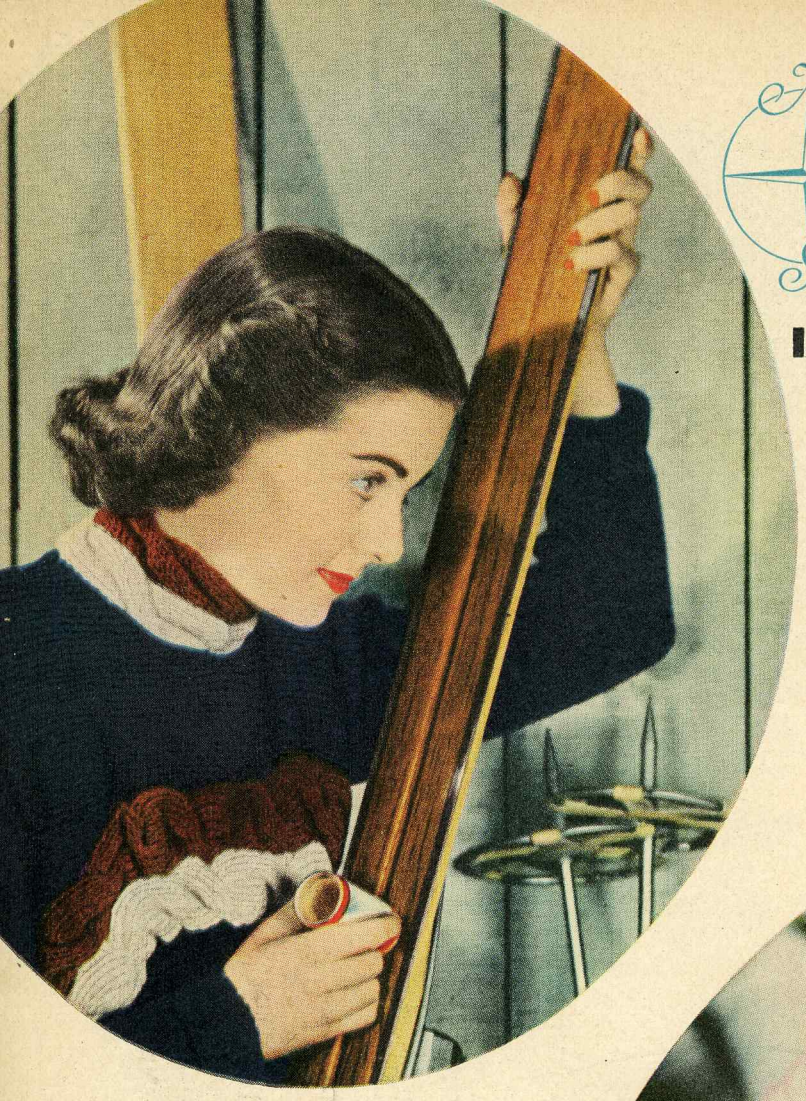
True Story

March
15¢

LOVE'S TRIANGLE

TRUE STORY SHORT NOVEL-OF-THE-MONTH

GIVE TO THE
RED CROSS



Everywhere you go

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

It's mid-winter magic wherever you go... your lovely, lustrous, Drene-clean hair shimmering bright and alive with *all* its natural sparkle! Here famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Mickey McGovern, models two easy-to-do hair styles for your winter vacation. "The first rule of hair beauty," advises Mickey, "is to make sure your hair is shining clean." Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

NORTHERN SUN... and the gleaming smoothness of Drene-lovely hair to ski-dazzle masculine company. *Drene is not a soap shampoo*... leaves no dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it!

SILKEN-SOFT CURLS always win admiring glances... in the South and everywhere. Besides revealing up to 33 per cent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo, today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair smoother, silkier, easier to manage right after your shampoo.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

"I'm firstest with the whitest— the envy of the block!"

Finish a big weekly wash of more than 40 pounds in an hour, so beautifully clean that you'll be proud to have the neighbors talk!

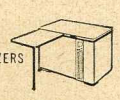
And all you do, really, is *boss* the job—the big efficient Maytag does the work.

So quick, so efficient, so sturdy and trouble-free—Maytag will brighten your life as well as your clothes.

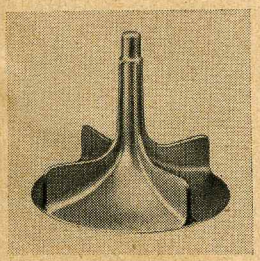
Ask your nearby Maytag dealer to demonstrate the new models for you. See how Maytag's many exclusive features save time, work and clothes. The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa.

Maytag

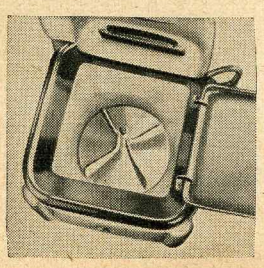
IRONERS


HOME FREEZERS

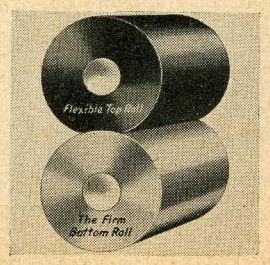
DUTCH OVEN GAS RANGES



Clothes wear longer washed this way. Maytag's exclusive Gyrafoam principle loosens dirt by action of the suds alone, without harming even your daintiest garments. Gyratator is mounted in rubber, giving silent, vibrationless operation.



Bigger washings—cleaner—quicker, in Maytag's exclusive, huge, square, cast-aluminum tub. Water is kept hotter by double walls—kept cleaner by Maytag's ingenious sediment trap, which captures dirt and keeps it from recirculating.



Quicker drying—less weight-lifting. Maytag's exclusive, Roller Water Remover takes out far more water than usual methods. Large, flexible upper roller folds around lumps, buttons, zippers. Instant finger-tip control.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".

To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.

★ ★ ★ ★

BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

★ ★ ★ ★

LINA

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragi-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.

★ ★ ★ ★

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

★ ★ ★ ★

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.

—Leo

CONTENTS OF TRUE STORY

MARCH 1947 VOLUME 56 NO. 2

HENRY LIEFERANT, EDITOR

MARJORIE SNEDEN, Associate Editor — HARLAN CRANDALL, Art Editor

ESTHER KIMMEL, Homemaker Director — OTTO PIRKOLA, Associate Art Editor

DORRY ELLIS, Beauty & Fashion Editor — MATT BASILE, Associate Art Editor

TRUE STORY SHORT NOVEL-OF-THE-MONTH

Love's Triangle 50

COMPLETE NOVELETTE

The Diamond Fox 42

EIGHT TRUE STORIES

Indiscretion 25
Girl at the Carnival—*Part 1 of 2 Parts* 28
A Letter to Grandma 30
Hidden Enemy—The Romance of a Cop on the Beat—*Part 2 of 4 Parts* 34
Highlights in Marriage 38
Secret Garden 40
Mr. Chen Makes His Will 46
Serenade at Seventeen—A Romance For Young and Old—*End of 4 Parts* 48

SPECIAL FEATURES

Home Problems Forum 4
How Did You Meet? 8
What America Is Talking About Wishing on a Candle 14
Mr. and Mrs. Burns 18
I'll Never Forget 16
Today's Children 22
The Village Pump 150
Sweet Land of Liberty 152

BEAUTY AND FASHION

Beauty Notebook 59
Style Quiz 62
How's Your Beauty I. Q.? 94
While You're Waiting—Be Captivating! 102

THE HOMEMAKER

Wanted: A Home of Our Own 97
Grandmother Stone's Rhode Island Recipes 98
News in Food 100
News in Cleaning Aids 101

TRUE STORY interprets the American scene, the American people, the American way of life, truthfully and honestly through these stories and articles. The names and places used in the stories are fictional and any resemblance to names of actual people is purely coincidental.

Published Monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y.
General Offices: 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; James L. Mitchell, Director of Advertising Chicago Office: 221 North LaSalle St., Albert G. Degen, Mgr.; Boston Office: Statler Building, M. B. Hayes, Mgr.; San Francisco Office: 1658 Russ Building, Joseph M. Dooher, Mgr. Re-entered as Second Class matter, June 20, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $1.80 per year in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland; all foreign subscriptions $4.00 per year. Price per copy—15 cents in the United States and Canada. Unsolicited material will be returned provided sufficient first-class postage is received; we are not responsible for the loss of such material.

Copyright, 1947, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convención Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

All foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. C. C. Rheinstrom, President, D. Lockhart, Vice President.
Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, New Jersey.

At the first sign of a COLD or SORE THROAT

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!

Germs Reduced Up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%; up to 80% an hour after.

Why This Early Precaution May Help Nip a Cold In the Bud or Lessen Its Severity

Your sniffles, or scratchy throat, are often a sign that threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" are trying to stage a mass invasion of throat tissues.

If the invasion can be halted . . . if the number of germs can be reduced . . . then the misery that such germs cause may also be avoided.

That is where Listerine Antiseptic comes to your aid.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This safe and delightful germicide reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders". Used frequently during the 12-to-36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic gives Nature a helping hand in throwing off the infection. (Please note panels.)

Your common sense tells you that warmth, rest and sensible eating all help in fighting the infection.

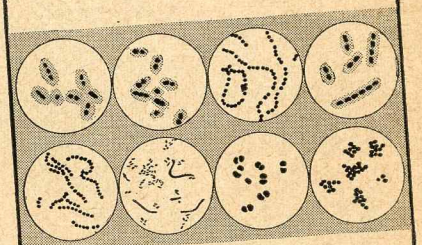
If you have any doubt as to the value of Listerine Antiseptic consider these impressive results obtained in tests made over a 12 year period:

Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, if you feel a cold coming on, use Listerine Antiseptic early and often. It may spare you a mean siege of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

"SECONDARY INVADERS"



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

T
S

Keep Fresh!

Feel Smooth!

Stay Dainty!

. . . with this truly luxurious talcum powder

KEEP FRESH! Bathe! Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. It leaves every inch of you excitingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH: For *ultra* comfort treat the little trouble spots to *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects chafable places with a silken-smooth sheath.

STAY DAINTY: Keep your daintiness on high by showering your person, often, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It leaves on your skin—*the fragrance men love.*

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

HOME PROBLEMS FORUM

■ I love Tim's children and they need me

CONDUCTED BY MRS. HELEN WILLMAN

VERNA, THE DAUGHTER, writes that her mother has always been too inquisitive about her friends and her actions. Now she is in love with Tim, a widower with two children, and she wants to marry him. Adeline, the mother, believes her daughter has not considered the problems that would arise in a marriage to a widower with two children. Mother and daughter ask your advice.

Verna, the Daughter, Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

As long as I can remember, Mom always had something to say about my friends, girls or boys, it didn't matter which. Nobody ever seemed good enough for me.

When I began to work, I got a job in a big cleaning and dyeing establishment in town, one of a chain.

Now, of course, in a business like that you meet a lot of people. You have to be pleasant, but I don't find that hard. I'm naturally jolly and passing a pleasant word with people makes the day happier for everybody.

The first months I had the job, I had to answer questions every night. Who spoke to me? What did they say? Did they want me to make a date?

She'll tell you she had good reason to be suspicious, because it was through the store that I met Tim. All right—so what? He was coming in for a long time before he ever spoke more than the usual greeting or some remark about the weather. He was always rather grave, and very courteous, and I couldn't help noticing that the clothes he brought in were mostly for little girls, about ten and eight. There never were women's things, and only a few for himself.

Tim didn't spill the story of his life to me at once. It took me months to piece it together. He has two children, ten and eight. His wife died while he was in service, five years ago, and since then he's lived with her married sister who has four children of her own!

Believe me, Mrs. Willman, I knew Tim was married and had two children before I ever went out with him, whatever Mom may tell you.

Now look, Mrs. Willman. I'm in love with Tim and he with me. He's asked me to marry him and I've promised I would, soon. He's steady, dependable, devoted — everything I want. He works in the airplane factory, at a very skilled job, makes a fine salary and is in line to be foreman before long.

Don't you think I have the right to choose my own partner in life? And will you please get somebody to talk to Mom so she can relax and leave me alone, and maybe get some pleasure out of the idea that her daughter is to be married?

VERNA.

Adeline, the Mother, Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

All I'm trying to do is to protect Verna from making a mistake that isn't so easily (*Continued on page* 6)

THIS IS THE YEAR OF "The Yearling"

A Film Forecast For TRUE STORY Readers

AN INSPIRED true story! That sums up the beauty, tenderness, terror and splendor of "The Yearling", and also its entertainment value.

"The Yearling" is *inspired* because it strikes deep to the roots of the pioneer spirit of America, translating to the screen the faith, courage, and vision that men and women brought to the conquest of the frontier.

"The Yearling" is *true* because it brings to throbbing life the man, Penny Baxter, his wife, Ma Baxter, their boy Jody, and the wilderness in which they fight for their existence. True because it dramatizes the basic emotions that Americans cherish — the love of man and woman for each other, the love of home and family.

"The Yearling" is *entertainment,* an inspired, thrilling true story.

Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman found their roles in the picture so absorbing that when asked what the story meant to them, they said in the language of the Florida scrub, where the action of "The Yearling" occurs:

Says Gregory Peck as Penny Baxter—"Ever' man wants it easier for his son than 'twas for hisself. Question is—do a father let a young un git his own sorry experience outen life, or do he spare him long as he can?"

Says Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter—"A mother cain't know for sure what's right for a young un. And me—I'm jest a mother tryin' her best."

"The Yearling" as produced by M-G-M is a magnificent picture with a stirring appeal for every American.

Yes, "The Yearling" is The Picture Of The Year. Its stars, Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, are Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' characters come to life.

The fine supporting cast headed by Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", includes Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly and Forrest Tucker. The screen play by Paul Osborn is superb. Director-producer Clarence Brown and producer Sidney Franklin have created a Technicolor film of which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer can be proud.

ILLUSTRATED BY
D. G. SUMMERS

Are you in the know?

If you're higher than your squire, should you—

- ☐ *Wait for a taller date*
- ☐ *Come down to earth*
- ☐ *Play stooper-woman*

What if he *isn't* tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the loose. If you like him, come down to earth: avoid towering hats; swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those" times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. And you get extra *protection* with that exclusive Kotex *safety center*.

Which gal can wear bangs best?

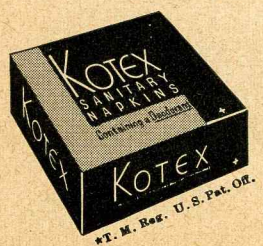
- ☐ *Babs*
- ☐ *Sue*
- ☐ *Pam*

A hairdo should fit the face that wears it. The pageboy's okay for Pam's oval face. But for chubby-cheeked Sue, bangs are bad. So-o? Babs could use the bangs: they're best suited to her long features. For coiffure-allure, be sure your hairdo befriends your type of face. And for confidence, on problem days, remember Kotex befriends your daintiness. Yes! There's a *deodorant* inside each Kotex napkin. See how this Kotex safeguard helps you stay charming!

Could she look trim as a bellhop, by—

- ☐ *Steaming in a Turkish bath*
- ☐ *Dusk-to-dawn jitterbugging*
- ☐ *Wearing a girdle*

Now *there's* the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex . . . and Kotex belts. For Kotex is made with lasting *softness* . . . made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic) . . . lets you bend freely without binding.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

HOME PROBLEMS

(*Continued from page* 4) rectified afterward.

I know she thinks I don't like Tim and that I think the children are neglected little waifs, but that's not it, Mrs. Willman. I haven't a single objection in the world to Tim as a human being. He's not only stead and reliable and very nice company, he's *too* sober, if you know what I mean. He's bowed down with responsibility.

But that doesn't mean that I want to see my daughter married to Tim, or be a stepmother to his children. It's all right for her to say gaily that she knows she's marrying the children, too. But does she know what it really means to be a stepmother? She doesn't and she won't listen to me. She thinks I'm trying to scare her with bogey-man stories.

I guess she didn't tell you Tim is thirty-two. She always passes over that. Now, as if it isn't enough for her to marry a man eleven years older, he's also a widower with two children!

She's only twenty-one. Does she realize what it means to run a household for two ready-made children? It means she and Tim will have no freedom, even on their honeymoon. It means staying home nights from the very start, economizing in ways a woman ought to learn through the years, not all at once.

Verna waves these problems away with one sentence, "I love Tim." But I know she's biting off more than she can chew.

I guess I just irritate her now and that's why I'm appealing to you and your readers to put some sense to her

ADELINE.

On the problem of the daughter who wants to leave her mother's farm and study nursing; and the mother who opposes this plan

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Emma feels she has a right to choose her vocation the way her brother, Arthur, did. Bertha, the mother, believes Emma is under the illusion nursing is full of fun and adventure when in reality it is a lot of hard work.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

DEAR BERTHA:

Whatever you do, don't turn your daughter's love to hate. Let Emma go into training, it is a profession to be proud of and I think she understands that it is hard work.

The problem of money doesn't seem to be of too much concern, so if she should fail in her training, she would have at least had her chance.

The way she feels now, so strong in her desire, by not giving your consent and blessing, she may hate the farm for the rest of her life for cheating her out of her chance at life.

MRS. R. E. B.

FORUM

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

DEAR EMMA AND BERTHA:

I believe that Emma has earned the right to do her own thinking and planning of her future. Why not allow Emma to go to a school of nursing for one year. Then at the end of the year, if she finds she has lost interest, or misses home, she can return home and nothing will be lost.

Bertha, don't gamble on the chance of ruining your own happiness, her future, your home and farm. The love your daughter has for you is hanging by a thread and it can so easily change to resentment and hate. Be happy by seeing her happy and thank God you had a daughter who was such a help in the years when you really needed it.

MRS. A. R.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

DEAR BERTHA:

As a minister I have often been called upon to arbitrate in family arguments. As a father of four children, of whom three are in their teens, I think I know both sides of your problem.

But I am frank in saying that I believe you are confusing mother love which is divine, with "smother love" which is the root of much modern "psycho-neurosis."

So your daughter wants to be a nurse? or she wants to meet some men! Well, why not? Is there anything wrong with either ambition? Would you suggest that a first hand knowledge of nursing would be wasted even if your daughter never practiced her profession for pay? Do you really want her to be an old maid, or to marry someone living near by and always carry a grudge in her heart because she was never allowed to have what she considers a well-deserved break?

Believe me when I say that even though you leave her the farm and all the money she has helped you accumulate, if you deny her the right to live life to the full, your bequest will turn to dust and ashes.

Live and help live!

W. F. W.

CASH FOR YOUR ADVICE

Can you help Verna and Adeline in the new problem to be solved? Maybe you know just the right solution from your own experience. For the best letter of not more than 200 words on this problem we will pay $15, for the second best, $10, and for the third best, $5. All letters must be in the office of TRUE STORY Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., March 10th. Prizes will be awarded April 10th. All submissions become the property of the magazine and none will be returned. We shall announce the prize winners in an early issue.

Don't turn it out, Honey—
you'll be back by ten!

SURELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for *you*.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to *keep* her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

Mum

Product of Bristol-Myers

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

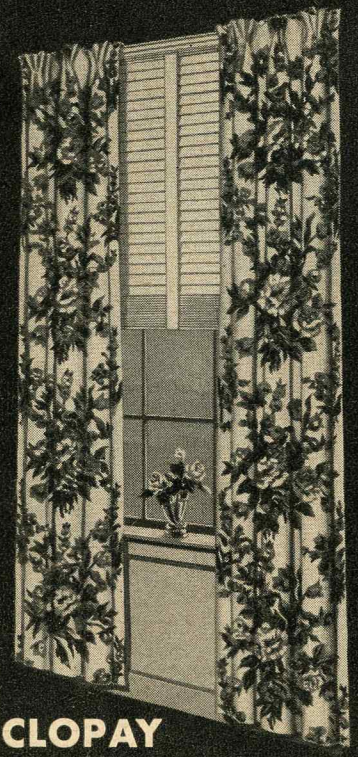
Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

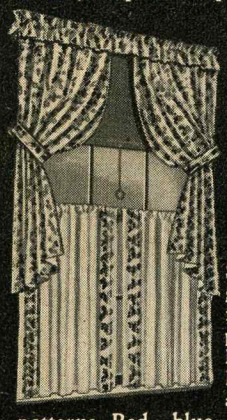
Amazing Values

in WINDOW BEAUTY!



CLOPAY DRAPES 98c pair

Expensive-looking charm and elegance for less than a dollar a window! CLOPAY *Lintoned* Drapes of plasticized cellulose are a full 2⅔ yards long—matching tie-backs—automatic pleater. In glamorous florals, stripes and plaids.



CLOPAY COTTAGE SETS 59c set

So bright, so gay, so dazzling fresh! Made of plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot and strawberry patterns. Red—blue—green. 7 pieces 59c. (5-piece Hollywood style, without sash panels, only 39c)

• **FREE BOOKLET:** "Beautiful Windows At Low Cost." Write to Clopay Corp., 1230 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CLOPAY

At 5c and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores

■ His arms are around me a lot now—we're married

HOW DID YOU MEET?

CONDUCTED BY BERNARD L. SCHUBERT

WRESTLING MATCH

I HAD NEVER been to a wrestling match, so when my aunt suggested that I go with her I thought it might be fun. There were no more reserved seats available so we settled for balcony seats, which were nothing more than long rows of steps leading down towards the front of the balcony. As we started to work our way down to where we might have a better view of the ring below, my aunt said to me, "Watch yourself, honey, these steps might be tricky with those three inch heels you're wearing." We carefully picked our way to about the center row before we spied a space wide enough for two and, in my eagerness to get seated, something happened. My aunt says I suddenly plunged forward, frantically threw my arms around a young man who was sitting, unsuspectingly, below us, and hung onto his head for dear life.

The balcony immediately became an uproar; people laughing and shouting such things as, "If you want to wrestle, why don't you get into the ring?"—"Get the referee, it's a choke hold!"

Well, somehow, the headlock was broken, and I found two strong arms securely around me and the most soothing voice in the world saying, "Don't be frightened, Miss, your 'Uncle Dudley' won't let you fall." At the time I didn't care if it was "Frankenstein's Monster" who cradled me in his arms so protectingly; I only felt that I wanted to remain right where I was forever.

These same arms have been around me many times since that memorable night, for they belong to a tall, blond and handsome man who is now my husband.

I MARRIED A GHOST!

It seems odd, now, that with the low opinion I had of actors, I should marry one. It came about this way:

One night I went to a show that was being staged at one of the leading theatres. Being Halloween night, the stage presentation was a spook show. Flash pans were exploding after the house was darkened. Mysterious lights were appearing almost everywhere. Skeletons danced and rattled on the stage and the audience was laughing and screaming with the excitement of it all. Soon I felt something cold touch on the back of my neck and when I looked around there was a full-sized ghost with a hand on each of my shoulders. The ghost glowed with a weird light that seemed not of this earth.

Imagine my surprise when a very earthly and masculine voice asked if I was married or attached. When I said "No," the voice then asked me to share spirits with a spook after the show. I guess I said "Yes" for want of something better to say at the moment. We had a very lovely time. Cocktails and dancing until the wee small hours. (*Continued on page* 11)

← **Baby-gentle care:** Baby Alice Wallace would have made a swell cover girl for the sheet music of a lullaby! She had everything —big blue eyes, a nice smile, and pink cheeks! And you can bet those pink cheeks got gentle Ivory care. A baby's soft, tender skin needs a soap that's pure and mild.

And when you talk of purity and mildness, you're talking Ivory talk—'cause Ivory's $99^{44}/_{100}\%$ pure and so very, very mild.

Now this Young Softie is an Old Smoothie!

↓ **Way above par for beauty:** Alice says, "A girl has to be smart about skin care. When I was a 'teen-ager, I used Ivory because it seemed wise to choose a soap that was pure and mild enough for a baby's skin."

Two things show that Alice was right: her lovely complexion and the fact that more doctors advise Ivory than all other brands of soap put together.

← **Cover-girl glamour:** Alice Wallace is now a leading model. She says, "A radiant complexion is a *must* for me. And that means regular Ivory care is a must for me, too."

If *you* want a smoother, younger-looking complexion, don't be careless about your skin. Change now to regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. In just *one week* you can have *That Ivory Look.*

More Doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

99 44/100% PURE—IT FLOATS

"Aunt Matilda shook my hand... she should have shaken me!"

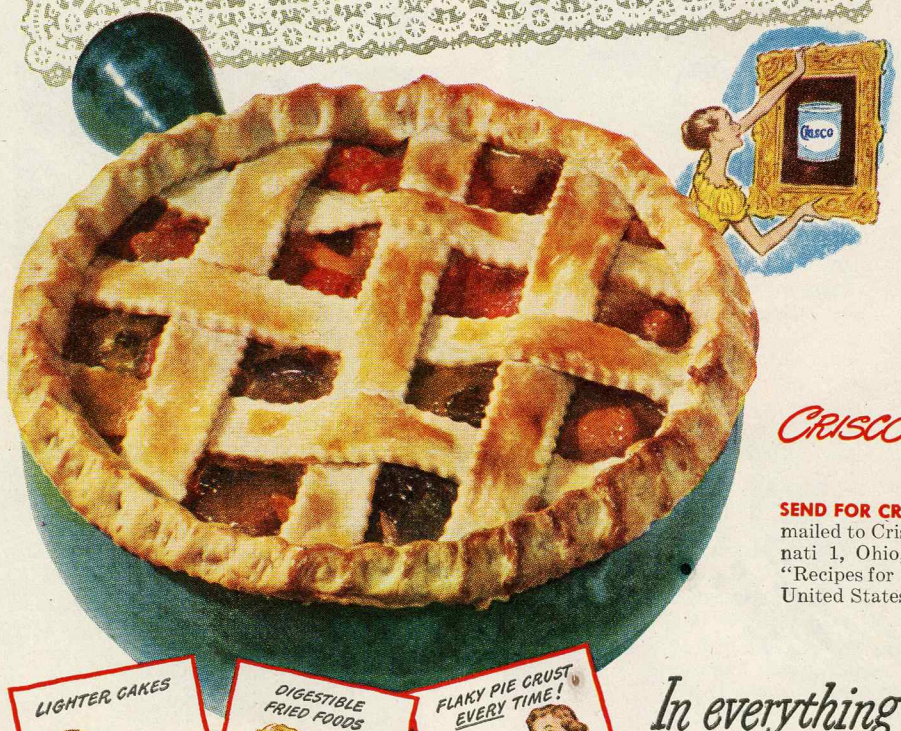
American Beef Pie

(6 SERVINGS)

Hearty and delicious—with a tender, flaky crust even a beginner can make, thanks to Crisco's sure-fire pastry method.

3 tbsps. Crisco • 2 lbs. beef, chuck or round, cut in 1-inch cubes ¼ cup flour • ½ cup diced onions • 1 cup water • 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce 1 tbsp. salt • 2 cups canned tomatoes • 2 cups raw potato cubes 2 cups sliced raw carrots • Single-crust recipe Crisco pastry

All Measurements Level. Heat Crisco in large skillet. Dredge beef in flour. Brown beef and onions in hot Crisco. Add water; cover and cook over low heat until meat is almost tender, about 1 hour. Add seasonings and vegetables. Cook 15 minutes. Pour into a casserole. Cover with strips of Crisco pastry. (*Just follow the easy method on the Crisco label.*) Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 20-25 minutes.



"Aunt Matilda shook my hand and said my pie crust was the finest she ever ate—so tender and flaky and golden. But if she'd known my pastry *used* to turn out tough and soggy, I'll bet she'd have shaken *me* instead. Imagine my being such a dope!

"Me—the gal who's been shouting for months about the wonderful light cakes Crisco makes—and yet I hadn't realized that Crisco is perfect for pastry, too. Pretty silly of me, when Crisco's sure-fire pastry method was right there on my Crisco label all the time!

"Why, it's so easy to use Crisco and the Crisco method. There's no guesswork—*never* a failure. You get tender, flaky pie crust *every* time. It's *always* delicious!—and always wholesome, too. Crisco is all-vegetable, you know—as pure and sweet as can be! Why, 9 out of 10 doctors say Crisco is digestible.

"Well, I'll give you one guess what I'm using now for everything I cook. *You bet* it's Crisco—for cakes, pies and fried foods—Crisco improves all 3."

CRISCO makes everything you cook taste better!

SEND FOR CRISCO COOK BOOK—10¢ in coin mailed to Crisco, Dept. RT Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, brings you 64 pages of easy "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in the United States, including Hawaii.

In everything you fry or bake

use **Crisco** *it's digestible!*

HOW DID YOU MEET?

(*Continued from page* 8) When the show left town we wrote to each other regularly. If the show was near enough, we would visit. This correspondence and visiting continued until we were married.

That was thirteen years ago and now we have a small son. My husband is no longer a professional "ghost." For the past ten years he has been in radio as an announcer.

SUNDAE MEETING

One day last summer I went to a movie and afterwards stepped into an ice cream parlor for a sundae. I sat down at the counter next to a gray-haired man who had just ordered a pineapple sundae.

That sounded refreshing, so I told the counter-boy I'd have the same

The man next to me finished just before I did, and when I was through I asked for my check.

"I gave it to your husband," the counter-boy said.

"My husband?" I gasped, for I have been a widow for over twenty years.

"Yes," the boy explained, "the man sitting next to you."

I looked to see if he had left the store yet and saw him at the cashier's desk, so I rushed up to him.

He was arguing with the girl about the size of his check. "Seventy cents for a sundae, even in these times, is going a little too far," he was saying.

I broke in then and explained the situation to him, and he suddenly smiled and apologized to the cashier and paid the check despite my attempt to pay for my sundae.

We walked out together, and started talking about the amusing incident, and then he offered to drive me home. He, it seems, was a widower and pretty lonesome, too.

We've been seeing each other ever since and going to the movies and dropping in for sundaes afterwards.

A TRIP ON A TROLLEY

The night I decided to leave work early proved to be a very special night, indeed.

Seeing a trolley at the corner, I started to run and dropped my purse. As I hurriedly gathered lipstick, and odds and ends together I saw that the conductor intended to wait. Making one mad dash I reached the car and made my entrance a perfect three-point landing. "Did you hurt yourself?" After what seemed a century or two, I finally found enough courage to raise a very red face, to look into the nicest blue eyes I'd ever seen.

Taking a paper and pencil he took my name and address and those of several people on the car. I tried to convince him that nothing other than my pride had been injured. "We have to make out a report on anything like this," he said. "I've seen a lot of people fall off a bus, but you are the first one to fall on."

Having breakfast the next morning, telling Mom the excitement of the evening before, the door bell rang. There stood my conductor, a silly grin on his face and an arm full of flowers, which he extended saying, "I hope these will help you forget your injured feelings." I thanked him and asked him in. We hit it off at once and had our first date that night, but soon we made it a permanent date.

ROOMMATES

My penmanship has always been scribbly, so it was no surprise to me when the registrar of the university I planned to attend kept sending me letters addressed to *Mr. Mark* Bronson, rather than to *Miss Mary* Bronson. I printed my name on later letters, but it was no use. I was down on the rolls as Mark.

The day before school started, another letter came for Mr. Mark Bronson, and this one was signed by one Tom Sullivan.

"Dear Bronson," it began, "the dean has told me we are to be roommates in East hall." Well, well, this was a surprise!

The letter was brief, giving no hint as to the writer's personality. It ended on the gay note, "See you in 22B!"

Fortunately, the dean's plans for housing me with the man in 22B were only amusing. I was going to live at an aunt's house and not at the college dorm.

Then, in my first history class, my instructor called roll and ended with the name "Sullivan." And there was Tom Sullivan, sitting directly in front of me. On a whim, I walked up to him as soon as class ended and said, "Hello. You're Tom Sullivan, aren't you? I'm Bronson. How are things in 22B?"

He stared. "Not Mark Bronson?"

"No, Mary." I explained the mistake.

Tom grinned. "Come on, let's go over to the College Inn and celebrate our meeting with a soda."

There were other dates, and a week after graduation were were married

PRIZES

FOR YOUR ROMANCES

Send us your own HOW DID YOU MEET experience in not more than 300 words. Mail it to the HOW DID YOU MEET Editor, TRUE STORY Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will pay $25 for each one published. None can be returned.

Don't be a Rubbit!

Don't rub and scrub a messy, coated oatmeal pot with a flabby dishrag! Clean that gooey pot the quick, easy way—with Brillo!

Be BRILLO wise!

Faster'n a wink, Brillo cleans gummy, scorchy pots! A square metal-fiber Brillo pad has spunk! It whisks off cooked-on oatmeal in no time flat. And *polishes* at the same time! Brillo's wonderful for aluminums! That's because there's a special *shine* ingredient in Brillo soap that makes pans *gleam!*

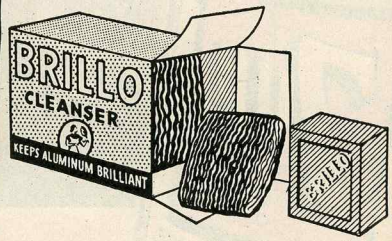
BRILLO EVERY DAY keeps pans like new!

Give all your pans a quick shine-up with Brillo after every use. Keep 'em looking new as the day you bought 'em! Put Brillo on your shopping list. Get a box today!

BRILLO comes 2 ways!

★ GREEN box— soap & pads

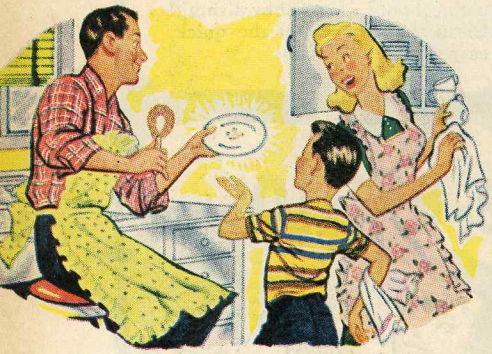
★ RED box— soap pads



Shines aluminum fast!

FUN IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!

"fresh up" WITH Seven-Up!



DO THINGS *TOGETHER* BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Friendly 7-Up has a unique personality that makes it America's *family* drink . . . America's *home* drink. For crystal-clear 7-Up—with its tempting taste, sparkle and wholesome goodness—harmonizes perfectly with the mood of happy families as they work and play together.

Be a "fresh up" family! Share the family chores and share the family fun. And let a "fresh up" with 7-Up be the keynote for *your* family harmony. Order enough for your whole family wherever you see the colorful 7-Up signs.

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY

YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

This Month — AND NEXT

ONCE AGAIN, in this issue of TRUE STORY, the March number, we offer you a feast of color, magnificent four-color illustrations which we feel reach a new high in beauty and appeal. They're the kind you'll want to clip out and hang on the wall.

If you like a good mystery story, don't miss THE DIAMOND FOX, and be sure to leave one evening by the fire for LOVE'S TRIANGLE, TRUE STORY Short Novel-of-the-Month. As a matter of fact, you won't want to skip anything in the magazine.

April is the month of awakening of new hope. Spring comes on tip-toe through the woods and gardens. Easter is expected any moment. It's a time for new plans, new clothes, new and fresh thoughts. The world is young again in April, and the earth stirring. The April issue of TRUE STORY is our contribution to the awakening.

YESTERDAY'S SORROW—TOMORROW'S LOVE offers new hope for Donald and Pat, who lost two sons in the war. Revisiting old scenes, they recapture the memories of youth and through them find a second Spring. . . . LETTERS FROM AN UNKNOWN, like little brown seeds planted in the garden that mysteriously put down roots and send up leaves, bring the mystery of love to Janet, whom Glenn worshipped from afar since childhood. He wrote letters to her that he never mailed—and in them you'll find all the newness and wonder of young, growing things. . . . WHAT EVERY WOMAN TREASURES is one little phrase, "I love you," and although Richie had spoken it only once to Susan, his wife, she did not despair. She knew there is always Spring, and awakening.

April is circus month and youth is carnival time, and we give you the one in KING OF THE CIRCUS, King the horse adored by his rider, who is in love with Stan. We give you the other in GIRL AT THE CARNIVAL, about Mary who didn't want to travel with the carnival and broke with Johnny, who couldn't leave the carnival on account of his dad.

The heartbreak of youth continues in HIDDEN ENEMY—THE ROMANCE OF A COP ON THE BEAT. . . . The doubts of youth are all in NO OTHER MAN FOR ME, the Short Novel-of-the-Month, when Lucy believes Martin, her husband, has ceased to love her and she feels she may still be in love with Alec to whom she was once engaged. . . . The excitement youth craves is in THE MAN WITH THE YELLOW SCARF, who provides mystery, adventure and drama.

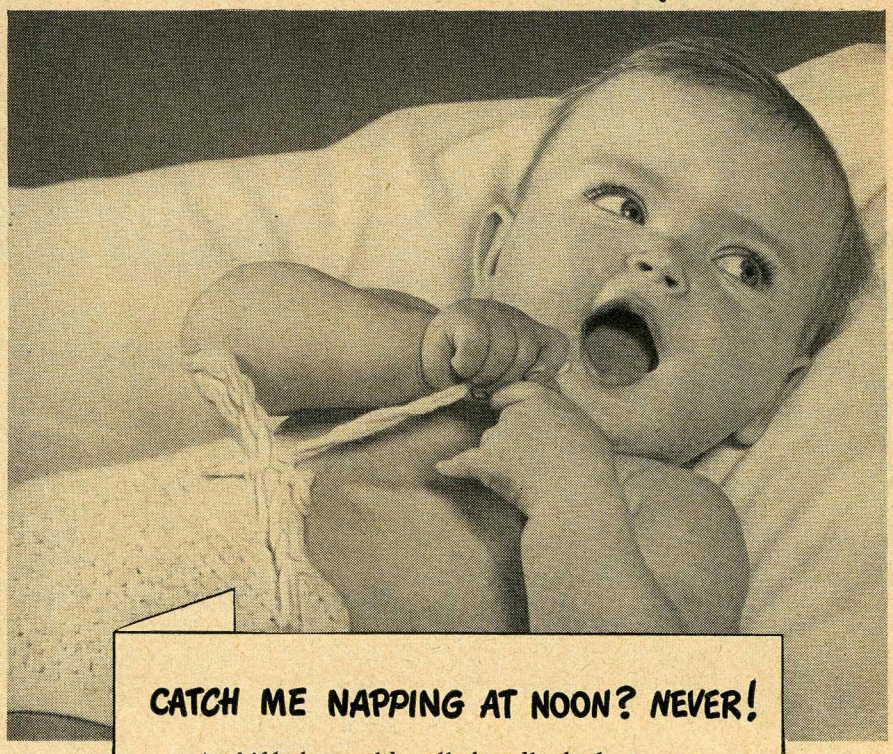
And because April is full of surprises, we offer you HOLLYWOOD NURSE, the best surprise of all. All Hollywood will be spread before you as it was before Bess, just returned from the army, and engaged as private nurse to Darcy, a Hollywood actress. But it isn't just a glamour story. In it you'll find your own emotions and reactions, your own love with its failure and triumph. . . . The April issue of TRUE STORY is as surprising, refreshing and youthful as April itself.

THE EDITOR

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Naturally, no good Mother shirks any job vital to baby's health and happiness. But, I wonder if we all make use of the marvelous, modern, time-savers that allow us leisure to enjoy our children more?

Mrs Dan Gerber



CATCH ME NAPPING AT NOON? NEVER!

And if baby could really handle the language, he'd tell his Mom that sleeping past mealtime is plain silly—with Gerber's on the menu.

It's the *just-right-with-baby taste*—the special, *so-smooth texture*—of Gerber's Baby Foods that keep young appetites going strong. No wonder millions of mothers and their doctors praise Gerber's so highly.

After all, only the *choicest fruits and vegetables* ever reach Gerber kitchens. Washed in purest, deep well water, all are *cooked by steam* under pressure—to preserve valuable vitamins and minerals.

Meet the Newcomer. Ask for Gerber's Barley Cereal. Alternate it with Gerber's Cereal Food and Strained Oatmeal. Tasty pre-cooked trio, rich with added *iron and vitamin B complex.* Ready-to-serve.

"America's Best-Known Baby" on the label will guide you to baby's food favorites. Your doctor will give sound feeding advice. Consult him, frequently.

Gerber's BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICH.—OAKLAND, CALIF.

CEREALS (3 Varieties) • STRAINED FOODS (18 Varieties) • CHOPPED FOODS (13 Varieties)

© 1947, G. P. C.

FREE SAMPLES—Please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal. My baby is now ..... months old.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. T3-7, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada: Dept. T3-7, 49 Wellington Street E., Toronto 1, Ont.

Name.....

Address.....*City and State*.....

"Warm weather" relief for

COLD WEATHER JOINTS!

Help increase the flow of nature's own lubricating fluids

● When icy blasts seem to cut through you like a knife and your joints seem to creak with every movement — there's a reason! Cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels, cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak, and feel stiff. Rub those aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and your local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel like shouting for joy! Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. on hand. $1.25 at your drugstore.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

WISHING ON A CANDLE

■ Perhaps some think wishes are only for children—but if one wishes very hard—who knows?

ABOUT A YEAR ago, this department carried a story on "Soldier Phil,"—Phyllis Bernberg of New York City. Phyllis became blind and paralyzed as the result of a fall, but instead of yielding to despondency, she took a hopeful view of life. When the war came, and her brother went into service, she wrote him newsy, inspiring letters. They were so nice that he passed them on to his buddies, and they wrote to her in reply, and sent her letters on to others. In this way a correspondence with the girl grew up and radiated wide over the world.

After the war ended, True Story Magazine, in preparing an article on the radio program "We, The People," on which Soldier Phil had appeared, looked up Phyllis. It was discovered that a miracle had taken place. As a result of words spoken by her sick father— "Phyllis, if you love me, you will get up and walk"—Phyllis rose from her bed and walked. With the aid of walking devices, locomotion was restored to her, and within a comparatively short time she could walk with only a cane to support her.

Publication of Phyllis' dramatic story in this department brought her to the "We, The People" program again, and she told her inspiring story to millions of listeners.

Now there is a sequel to this story. Mrs. Edith M. Allison, a charming, gray-haired lady who lives in Milton, Massachusetts, read Phyllis's story, listened to her on the air, and became her friend.

Being a friend of Mrs. Allison's is no ordinary matter, for she has devoted many years of her life to helping others. She raised and trained lovely tropical birds in her home so that she could send them as companions to invalids. She made the most unusual and beautiful candles, multicolored, in the form of large cakes, hearts and other shapes—made them with her own hands, in her own basement, from broken and soiled candles donated by local stores. These she called "wishing candles," and they too, went to the sick, especially children, with the suggestion that the invalids make a wish on them.

And to Phyllis her heart went out, and gifts and good words travelled regularly from Milton to New York.

Some years ago Mrs. Allison suffered a nervous breakdown and for ten months she was blind. She recovered, but her sight was weak, periodic spasms of blindness afflicted her.

Then she read of a terrible accident. A young girl, running to the store to pick up an order of ice cream for her birthday party, crossed a railroad track without seeing an approaching train. She was caught under the wheels and both legs were severed.

Mrs. Allison roused herself out of her depression and began sewing clothes for the victim. And as she looked after the welfare of others, her ailments disappeared.

That is how Mrs. Allison is today—a bright, happy, handsome lady who, though she had no intention of doing so, is reaping the benefits of investing in a fine security—a good cause.

WHAT AMERICA IS TALKING ABOUT—

Let's Be Candid about Katie!!!*

*She did take a job as housemaid in a bachelor Congressman's home! She did fall in love with him! She did risk scandal with that painter! BUT WHAT A GIRL!... You'll love her—and the amazing story of her career from cornfield to Capitol!

RKO PRESENTS

LORETTA YOUNG

JOSEPH COTTEN ★ ETHEL BARRYMORE

in

The Farmer's Daughter"

with

CHARLES BICKFORD

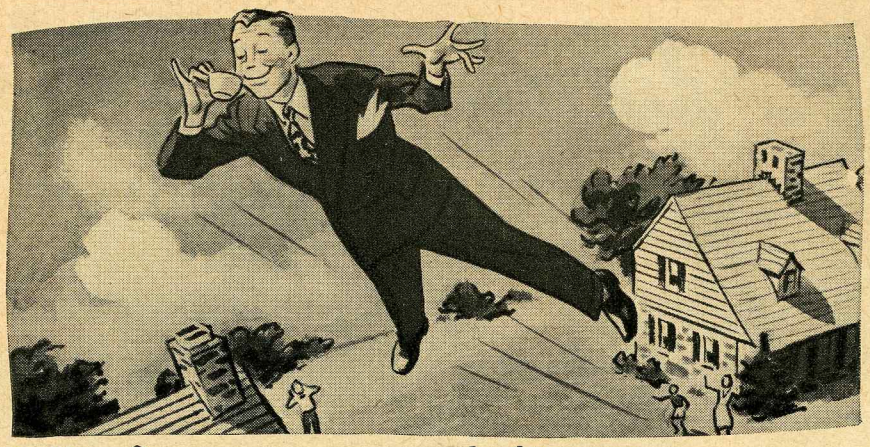
A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

Directed by H. C. POTTER • Written by ALLEN RIVKIN and LAURA KERR

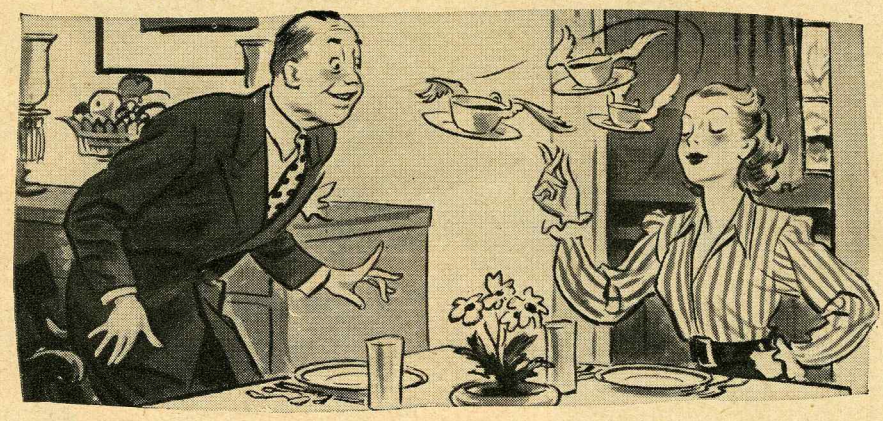
RKO RADIO PICTURES

T
S

Never has a coffee offered all this!



1. Finer flavor—or your money back! "That Borden flavor is right out of this world" is the way some folks describe it. We'll just say this: If you don't like Borden's better than any coffee you ever tasted—ground or instant—we'll give you your money back!*



2. Magic convenience—no pot, no grounds! You hardly have to lift a hand to make a cup of Borden's. Just drop ½ to ¾ of a level teaspoonful in a cup, add hot water. No pot to wash. No grounds. No waste. That's why Borden's is perfect for breakfast.

3. And, half again as many cups! Most users tell us they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as are usually obtained from a pound of ground coffee. Remember Borden's isn't *half* coffee. It's *all* coffee—no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

T
S

JACKPOT

A LITTLE while after moving to a new neighborhood, I rounded up all my recent acquaintances, and gave an afternoon tea. About twenty new women friends turned up altogether and everything went off surprisingly well. Even my old silver tea service had been polished up beyond expectations.

I had no maid, and when three of my guests quietly insisted on staying behind to help me clear up after the others had departed, I willingly took advantage of their kindness.

We were having a wonderful talkfest as we worked in my little kitchen, when suddenly there was a gasp from the minister's wife, who was emptying the teapot. Somewhat startled, the rest of us turned our eyes automatically towards her. No face ever grew redder than mine did as I watched her fish among the tealeaves and pull out three folded, soggy, one-dollar bills.

MEMORIES

My husband had been dead two months, and I was feeling that life was no longer worth living, the rainy afternoon I tuned in one of those Radio Interview programs. The Master of Ceremonies was talking to a woman member of his audience whose voice had that sort of elderly timbre. He said to her, "You seem excited to be on this program. Is it because of the gifts you'll get for answering my question?"

Since he'd been explaining that the gifts were nylons, electric toasters, wool blankets, and many other items that every woman loves to receive, I

YOU CAN WIN $15.00

Describe some happening or incident in your life that has persisted in your memory throughout the years. The incident may have been humorous, tragic or pathetic; an act of heroism, generosity or even an embarrassing moment. Contributions should be between 50 and 300 words. Mail to the I'll Never Forget Editor, TRUE STORY Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will pay fifteen dollars ($15.00) for each one published. They must be original. No submittals will be returned.

I'll Never Forget

supposed of course, that she would answer "Yes." Then the woman said, with feeling, "No. Presents are nice—but it's having you, and the audience so friendly that thrills me. It will be just one more happy memory to add to my hoard. Memories are the bread and cake of life, you know. People with memories are never lost—nor lonely!"

Well, I don't know that lovely woman's name. I will probably never meet her. But if she reads this, I want her to know that from the moment I heard her say, "People with memories are never lost nor lonely," that terrible weight on my heart, left by my loss of John, began to lift. As long as I had my happy memories of John and our long life together, I'd never be really lost nor lonely.

SUNRISE

An experience I can never forget happened during my primary flight training in the U. S. Navy in the summer of 1918. I had hit the deck for early morning flying at 4:30 and had eaten a light breakfast in the student officers' mess.

An N-9 seaplane with a Hispano-Suiza engine was gassed and warmed-up ready for me. In the faint light I took off and climbed to 11,000 feet into the sunlight through a ceiling of clouds. It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment. The sun, a shining disk of yellow satin, had just risen out of the sea. It had touched the clouds with purple, crimson and gold. The ceiling of clouds beneath me shut off the earth and I was alone with God and the sun.

I pulled the throttle back and went into a nearly silent glide. I had a feeling of being detached from the world and its problems—a feeling of indescribable peace, not loneliness, for I had the sense of being in the presence of the Almighty, and of His arms being about me.

At last I broke through the clouds and the earth spread out beneath, all green and brown, fresh as a dewy rose.

A new day had been born, freighted with happiness, sorrow, laughter and tears, death and birth—the mystery of life. I was about to descend into it. It was resurrection.

NEW • IN BEAUTY • IN SIMPLICITY • IN DESIGN

The REVERE WARE PRESSURE COOKER

The Revere Ware Pressure Cooker is just as great an advance over the products on the market now as Revere copper-clad stainless steel ware was over all other previous cooking utensils. It is the only one that brings you the advantages of stainless steel *and* copper—ultra-cleanness; resistance to pitting, staining and rusting; ease of cleaning; a new perfection of results in pressure cooking.

It is really the most beautiful cooking utensil you've ever seen. It is startlingly simple to use—closes or opens with one motion of one hand. It is absolutely unique in design. You'll particularly like the readable gauge which takes the guess out of pressure cooking and which is hinged to the lid so that you can't drop or lose it.

And remember, because it is stainless steel, copper-clad, the Revere Ware Pressure Cooker is practically indestructible. It will give you a lifetime of cooking pleasure. Look for the trade mark on the thick copper bottom.

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED
Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, New York

Tips for 2 lovely you's

Two smart hair-dos from a *single* Tip-Top setting—Tip-Top shows you how to do it at home!

Charming by day. You need no special skill to set exciting new hair styles with Tip-Top Curlers.

Glamorous by night. Just recomb and in *minutes* you'll be beauty-perfect for that evening date.

How much lovelier you look, under the sun or stars, when Tip-Top Curlers provide the setting. Using Tip-Top is as simple as *grip ... turn ... close.* In less time than you dreamed possible, Tip-Top gives you soft, natural-looking hair beauty. You'll wonder that you ever found your hair unmanageable!

At Notions Counters Everywhere

FREE!

"Professional Hair Styling at Home". Tip-Top booklet tells how you can arrange these 2 becoming hair styles—*and 10 others.* Packed with helpful hints, pictures, and easy-to-follow instructions.

Tip-Top CURLERS

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

TIP-TOP PRODUCTS CO.
2106 Graybar Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me your free booklet, "Professional Hair Styling at Home"

T-3

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

MR. and MRS. BURNS

MR. AND MRS. George Burns are fortunate people. Not only because Gracie Allen and her husband are a favored team of radio entertainers, and are affectionately admired by their listeners, but because they have so many friends who love them.

Many of these friends knew them back in their old vaudeville days, and they are still active show people. Usually there is some professional jealousy between actors—but not so with Burns and Allen.

To get a closeup of the personalities of these two unique performers, this department discussed them with a group of their old intimates. The result was revealing.

There was the little ex-comedian in the Friars Club, a revered gathering place for stage people atop an office building off Broadway. On the walls were pictures of headliners of former days and stars of the present. The little comic seemed to sweep all this company gently away as his recollections fastened on the Burnses. "Very swell people," he said musingly. "Very human."

And that was the general thought about them.

One of Gracie Allen's oldest friends is the dress designer, Kiviette. It was to her that Gracie came when she and George got their first chance to appear at the Palace Theatre, in New York, that former home of the greatest in vaudeville. She needed an effective gown for this crucial debut. Kiviette, who then designed costumes for important Broadway productions, saw "a shy, almost frightened, modest girl," as she describes her, and was drawn to her by a strong sympathy.

She decided she must have something that would give her an air of sophistication, and designed a novel tailored gown, form-fitting, with long sleeves. When Gracie came in for a fitting and realized what she had to wear, she so doubted that she had the personality to carry off such a modish gown that she burst into tears. But Kiviette knew better, and the garment not only made a startling contrast to the hairbrained character she played with George, but it showed off her petite prettiness and figure.

In their radio work George is the "straight" man, and his wife the comic. George sees to it that she gets every possible laugh and every advantage. He is known as one of the most accomplished of showmen, and he devotes all his talents to building up Gracie. There is the same complete partnership in their private

WHAT AMERICA IS TALKING

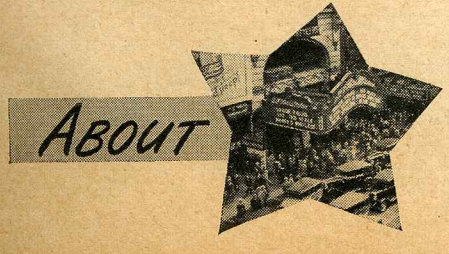
life. They are among the happiest and most contented of people in Hollywood, where they live with their two adopted children, Sandra Jean, 12, and Ronald John, 11. George and Gracie met in vaudeville, and fell in love when they teamed up in an act devised by George. Originally it was George who was the comedian of the combination, but as the pert little Irish girl—Gracie comes of Irish stock—who had a way of speaking cutely and timing her words perfectly, began making the audiences laugh, George, the perfect partner, switched the act around and focused attention on Miss Allen.

So it has been to this day. But Gracie thinks that George is one of the funniest men in the business—so do all who know him—and is always giggling at the amusing things he says and does. She thinks that even in his sleep George can be funny. One night she woke up at two in the morning and was unable to fall asleep. She nudged George, "Say something funny," she pleaded. Only half awake, George mumbled, "Googie, Googie. Now go back to sleep!" Gracie giggled hard, and her restlessness vanished. "Googie" was fondly preserved and is now Gracie's nickname. (Incidentally, his real name is Nat.)

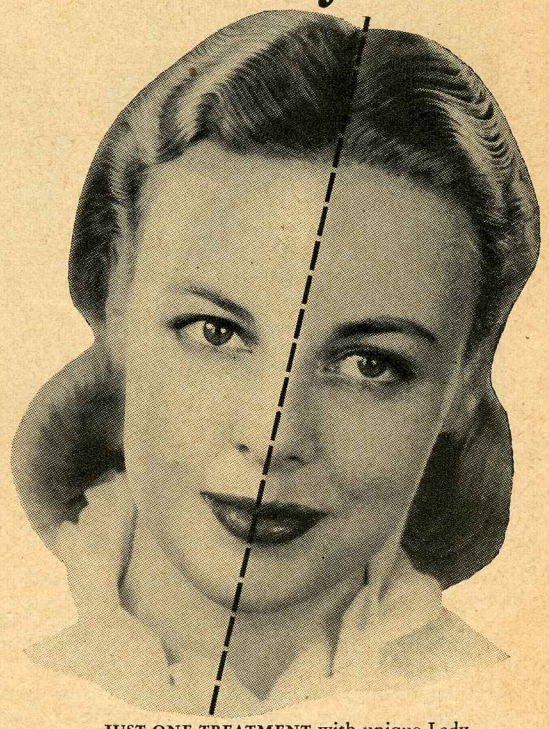
Whenever Googie and her husband come to New York, their former headquarters, the first thing they do is to look up their old friends. ("They never drop you," says Kiviette, "unless you drop them.") The second thing Gracie does is to go shopping. She is passionately fond of the stores, and usually she goes to the big crowded department stores, though she can well afford to shop in the most exclusive places.

Two other of Gracie's and George's old friends are Blossom Seely and her husband, Benny Fields. Blossom was the very famous vaudeville singer until she retired a few years ago, and Benny is one of the most popular singers in show business. Both are ecstatic about the Burnses. "They're just folks," says Benny. That's a high compliment without further trimmings, but the way Benny says these words makes them an all-covering description of decency.

The two couples met under peculiar circumstances. They were playing in a Boston theatre. Burns and Allen were then little known. Backstage dressing rooms can be dreary, and dampening to the spirit as well as to the body, and George, arriving early for the first performance, decided to liven things up by mixing up the actors' keys hanging on the lobby



STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *half its Beauty!*



You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it.

BUT

Once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the *difference!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, which is a combination of your natural skin oils and cosmetics and dirt. Ordinary cleansing methods don't remove this stubborn film. Massage or rubbing only forces it deeper into the mouths of the pores.

This stubborn film dulls the natural freshness and beauty of your skin . . . makes even young skin look older.

Here's the safe and sure way to get rid of this insidious film that dulls the true freshness of your skin.

See for yourself—tonight

Tonight, smooth on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream . . . then wipe it off. Look at your cleansing tissue. See how surface dirt and cosmetics have been removed. But your skin itself is not yet free of that dulling film.

Now comes the important part! Apply my unique Lady Esther cream again . . . and wipe it off. This second cleansing really rids your skin of that stubborn film which improper methods fail to remove!

My cream does not need to be rubbed in, massaged in . . . because its unique texture is so soft, so effective. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *itself* does the work *—not* your fingers! And it needs no help from any other cream or lotion!

A Complete Beauty Treatment

Each time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most for beauty. 1) thoroughly cleans your skin; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect base for face powder.

Difference is amazing!

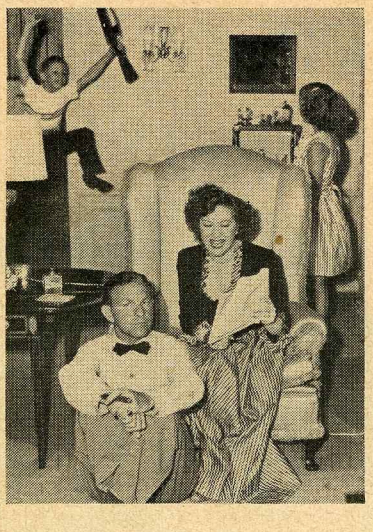
Immediately after your first Lady Esther treatment, you *see* the big difference in your skin. Your skin looks so much fresher, clearer . . . actually looks *younger!* And instantly, you *feel* the new softness and smoothness!

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today! Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on *your* skin!

Lady Esther

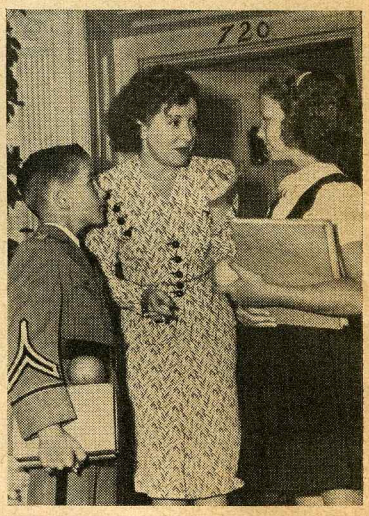
4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream



■ Children's antics don't upset the Burns rehearsal

■ George and Gracie agree when Bill Goodwin tells them a gag



■ Gracie's youngsters leave for school with Mama's instructions

CONTINUED

board. The confusion and excitement this brought on gave way to the usual laughs that follow when George indulges in private gags, and the Burnses' dressing room eventually became a sort of backstage depot, where everyone trooped in and out and met everyone else. So Blossom and Benny got to know of George and Gracie.

About twelve years ago Benny found himself broke on the coast after a market crash. Then he got a radio break when an oil company hired him to do a weekly singing act over the air. To make sure that the program went over, George loaned Benny his expensive writers and contributed a great deal of valuable material himself. "I got a salary of $250 a week," says Benny, "but I had a $10,000 writing staff." And he adds: "That's the kind of guy George is. Out in Hollywood they have a country club to which a lot of show people belong—the Hillcrest. Now George is one of the world's worst golfers—he's a hook and slice artist—but everyone wants to play with him. That's about the final test."

Mrs. Fields has a touching story about Gracie. Gracie had gone to Chicago to bring to New York, where she lived then, her adopted baby daughter, Sandra. She refused to have a nurse, but held the baby in her arms during the entire train trip. All during the trip she was fear-stricken lest she had forgotten a detail of the feeding formula, or was handling the baby clumsily, or had failed to recognize some sign of infant discomfort. By the time the journey was over she was in tears, and practically a nervous wreck, but the baby was sleeping smilingly in her arms. She had met the greatest problem that had come into her life, and victory was hers.

Some time later she was wheeling the child through Central Park and came to a flight of stairs leading to a higher level. A passerby helped her up. Then he said, "You're Gracie Allen?" She answered, "Yes." After this came one of those conversational lapses, which Gracie broke by saying "This is my baby." Replied he, "You didn't have to tell me that. She's just like you." Maybe the great devotion she lavished on Sandra had created a physical kinship.

A fervid admirer of Gracie is a gentle-appearing man who has a millinery store in New York. His name is Dillard Long, and his hats are no ordinary millinery products—he makes them of pipe-cleaners (the twisted cloth-covered wires), which he guilds into frames, tints them with crayons, and trims the whole with tulle and flowers. They are unusually attractive, and very different. Out of the same pipe cleaners he also makes beautiful decorative figurines.

Gracie heard of Long during a visit to New York last year, when she was guest of honor at a luncheon of the Art Directors Club. She visited Long's store, and was so enthusiastic that she brought back a number of the figurines to the luncheon, displaying them on the table before her and drawing everyone's attention to them. When she left New York she toured a number of cities, and wherever she went she wore one of Long's hats and talked to reporters about it.

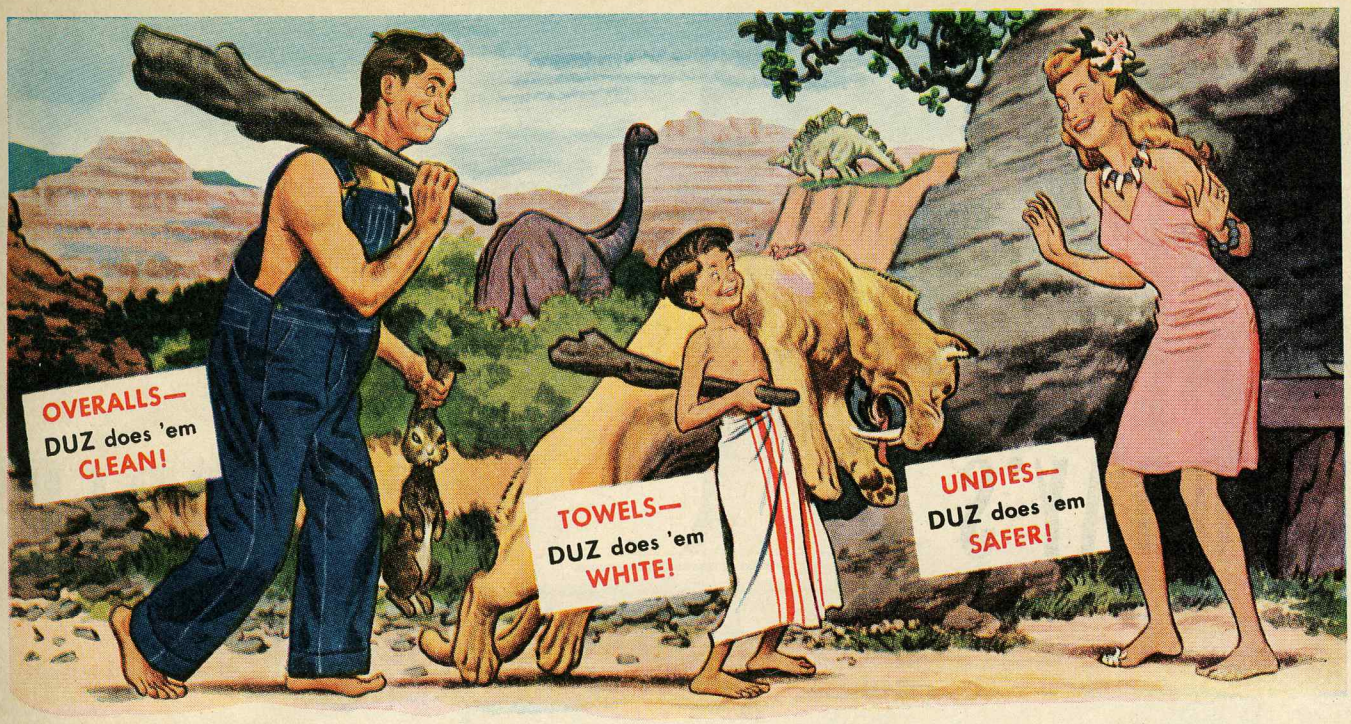
This publicity was most useful to Long, for he had just opened his store after serving as field director with the Red Cross during the war.

What their friends like most about George and Gracie is that they haven't changed. "George," said Benny Fields, "could be broke tomorrow—God forbid!—and still be the same guy." An old boss of Burns and Allen, Eddie Darling, who was chief booker at the Palace, related that once he was visiting George and Gracie in their one-room home at the Forrest Hotel, near Broadway, where many actors lived. "Eddie," said Gracie wistfully, "if I could only have two rooms!" Well, today they have a 14-room house in Hollywood, and a swimming pool, too. "But," says Darling, "even though they have a butler, George always runs to open the door himself."

In radio business a performer's value is measured by ratings based on listeners' preferences. The Burns and Allen rating is high. But the highest rating they have is with their friends. When you have such an asset, *you're sitting very pretty in the world.*

Special Treat for True Story Readers

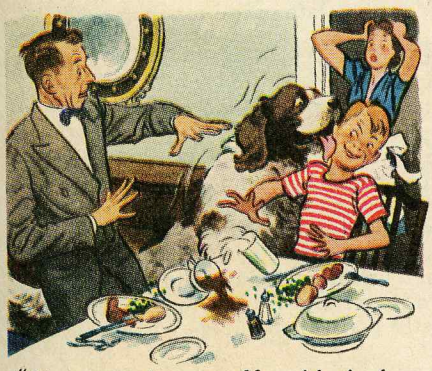
Be sure to tune in on the true story of Gracie Allen and George Burns Thursday night, February 20th, over all NBC stations at 8:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time; 7:30 P.M. Central Standard Time; 6:30 P.M. Mountain Standard Time; 9:00 P.M. Pacific Standard Time.



"You must think people lead a simple life, DUZ!"

WRITES MRS. MILDRED COOKE CLOPTON OF AUSTIN, TEXAS

"Is that why your ads show nothing but towels, overalls and undies? 'It's true that towels look fleecy-white after they've been Duz-zed. And Duz is a whiz at getting grime out of dirty work clothes fast. Yes, even pretty colored undies are safer with Duz than any other 'big-name' package soap you use for washday. But why not tell how Duz does so much more?

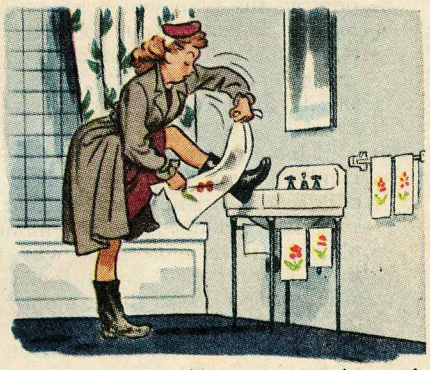


"Most people eat off tablecloths.

"Sure, and I bet they get spotted up quick! But Duz *cleans* dirty tablecloths just as quick, leaves them fresh and sweet-smelling.

"Lots of them sleep in pajamas.

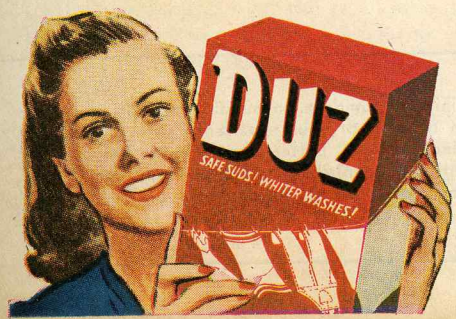
"Some like them gay. Some like them dainty. But they all like Duz for cleaning gently and treating gay colors nice.



"Some show off their 'guest' towels.

"And they're happily washed in Duz. Duz sure does everything! I had one guest who Duz-zed her galoshes!

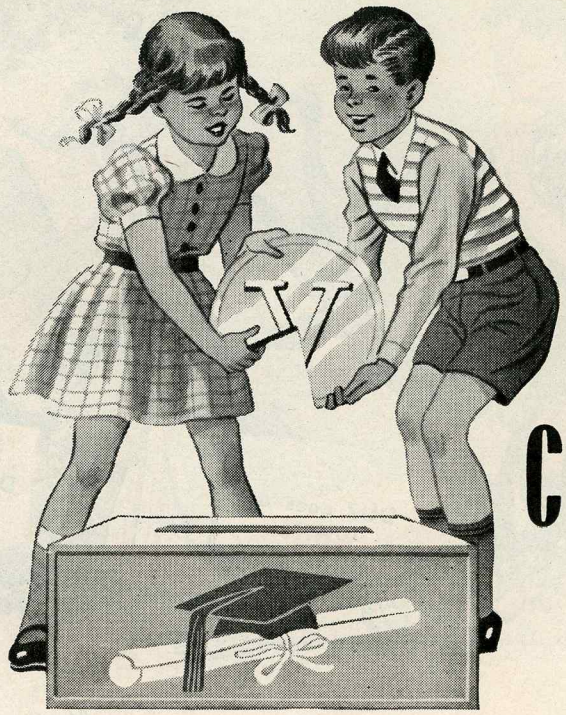
"So, why not tell people that life can be simpler with Duz? Because Duz just can't be beat by any other leading washday soap for cleaning *quick* and washing *safe!*"



Duz does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

TODAY'S CHILDREN



PENNIES, NICKELS and dimes were spent as fast as they were accumulated by their young children, writes Mr. L. E. D. Mr. D. and his wife did not want their children to feel that as soon as they had a little money they should spend it. They were faced with the problem of teaching them the value of savings.

In order to teach the children the value of saving and planning for things they really needed, Mr. D. devised the plan which he explains in the following letter. Perhaps you, too, can benefit by this plan and teach it to your children.

Mr. L. E. D. Writes:

"I have a penny! I want to buy something—some candy!" came to our ears the first time our busy children had pennies, nickels or dimes.

If they did not have any money, but some of their playmates were on their way to spend the money their parents had given them, our children would ask, "May I have some money to get some candy, too?"

We did not want our children to feel that as soon as they had some money they must spend it. Nor did we want to create future misers out of them by insisting that they put all their money in a piggy bank.

"Which would you rather buy?" I asked. "A penny piece of candy or a beautiful red pencil for drawing pretty pictures?"

"But we can't get a red pencil for a penny!" they protested loudly, "and we can get a piece of candy."

"You can get the pencil if you have five such pennies," I replied.

Then I explained, "Save this penny and when you have four more, then you have your red pencil."

That was their first lesson in weighing values and desires before spending their money. As they have grown older and their money was in larger amounts, we have taught them the helpful wisdom of using only a small per cent of the money on hand for their immediate pleasure so that later they can buy what they want most.

Our three oldest children have or are working their way through college. This makes it easier for their parents and they get more out of their education.

They had something better ahead of them toward which they were working. Then when it came, they knew its full value for they used their own money and they knew how they had earned and saved that money.

Their friends can't understand how our children always seem to have larger amounts of money ready to buy the more costly permanent things which they have been wanting.

Our children learned the lesson early and have enjoyed following it by deciding, each time, what they most want to buy.

When that first penny amount was increased to a nickel or a dime, our children would take a penny for candy and put the rest away for what they would want later that would take more money.

They enjoy their money all along, but they enjoy it more when they can buy what they most want.

HOW YOU CAN EARN $50 If you have had any personal experience in the training of children, in building healthy bodies for them, inspiring and guiding them, and helping them to learn self-discipline, why not share the benefits of your experience with others? We invite you to write letters on how you have handled your own or another's child with understanding and love. Letters should be no less than 500 and no more than 600 words in length, and the editor's selection is final. Name and identity of contributors will be kept confidential. Only your initials will be used. TRUE STORY will pay $50 for each letter published. All submitted become the property of TRUE STORY and none will be returned. Address your letter to TODAY'S CHILDREN, TRUE STORY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

T
S

CONVENTIONAL *or* MODERN... *Take your Choice*

100 YEARS OF RUG WEAVING

Put your hand over the right side of the above photograph and you have a charming conventional room. Cover the left side and you have an equally lovely modern room. Cover your floor with Alexander Smith's new carved Axminster and you have the answer. Its soft B.H.F. colors,* keyed with harmonizing B.H.F. colors in other furnishings, go beautifully with either conventional or modern. See this gorgeous broadloom (Patrician) and other Alexander Smith figured and plain broadlooms and rugs at your favorite store. Also send for "Colorama," Clara Dudley's new Color-Idea book. Write Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, Dept. B-53, 285 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

* B.H.F *stands for the nine Basic Home Furnishings color groups sponsored by many manufacturers and retailers of rugs, carpets, draperies, furniture, wallpaper, paint, etc.*

ALEXANDER SMITH FLOOR-PLAN RUGS • BROADLOOM CARPETS

Give any course a new lease on flavor!

Starters, salads, desserts — they all come easy with Del Monte Brand Fruit Cocktail

1–We put extra care here

Extra care where? In the "case history" we keep on every lot of pears that go into Del Monte Fruit Cocktail.

Pears aren't like other fruits. To develop perfect flavor, texture and aroma, they must be brought to perfect ripeness *off* the tree. Then how do we tell when they're ready for canning?

Experts, with years of experience, judge by color and fragrance. But even this is not enough. With each lot of Del Monte Pears goes a complete "clinical record"—a history of when picked and where — plus a whole series of "pressure testings" to show exactly the speed with which texture is changing.

Why go to such lengths for just one ingredient in a five-fruit combination? Because *flavor is our responsibility*—to you and to our brand. We know every bit of extra care we take means greater enjoyment for you.

2–You get extra flavor here

Take one good look at those festive colors—one good taste of those five perfectly blended, rich-ripe fruits—and you'll know Del Monte Fruit Cocktail is going to solve a lot of menu problems for you! Best of all, no work for *you*—no peeling, dicing, mixing! There's no end of ways to serve it—the three shown here will just give you an idea:

Basket Salad: (Center) Hollow out grapefruit; set scooped-out fruit aside for breakfast. Line shells with endive; fill with drained Del Monte Fruit Cocktail and serve with this

NUT-DATE DRESSING

- ¾ cup syrup from the Del Monte Fruit Cocktail
- 2 tbsps. cornstarch
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- ½ cup finely chopped dates
- ¾ cup cream or top milk, whipped
- ½ cup chopped walnuts

Mix together the syrup, cornstarch, salt and vinegar. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick and clear. Continue cooking for 3 or 4 minutes longer. Cool slightly; stir in dates and nuts. Fold in cream, whipped light but not stiff. Makes about 2 cups dressing for salad shown. *Also illustrated:* Del Monte Fruit Cocktail as an appetizer (right, above); with grated coconut (left, above) as a hurry-up dessert.

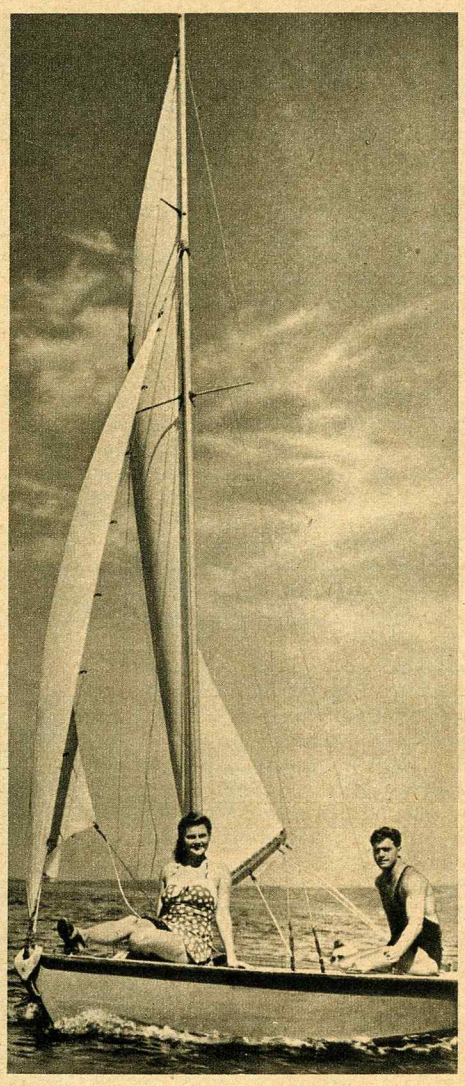
Extra flavor? Sure—Del Monte always puts

flavor first

Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL

T
S

"INDISCRETION"



MRS. VARDEN? Mrs. Ned Varden?" The voice was crisp; direct and clear over the wire.

"Yes?"

"Lily?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

A little hum of silence, then: "You used to know without asking."

Impatience flicked at me. The mail was still on the breakfast table, and my second cup of coffee. It had only been a few minutes since Ned left. "I don't think games are fun on the telephone. Not this early. Who is this?"

Laughter ran in behind his words: "You never could get yourself sorted out before noon, could you, Lily? This is Chris."

My fingers went tight around the mouthpiece. "Chris! Chris *Clement*?"

The laugh deepened. "Give the lady a set of encyclopedias!"

It *was* Chris! How foolish—how utterly stupid not to have known! "Chris! Why, Chris—hel-lo! I—I never dreamed it would be you! Where on earth have you been? It's—" I saw my face in the small mirror over the phone table. I saw the smile curving my mouth. *No—Stop it, Lily! Not so much eagerness! What's the*

■ What's the matter, Lily? What's that little catch in your throat? You're not doing anything wrong! Good heavens, you're acting as if you were deceiving your husband! That's ridiculous! Lunch with Chris? Lily, don't be absurd! Women do that every day! She was looking for an excuse!

■ Indiscretion? I put the word out of my mind, and laughed gaily as I answered: "Why, I'd love to meet you for lunch, Chris."

matter with you? How will that sound to him? I took my hand away from the mouthpiece. I measured it carefully: "It—it's good to hear your voice again, Chris." *That's better, Lily. Make it warm and polite, but hold it down. Hold it down.*

"Yours too, Lily. You still stammer a little when you're excited." Only a breath of a pause, then: "May I pamper my ego a bit, and hope it's for me?"

Yes, that was like Chris. Always, in a matter of seconds, in a matter of a few deft words, he could get things onto that oddly personal level—and then slip smoothly away and leave them there. I knew how his eyes would look now. I knew the way the smile would be pulling at one corner of his mouth.

"How have you been, Chris?" Cool, detached. I watched my face in the mirror. I could handle Chris Clement now. I took my smile away. "It—it's been a long time."

"Oh, Lily!" Over his groan he said: "We've never swapped trite phrases, you and I!" I could *see* his grin.

■ MY FINGERS twisted into the phone cord. What in heaven's name *was* the matter with me? All right, I'd been in love with Chris once! What of it? I was *over* letting even the sound of his voice rattle me. That was all finished nearly a year ago. Final and complete. I was Lily Varden now. Mrs. Ned Varden. I wasn't in love with Chris Clement any more. I was in love with my husband.

"Tell me about you, Chris. I thought you were in Chicago. I thought you'd made a clean sweep of New York."

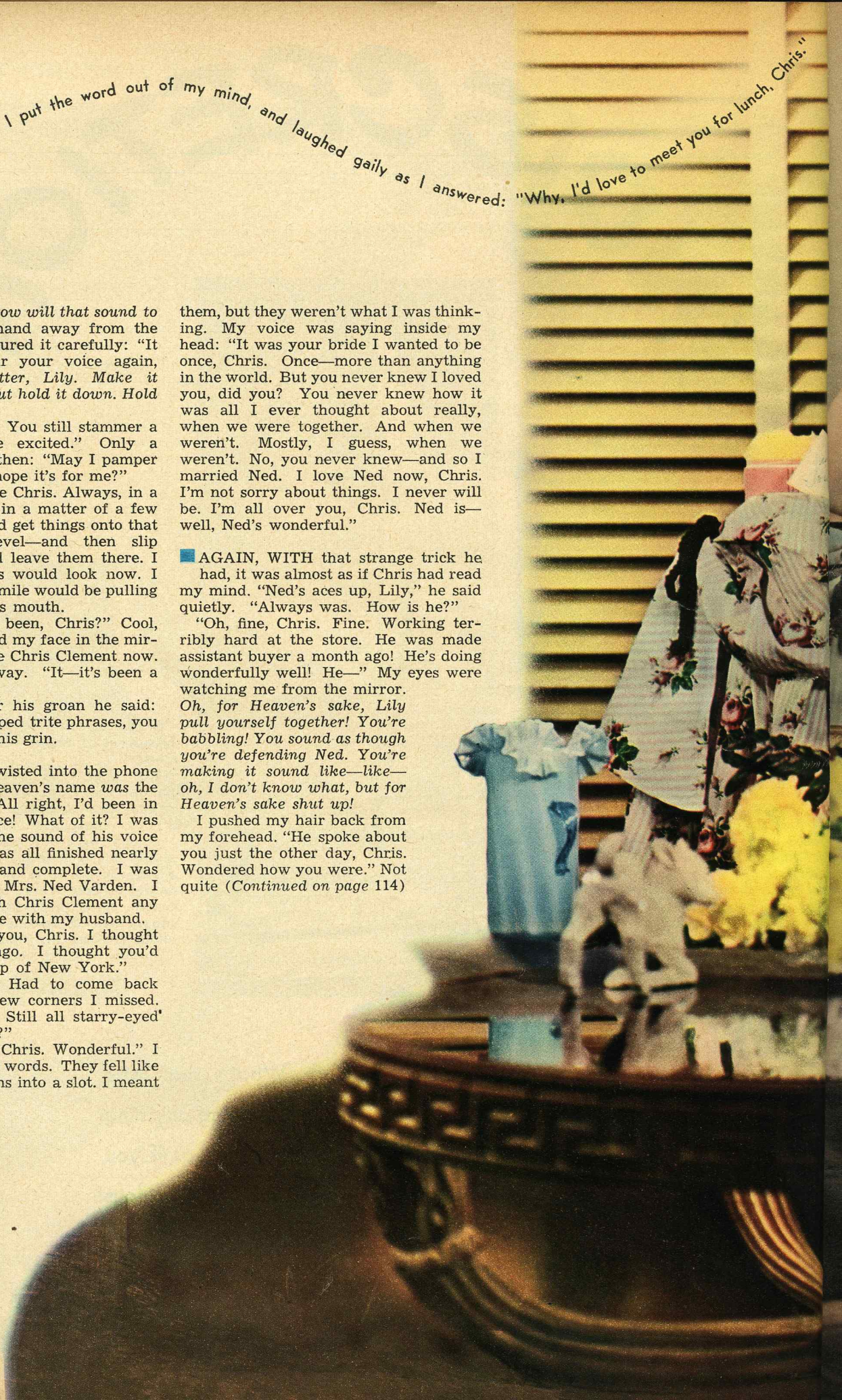
"Business, Lily. Had to come back and sweep out a few corners I missed. What's with you? Still all starry-eyed over being a bride?"

"It's wonderful, Chris. Wonderful." I didn't think out the words. They fell like little automatic coins into a slot. I meant them, but they weren't what I was thinking. My voice was saying inside my head: "It was your bride I wanted to be once, Chris. Once—more than anything in the world. But you never knew I loved you, did you? You never knew how it was all I ever thought about really, when we were together. And when we weren't. Mostly, I guess, when we weren't. No, you never knew—and so I married Ned. I love Ned now, Chris. I'm not sorry about things. I never will be. I'm all over you, Chris. Ned is—well, Ned's wonderful."

■ AGAIN, WITH that strange trick he had, it was almost as if Chris had read my mind. "Ned's aces up, Lily," he said quietly. "Always was. How is he?"

"Oh, fine, Chris. Fine. Working terribly hard at the store. He was made assistant buyer a month ago! He's doing wonderfully well! He—" My eyes were watching me from the mirror. *Oh, for Heaven's sake, Lily pull yourself together! You're babbling! You sound as though you're defending Ned. You're making it sound like—like—oh, I don't know what, but for Heaven's sake shut up!*

I pushed my hair back from my forehead. "He spoke about you just the other day, Chris. Wondered how you were." Not quite (*Continued on page* 114)



■ Indiscretion? I put the word out of my mind, and laughed gaily as I answered: "Why, I'd love to meet you for lunch, Chris."

matter with you? How will that sound to him? I took my hand away from the mouthpiece. I measured it carefully: "It—it's good to hear your voice again, Chris." *That's better, Lily. Make it warm and polite, but hold it down. Hold it down.*

"Yours too, Lily. You still stammer a little when you're excited." Only a breath of a pause, then: "May I pamper my ego a bit, and hope it's for me?"

Yes, that was like Chris. Always, in a matter of seconds, in a matter of a few deft words, he could get things onto that oddly personal level—and then slip smoothly away and leave them there. I knew how his eyes would look now. I knew the way the smile would be pulling at one corner of his mouth.

"How have you been, Chris?" Cool, detached. I watched my face in the mirror. I could handle Chris Clement now. I took my smile away. "It—it's been a long time."

"Oh, Lily!" Over his groan he said: "We've never swapped trite phrases, you and I!" I could *see* his grin.

■ MY FINGERS twisted into the phone cord. What in heaven's name *was* the matter with me? All right, I'd been in love with Chris once! What of it? I was *over* letting even the sound of his voice rattle me. That was all finished nearly a year ago. Final and complete. I was Lily Varden now. Mrs. Ned Varden. I wasn't in love with Chris Clement any more. I was in love with my husband.

"Tell me about you, Chris. I thought you were in Chicago. I thought you'd made a clean sweep of New York."

"Business, Lily. Had to come back and sweep out a few corners I missed. What's with you? Still all starry-eyed over being a bride?"

"It's wonderful, Chris. Wonderful." I didn't think out the words. They fell like little automatic coins into a slot. I meant them, but they weren't what I was thinking. My voice was saying inside my head: "It was your bride I wanted to be once, Chris. Once—more than anything in the world. But you never knew I loved you, did you? You never knew how it was all I ever thought about really, when we were together. And when we weren't. Mostly, I guess, when we weren't. No, you never knew—and so I married Ned. I love Ned now, Chris. I'm not sorry about things. I never will be. I'm all over you, Chris. Ned is—well, Ned's wonderful."

■ AGAIN, WITH that strange trick he had, it was almost as if Chris had read my mind. "Ned's aces up, Lily," he said quietly. "Always was. How is he?"

"Oh, fine, Chris. Fine. Working terribly hard at the store. He was made assistant buyer a month ago! He's doing wonderfully well! He—" My eyes were watching me from the mirror. *Oh, for Heaven's sake, Lily pull yourself together! You're babbling! You sound as though you're defending Ned. You're making it sound like—like—oh, I don't know what, but for Heaven's sake shut up!*

I pushed my hair back from my forehead. "He spoke about you just the other day, Chris. Wondered how you were." Not quite (*Continued on page* 114)

Girl at the CARNIVAL

I GUESS I must have been half asleep when I heard Pops coming back to our trailer that night. He was singing at the top of his lungs and most times Pops was a quiet guy, so I knew right away that this was it. He'd been working up to it for a week or more. Inching up to it, like a kid'll inch up to a dish of candy when he knows darn good and well it'll make him sick.

"Maxwelton's braes are bonny, where early falls the dew—"

I got up off the bunk and opened the trailer door and my big hands were bunched into fists. But I knew I wouldn't use them. Not on Pops.

He came weaving and stumbling into the stream of light and I went down the trailer steps and helped him up. I let him down easy onto his bunk and stood there, sore as a goat, looking down at him. Not saying anything though; what was the use? You get kind of discouraged, after seven years of a thing like that; get to knowing that it's got you licked, so you give up.

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true!"

"Pipe down, Pops," I told him. "You'll wake up the whole gang."

"Johnny, you—you think I've been drinking, don't you?"

"I know blamed well you have!"

Pops pulled himself up onto his elbows then and his round blue eyes began to fill with tears. "'S true. 'S no use trying to lie to you, Johnny. I'm just no good."

"Your promises aren't, that's a cinch."

"I'm a failure. A broken-down failure. A good-for-nothing old failure—better off dead."

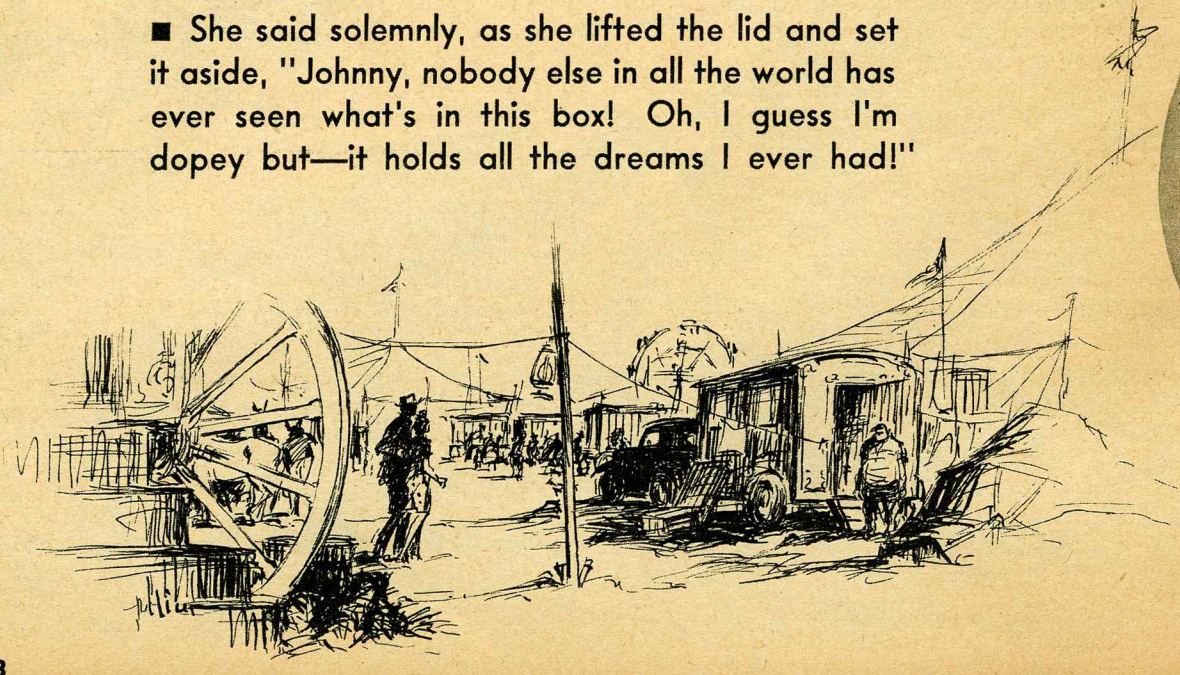
"Oh, for the love of Mike, don't start that again."

"Gotta face facts, Johnny. Remember back in Akron—what that doctor said?"

"Sure, I remember! Why do you think I try to keep you from hitting the bottle?"

"Out like a light— (*Continued on page* 106)

■ She said solemnly, as she lifted the lid and set it aside, "Johnny, nobody else in all the world has ever seen what's in this box! Oh, I guess I'm dopey but—it holds all the dreams I ever had!"



Girl at the CARNIVAL

I GUESS I must have been half asleep when I heard Pops coming back to our trailer that night. He was singing at the top of his lungs and most times Pops was a quiet guy, so I knew right away that this was it. He'd been working up to it for a week or more. Inching up to it, like a kid'll inch up to a dish of candy when he knows darn good and well it'll make him sick.

"Maxwelton's braes are bonny, where early falls the dew—"

I got up off the bunk and opened the trailer door and my big hands were bunched into fists. But I knew I wouldn't use them. Not on Pops.

He came weaving and stumbling into the stream of light and I went down the trailer steps and helped him up. I let him down easy onto his bunk and stood there, sore as a goat, looking down at him. Not saying anything though; what was the use? You get kind of discouraged, after seven years of a thing like that; get to knowing that it's got you licked, so you give up.

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true!"

"Pipe down, Pops," I told him. "You'll wake up the whole gang."

"Johnny, you—you think I've been drinking, don't you?"

"I know blamed well you have!"

Pops pulled himself up onto his elbows then and his round blue eyes began to fill with tears. "'S true. 'S no use trying to lie to you, Johnny. I'm just no good."

"Your promises aren't, that's a cinch."

"I'm a failure. A broken-down failure. A good-for-nothing old failure—better off dead."

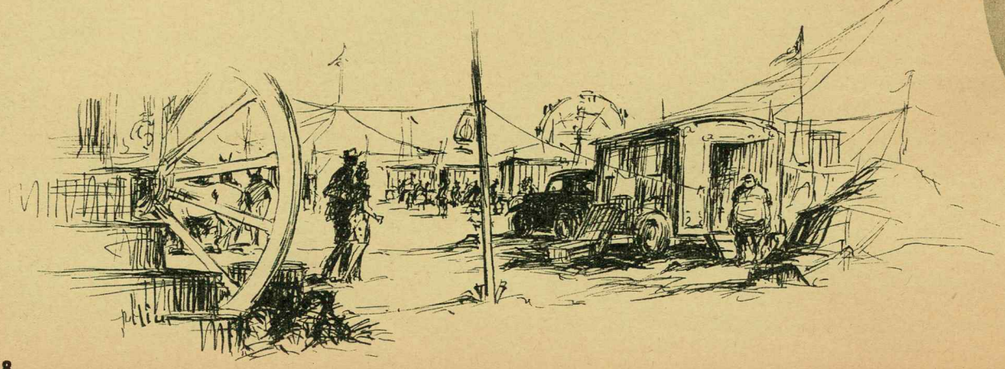
"Oh, for the love of Mike, don't start that again."

"Gotta face facts, Johnny. Remember back in Akron—what that doctor said?"

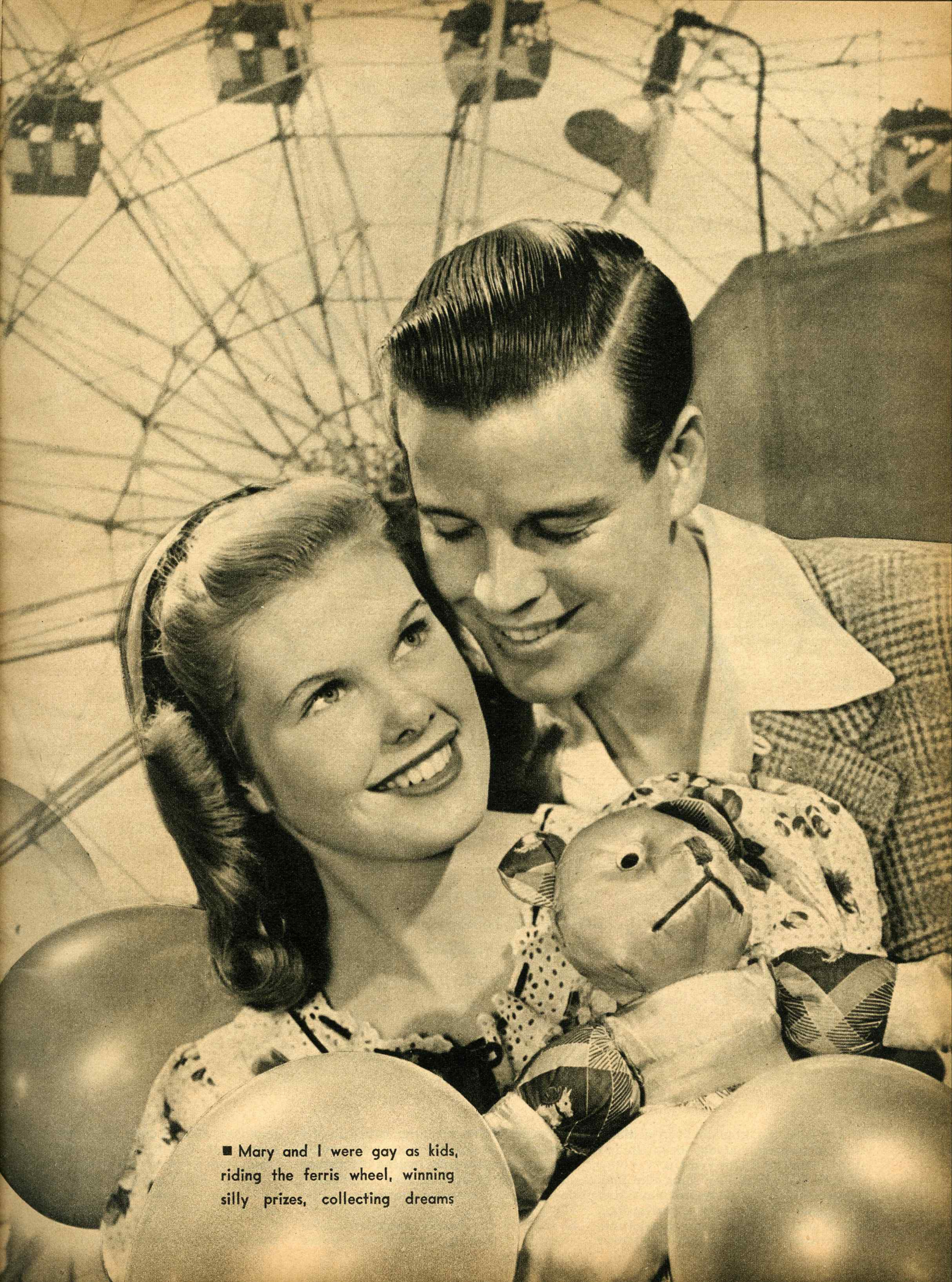
"Sure, I remember! Why do you think I try to keep you from hitting the bottle?"

"Out like a light— (*Continued on page* 106)

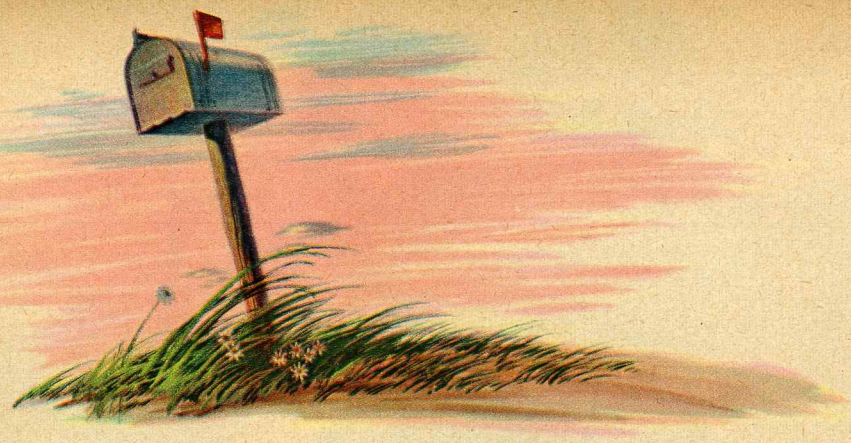
■ She said solemnly, as she lifted the lid and set it aside, "Johnny, nobody else in all the world has ever seen what's in this box! Oh, I guess I'm dopey but—it holds all the dreams I ever had!"



■ Mary and I were gay as kids, riding the ferris wheel, winning silly prizes, collecting dreams



■ Mary and I were gay as kids, riding the ferris wheel, winning silly prizes, collecting dreams



A letter to Grandma

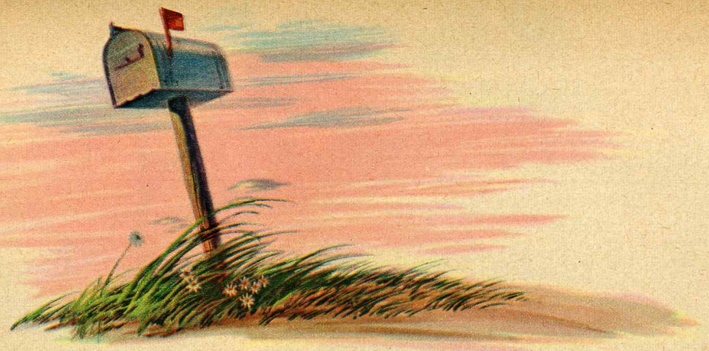
■ Was she really right? She knew in her heart, that she wasn't going back to her family. She had done her share, she had done her best, and she meant to live as she liked for her remaining years. But was she right?

IF I WERE the kind to keep a diary, I'd have written that day down in red ink as "The Day I Got Fed Up."

Maybe I shouldn't use slang like that. At my age—I'll be sixty-two next May—I suppose I ought to be sitting around in lace and lavender, doing my tatting, and growing old gracefully—whatever *that* means. I'm sure the ladies in my bridge club and in the Social Aid would be grateful if I would, instead of "always stirring things up," as they complain I do—and with reason, I suppose.

■ AS FOR the slang, I came by it honestly. I learned it from my eldest grandson, Mike. I don't approve of using slang, but I will have to admit the youngsters have some mighty sharp expressions, and I use them myself.

Nothing happened on this particular day that hadn't happened often before. The trouble was that everything happened at once. And the forty years of



A letter to Grandma

■ Was she really right? She knew in her heart, that she wasn't going back to her family. She had done her share, she had done her best, and she meant to live as she liked for her remaining years. But was she right?

■ What a task it must have been for a six-year-old, I thought, as I read the letter signed, "Your loving Dot."

IF I WERE the kind to keep a diary, I'd have written that day down in red ink as "The Day I Got Fed Up."

Maybe I shouldn't use slang like that. At my age—I'll be sixty-two next May—I suppose I ought to be sitting around in lace and lavender, doing my tatting, and growing old gracefully—whatever *that* means. I'm sure the ladies in my bridge club and in the Social Aid would be grateful if I would, instead of "always stirring things up," as they complain I do—and with reason, I suppose.

■ AS FOR the slang, I came by it honestly. I learned it from my eldest grandson, Mike. I don't approve of using slang, but I will have to admit the youngsters have some mighty sharp expressions, and I use them myself.

Nothing happened on this particular day that hadn't happened often before. The trouble was that everything happened at once. And the forty years of doing for others were suddenly forty thousand years, and I couldn't bear it any longer.

■ "I'M FED UP," I told myself. "I've done my share, and I've done my best. Now I'm just going to leave them to sink or swim, and take a nice, long vacation!"

A vacation was the furthest thing from my mind, that morning. I'd made hot cakes for Tom's breakfast, poured his coffee and mine, and was just sitting down when the phone rang.

"I'll get it, Tom," I said. "You eat and get down to the office."

It was Patsy, my youngest. She'd been married to Bob only six months, and phoned me half a dozen times a day for advice.

■ THIS TIME she was giving her first big dinner, for some of the men from Bob's company and their wives. Would I come right over next morning because

■ What a task it must have been for a six-year-old, I thought, as I read the letter signed, "Your loving Dot."

doing for others were suddenly forty thousand years, and I couldn't bear it any longer.

■ "I'M FED UP," I told myself. "I've done my share, and I've done my best. Now I'm just going to leave them to sink or swim, and take a nice, long vacation!"

A vacation was the furthest thing from my mind, that morning. I'd made hot cakes for Tom's breakfast, poured his coffee and mine, and was just sitting down when the phone rang.

"I'll get it, Tom," I said. "You eat and get down to the office."

It was Patsy, my youngest. She'd been married to Bob only six months, and phoned me half a dozen times a day for advice.

■ THIS TIME she was giving her first big dinner, for some of the men from Bob's company and their wives. Would I come right over next morning because

she simply didn't even know how to *begin*, and wouldn't it be just awful if she disgraced Bobby?

I got back to my coffee at last, and found Tom still sitting at the table, looking nervous. Tom's my eldest, and I can tell just by looking at him when he's got something on his mind that I'm going to be asked to solve.

"You'll be late at the office, Tom, won't you?" I asked.

"Look, Mom," he said. "It's this tie-up with that sub-contracting outfit I'm worried about. Do you think Pop would really have gone ahead with the proposition?"

I sighed. "I thought you'd made up your mind, Tom."

"Well—I've thought it all out, and I've got all the figures down on paper, but—look, let me go over the thing with you tonight when I come home, will you?"

"All right, Tom," I said. "I'm not going out this evening."

■ DOROTHY came down in time to kiss Tom good-by, and I saw the kids climbing into the car, in the driveway, to be driven down to school.

"You're an angel," Dorothy said. "Getting the children off to school like this for me. Honestly, I don't know what we'd ever do around this house without you!"

I don't know either, I thought, and was startled at finding the sharp, impatient answer form itself in my mind.

Dorothy went on to say she'd like to go downtown to shop for curtain material, if I wouldn't mind giving the kids their lunch. I said I'd take care of it.

While I straightened up the house I thought, *I wanted to go downtown myself today. I wanted to buy a new hat and have lunch out and see a movie. And I told Dorothy so, only two days ago. It just went in one ear and out the other!*

Mike and his sister came racing in for lunch, Mike with his face unbelievably dirty and little Dot with a scraped knee to be tended. I fed them, gave them each an apple for recess, reminded them to come straight home after school and sat down to my own lunch, a little tired, a little irritable. I was working up to the explosion then, but I didn't know it.

I grumbled to myself as I ran the sweeper and dusted Tom's books. *Dorothy wasn't lazy when Tom married her eight years ago. I've made her lazy with my helpfulness. Patsy mightn't be so helpless, either, if she didn't have me to run to. Even Mike and Dot look to me for everything, when they should look to their mother. What would Tom, senior, say if he were still alive?*

They'd all adored him, of course—Tom and Hal and Patsy. But he'd have made them stand on their own two feet. And they could stand, too—if I'd let them! Well, I'm too old to change my ways now, I suppose. Or am I? Am I?"

Mike and Dot came home together at three-thirty, Mike from 3-B, and Dot from kindergarten. Mike had a baseball game on his mind and didn't need to be hurried into changing his clothes, but he couldn't find his play shoes. Dot wanted me to look at the paste-up pictures she'd made at school, and the laundry man came and the phone rang and I banged my hip on the newel-post because I was running to be in four places at once.

It was Hal on the phone, wanting to know if I'd mind the baby, over at their house, next Saturday night because they had a bridge party on. I told him I'd call him back.

I got Mike his shoes, paid the laundry man, looked at Dot's pictures and praised them, put her into a play suit and let her in the yard, then I sat down and I said to myself, "I'm fed up! And I'm going to do something, too!"

It was Mike who gave me the word for it. That night at supper, Tom asked him how the baseball game had gone. And eight-year-old Mike said, "Aw, we beat 'em all right. I pitched, and I got that Billy's number. He's a sucker for an inside curve."

Dorothy said, "Michael! What an expression!"

And I thought, grimly: *That's me. I'm a sucker for an inside curve. And they all know how to pitch one to me—every one of them!*

That night after supper, I put Dot to bed and heard her prayers—I'd done that since she was old enough to talk—and I let Tom go over his figures with me. I haven't been in touch with the business since Tom, senior, died, and young Tom took over, but whenever he had a decision to make, he had to talk it over with me. I didn't advise him. I couldn't. He knew what was best. But he could never decide, it seemed, without consulting me.

■ I suddenly realized I'd let them depend too much on me; now they all

And while I listened to him, I made up my mind what to do. *They'll kick up a fuss,* I thought, *but I'm going to do it!*

Three weeks later I boarded a train. Tom and Patsy saw me off, Tom frowning and looking worried and Patsy all but crying.

"You'll take care of yourself now, Mom?" Tom asked for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time Patsy said, "I can't imagine why you'd want to go off by yourself for a vacation!"

Tom added, "You still haven't told any of us how long you're going to stay!"

I smiled and nodded. "I don't know myself. Maybe I'll be back soon. Maybe I won't be."

"But Mom—!"

"The train's moving, Tom."

"Oh—yes, yes. Well—good-by! Remember now—"

The noise of the train drowned the rest. I had a glimpse of their worried faces on the platform, and then I was off—to my vacation. To freedom!

I'd made my plans carefully—as far as they went. I'd rented a little cottage on the outskirts of a village in eastern Pennsylvania. I hadn't told my family that the terms of my month-to-month lease included an option on the purchase of the cottage. I'd called on all the business knowledge I'd ever possessed, as well as what charm a sixty-two year old lady may still retain, to get that lease!

So there I was, the next morning, having my coffee alone and in blessed peace, at a beautifully lazy hour of the day. A hundred and twenty miles from New York, four hours travelling time by Pennsy express, Reading local, and ancient bus. I felt like the gayest, freest truant that ever was.

A cat had turned up this morning, knowing with that practical clairvoyance of cats that the cottage was occupied again, and I gave him a saucer of milk.

I moved a chair out into the little garden before the cottage. The garden was neglected, but I'd take care of that. Meanwhile, it was so wonderfully peaceful just to sit and watch the winding dirt road below me. The blue sky above me, the hum of bees in the clover field adjoining, the soft May breeze caressing my cheek—what a fool I'd been not to have had all this long ago!

When my husband died, young Tom was married, he had his home, and knew the business his father and I had built up well enough to take over the reins entirely. And his father had arranged things wisely. Tom was to have the business himself, buying the shares of the other children, and I was to leave my share in and have the income from it.

■ THE BIG house was too empty for me, after the funeral, and it seemed natural for me to go and live with Tom and Dorothy. Hal had his own bachelor apartment then, Patsy was away at school, and Tom and Dorothy sincerely wanted me. Then Tom's children came, Hal got married, then Patsy.

If I'd been left alone with young children to support, or if we'd brought them up to be dependent on their parents, there'd be some reason for the way I'd lived for the past ten years—not to mention the thirty before that. But there was no excuse. I was just a soft-hearted, soft-headed old fool, that's all. I'd let them use me. Well, I'd ended that!

I'd stay on here a month or two and see how they all got along without me. Let them learn to do for themselves! Maybe I'd stay for six months! Maybe even—well, time enough to think about that.

Tom's letter came when I'd been away two weeks. It was like Tom—slow, thoughtful, careful.

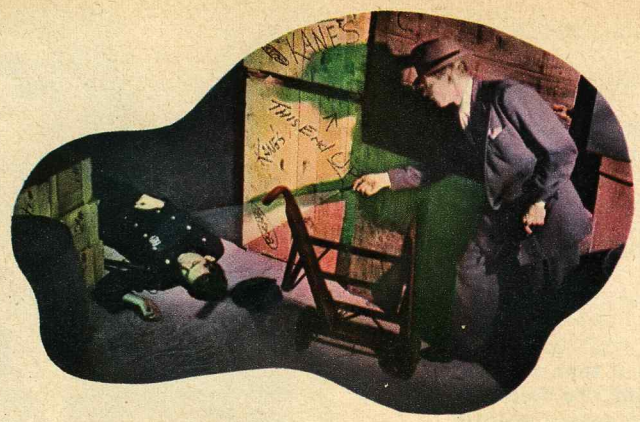
"Dorothy and I were glad to hear you were enjoying your vacation so much, Mom. We'd been a little worried about you, being alone like that. Everything's fine here. I wound up that business of incorporating with the sub-contracting firm. Mike and Dot send their love. They want to know, and so do we, if you're coming back soon? I wouldn't want to cut your vacation short, Mom, but I'd feel a lot easier with you here. When you've had a good rest, you'll be back, won't you?"

It was the opening gun of the campaign, I knew. They'd ask Tom to be spokesman, since he was the oldest, and I'd been living with him.

I sat in the sunny front room of my cottage, turning the letter over and over in my hands, while I looked out the window and let my mind wander back over the years.

Was I really right? I knew in my heart even, (*Continued on page* 121)

used me—little Tom, Dot, Hal, Irene, Tom, little Dot, Bob and Patsy



■ He wanted to sit down with her and say: "Look honey, I'm no hero. I'm just another guy named Joe, with all the normal fears—"But he couldn't do it. He lacked the nerve to tell. He was afraid to disillusion her about himself

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT:

I NEVER THOUGHT I, Frank Granger, would fall in love with a girl at first sight. But I did. With Helen Flynn. Sam Conners introduced us at the swimming pool. She was wearing a daffodil suit which did things to her. She was the daughter of Bill Flynn, one of the most fearless and toughest detectives. Helen loved and admired him deeply. I didn't see her again until she returned from school. In the meantime I joined the Police Force. When Helen returned we started seeing each other and I met her father, whom I, also, admired very much. As a rookie cop I had a streak of luck. First I saved a man from drowning, it turned out he was a famous poet. Then I stopped a payroll stick-up and third I saved Helen's father from being killed by Spinelli, a tough gangster. Helen was so proud of me, she pasted all the newspaper clippings about me in a book. I was embarrassed because I knew I wasn't that brave—that sooner or later I'd have the dream that had been hounding me since I was a kid. The night I saved Bill's life, the night Helen kissed me for the first time, I had the dream. It went like this. I was falling into a deep abyss and at the bottom there were millions of snakes, hissing and waiting. I never did reach the bottom. I woke up in a cold sweat. I dressed and headed for Helen's house to tell her I was a coward. Helen was staying with a sick cousin, Bill said, when he met me at the door. He saw my agitation, but didn't ask any questions. "Come in, son," he said. I went in.

THE STORY CONTINUES:

HE GOT ME installed in the most comfortable chair in the living-room. He put some cigars on the end table beside my chair. He put an ash tray at my elbow.

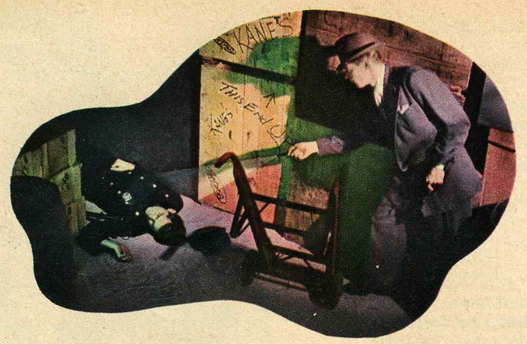
"I'm glad I got to see you, Bill," I told him miserably. "I want you to know how much I appreciate everything—" I stopped, feeling silly.

He didn't say anything to that. His face didn't even change expression. I sat there wondering what made me feel suddenly so close to this man that I called him "Bill" instead of "sir." And why it should seem quite natural.

He grinned at me, and fingered the nightgown. "I'd hate to have the boys at the station know," he said. "Wait'll I get into some pants, Frank."

When he came back into the room he was shaved and wearing pants and shirt, no coat or tie. He had a tray with coffee, cream, sugar on it.

■ Bill looked down at me, almost contemptuously. I felt beaten, dragged out after the hours of gruelling from both of them. I blurted, "Why don't you say what you think of me, that you think I'm lying, yellow."



■ He wanted to sit down with her and say: "Look honey, I'm no hero. I'm just another guy named Joe, with all the normal fears—"But he couldn't do it. He lacked the nerve to tell. He was afraid to disillusion her about himself

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT:

I NEVER THOUGHT I, Frank Granger, would fall in love with a girl at first sight. But I did. With Helen Flynn. Sam Conners introduced us at the swimming pool. She was wearing a daffodil suit which did things to her. She was the daughter of Bill Flynn, one of the most fearless and toughest detectives. Helen loved and admired him deeply. I didn't see her again until she returned from school. In the meantime I joined the Police Force. When Helen returned we started seeing each other and I met her father, whom I, also, admired very much. As a rookie cop I had a streak of luck. First I saved a man from drowning, it turned out he was a famous poet. Then I stopped a payroll stick-up and third I saved Helen's father from being killed by Spinelli, a tough gangster. Helen was so proud of me, she pasted all the newspaper clippings about me in a book. I was embarrassed because I knew I wasn't that brave—that sooner or later I'd have the dream that had been hounding me since I was a kid. The night I saved Bill's life, the night Helen kissed me for the first time, I had the dream. It went like this. I was falling into a deep abyss and at the bottom there were millions of snakes, hissing and waiting. I never did reach the bottom. I woke up in a cold sweat. I dressed and headed for Helen's house to tell her I was a coward. Helen was staying with a sick cousin, Bill said, when he met me at the door. He saw my agitation, but didn't ask any questions. "Come in, son," he said. I went in.

THE STORY CONTINUES:

HE GOT ME installed in the most comfortable chair in the living-room. He put some cigars on the end table beside my chair. He put an ash tray at my elbow.

"I'm glad I got to see you, Bill," I told him miserably. "I want you to know how much I appreciate everything—" I stopped, feeling silly.

■ Bill looked down at me, almost contemptuously. I felt beaten, dragged out after the hours of gruelling from both of them. I blurted, "Why don't you say what you think of me, that you think I'm lying, yellow."

He didn't say anything to that. His face didn't even change expression. I sat there wondering what made me feel suddenly so close to this man that I called him "Bill" instead of "sir." And why it should seem quite natural.

He grinned at me, and fingered the nightgown. "I'd hate to have the boys at the station know," he said. "Wait'll I get into some pants, Frank."

When he came back into the room he was shaved and wearing pants and shirt, no coat or tie. He had a tray with coffee, cream, sugar on it.

Hidden Enemy

Hidden Enemy

The coffee tasted good, had a pleasantly soothing effect on the butterflies inside me.

"Helen won't be back much before four," Bill said calmly. "She thinks a lot of you, lad." He looked a little shame-faced, almost angry. "We both do," he added so quietly I barely heard him. "Hate to see you leave the Force."

■ HE WAS giving it to me the way it was. Helen liked me. He liked me. There was plenty of time to talk before she returned. If I wanted to confide in him, he was there ready to listen. He wasn't prodding me. I could make up my own mind about that.

"Bill," I said, "I'm quitting the Force, because I'm yellow. I'm a coward, Bill."

For a moment I thought he wasn't going to have anything to say to that. Then he asked mildly:

"When did you find that out?"

"I've always known it," I said bitterly.

"So?" he said flatly. "Go on."

His almost casual indifference angered me. Which was (though I didn't think of it, then) precisely what he wanted. A goad. A spur. To accomplish what every good detective spends his life accomplishing: *making the other man talk!*

"What do you mean: 'Go on'?" I snapped. "What else is there?" I demanded roughly. "I'm yellow. Period. When I was a kid at school, I used to get into fights. I always was oversized, big. So my whole class figured I was quite a strong man. When any upperclass bully picked on anyone in our class, the kids expected me to beat him up. Just because I was big and strong I got into a lot of fights. I was never in one—even then—that I wasn't scared silly."

"Win any of them?"

"I won every blasted one of them. But that isn't the point. Each time I was—"

"Scared," said Bill softly. So softly, gently, that I nodded slowly, gratefully.

"It was the same with everything, Bill. Athletics. They expected big things of me. Just because I was big. I hated most sports. Except track." I smiled bitterly. "In track you just run. In football I was scared silly. I had to force myself to tackle a runner. Afraid I'd get hurt. Baseball. Every time I came to bat my knees shook. I saw myself striking out in front of a lot of people, hearing 'em boo me because they'd got my number."

I was too full of it, too excited telling Bill things I'd never told anyone before in all my life, to be aware that he was laying another quiet little trap for me. He said, consolingly:

"Well, Frank, plenty of good men weren't so hot at sports when they were young."

■ HE KNEW better. He was just getting me to talk.

"But that's the point," I contradicted. "I *was* good. I was captain of the high school football team for three years. I made more tackles than anyone else. In baseball, I was the school's home-run king. Basketball, hard and fast. Rough it with any of them. Track, fair. Got letters in all of them. And scared silly in all of them."

"But you did fine, eh?"

"Yes. That's the screwy part of it."

"Uh-huh. Always had the feeling, though, that in the clutch you'd muff it, let down, that everyone would get your number."

"That's exactly it," I said, amazed at his understanding. "Bill, the things I'm afraid of— Well, it's ridiculous. A grown man. Scared of his own shadow. Do you know, there have been times when a dark room, a room without light, has terrified me. I've been afraid to step into darkness. I—"

Then I paused. I was on the verge of confiding to Bill about the dream. The dream I'd had since I was a kid. Dreaming of falling into a black pit. It was *too* silly. I couldn't bring myself to tell anyone, not even Bill, about that.

"How did you happen to join the Department, Frank?" Bill asked softly.

"There were even some fears mixed up in that, I guess. I've got so many of them," I said wryly, "I ought to make a catalogue. Bill, I'd like to tell you I joined the Force because of fine ideals about the service a good member of the Department contributes. Law enforcement, things like that. It wasn't that way at all.

"I met Helen. With her, cops were in a special class. So I joined the class. Because I wanted her to—well, you understand."

He nodded.

"Couple of other reasons," I admitted. "None of them noble. I didn't like the job I had at the time. And I found police work paid pretty well and I had the idea that maybe, some day, I'd be a detective. But the most attractive thing was the pension. I suppose it's the insecurity of years as an orphan. Anyway, I didn't want—ever—to be without money, to be pushed around again."

■ I CHUCKLED WITHOUT humor. "Not very good reasons for joining the Department. Pretty cold and selfish—except for wanting to do it for Helen. Funny thing is, Bill, that *since* joining the Force I understand better. I know what fine work the Department's doing. I know what a fine thing it is to be a *good* cop. I feel the (*Continued on page* 125)

■ "Why is it I trust you so?" Helen said and she seemed surprised. I guess I laughed at her question. I kissed her and answered: "Because you love me and I love you."

■ People are often tested, to prove the courage of their hearts. Marriage, especially, is a testing ground. It's like a school where husband and wife are both teacher and pupil

NAN NEVER was on time for an appointment at school. She probably hasn't changed, I thought. I sat in a chair that commanded a good view of the main entrance of the hotel lobby to wait. Nan was a special school chum I hadn't seen since college graduation.

"It'll be good to see you, June," she had burbled when she had called me the evening before. "I've been looking forward to seeing you ever since I left the coast. Are you still regally beautiful? My nose is still nubby, and I've thickened in a few wrong spots; but Jim and my boys still love me. How's Peter—does he still look like a Greek god?—and Maureen?"

"Peter's fine and Maureen's lovely, the very beat of both our hearts. I'll want you to meet her tomorrow. I still can't believe she's going to college in the fall," I answered her, feeling proud.

I recalled how Nan and I always had insisted, in jam sessions at school, that we were going to have four children apiece—two boys and two girls—a very nice family.

Now as I sat and waited, my whole life with Peter seemed to unroll like a film in reverse, and I wondered if Nan would even recognize me as I thought of the years between school days and now. For when tragedy walked into our lives, shortly after Maureen's fifth birthday, I lost touch completely with all of my old friends.

Before that, there hadn't been a happier family in Marysville, now a pleasant suburb within easy commuting distance to Peter's office in the city. We didn't have pots of money, but Peter was a good architect and we had everything that makes life rich—health, deep love for each other and a tremendous ambition to succeed in life, so we could give our children the benefits of a real home and a fine education. We felt very fortunate.

The other couples in our crowd had thought we were quite mad when, instead of building a house in town, Peter and I decided to remodel his old farm home on the outskirts of Marysville, which was then just a whistle stop for through trains, with an eight o'clock morning local to the city that returned at six-thirty in the evening daily. But we had laughed at them, and started planning.

"I love this place, and my hands itch to fix it over the way I've always dreamed of doing, June," Peter said, his blue eyes shining as he scooped me into his arms and kissed me. "And there's plenty of ground, so our children can stretch and run without bumping our neighbors'

■ Gaily I placed a rose in Peter's lapel, not knowing he, too, planned a surprise

■ People are often tested, to prove the courage of their hearts. Marriage, especially, is a testing ground. It's like a school where husband and wife are both teacher and pupil

HIGHLIGHTS IN MARRIAGE

■ Gaily I placed a rose in Peter's lapel, not knowing he, too, planned a surprise

NAN NEVER was on time for an appointment at school. She probably hasn't changed, I thought. I sat in a chair that commanded a good view of the main entrance of the hotel lobby to wait. Nan was a special school chum I hadn't seen since college graduation.

"It'll be good to see you, June," she had burbled when she had called me the evening before. "I've been looking forward to seeing you ever since I left the coast. Are you still regally beautiful? My nose is still nubby, and I've thickened in a few wrong spots; but Jim and my boys still love me. How's Peter—does he still look like a Greek god?—and Maureen?"

"Peter's fine and Maureen's lovely, the very beat of both our hearts. I'll want you to meet her tomorrow. I still can't believe she's going to college in the fall," I answered her, feeling proud.

I recalled how Nan and I always had insisted, in jam sessions at school, that we were going to have four children apiece—two boys and two girls—a very nice family.

Now as I sat and waited, my whole life with Peter seemed to unroll like a film in reverse, and I wondered if Nan would even recognize me as I thought of the years between school days and now. For when tragedy walked into our lives, shortly after Maureen's fifth birthday, I lost touch completely with all of my old friends.

Before that, there hadn't been a happier family in Marysville, now a pleasant suburb within easy commuting distance to Peter's office in the city. We didn't have pots of money, but Peter was a good architect and we had everything that makes life rich—health, deep love for each other and a tremendous ambition to succeed in life, so we could give our children the benefits of a real home and a fine education. We felt very fortunate.

The other couples in our crowd had thought we were quite mad when, instead of building a house in town, Peter and I decided to remodel his old farm home on the outskirts of Marysville, which was then just a whistle stop for through trains, with an eight o'clock morning local to the city that returned at six-thirty in the evening daily. But we had laughed at them, and started planning.

"I love this place, and my hands itch to fix it over the way I've always dreamed of doing, June," Peter said, his blue eyes shining as he scooped me into his arms and kissed me. "And there's plenty of ground, so our children can stretch and run without bumping our neighbors' noses and falling over their lawn mowers. But are you sure you won't be lonely out here, with me gone all day? That you won't miss the gang, your bridge games and matinees too much?"

"With all this! A garden to dig in, a dog to keep me company and Ella telling me what to do in the kitchen? I should say not," I laughed. "Instead of bridge, shows, and shopping for things I don't need, my big adventure will be driving you to the station and meeting you at night."

"I might have expected you'd say that, honey," Peter replied, putting his arm across my shoulders as we explored the grounds and poked into every nook and cranny of the house.

"It's already filled to overflowing with a feeling of home, just waiting to be used again, Peter," I mused. "I've loved open fires ever since I was a kid; but I never thought I'd grow up and marry a man who would give me three fireplaces, and a front hall big enough for one of them. There will always be a fire there to welcome your home on cold nights, Peter. And in the summer I'll bank it with ferns and have a pitcher of iced punch on the table to cool you off."

"Perfect," Peter grinned, drawing me close. "From the time I was old enough to think about girls, I dreamed of one who would love this old place the way I do."

Then he was silent for a long moment, as he always was before he asked what I called his "momentous question." Finally he said, "What would you say to taking the money I've laid aside for our honeymoon trip and putting it all into the house, June? Camping out here and watching the old place come alive again as our home?"

"Perfect!" I answered, "provided you'll give me a set of garden tools and cocker spaniel pup for a wedding present."

Peter's eyes shone, as he leaned down and kissed me on the ear, saying, "You're belonging to me more every minute, my girl."

So instead of spending the first two weeks of April in the Ozarks as we'd first planned to do, Peter and I put in the necessities of living at the house the month before our wedding, and spent our bridal night in the room where Peter had been born, thirty years before.

When Peter awakened me the next morning, I (*Continued on page* 86)

HIGHLIGHTS IN MARRIAGE

noses and falling over their lawn mowers. But are you sure you won't be lonely out here, with me gone all day? That you won't miss the gang, your bridge games and matinees too much?"

"With all this! A garden to dig in, a dog to keep me company and Ella telling me what to do in the kitchen? I should say not," I laughed. "Instead of bridge, shows, and shopping for things I don't need, my big adventure will be driving you to the station and meeting you at night."

"I might have expected you'd say that, honey," Peter replied, putting his arm across my shoulders as we explored the grounds and poked into every nook and cranny of the house.

"It's already filled to overflowing with a feeling of home, just waiting to be used again, Peter," I mused. "I've loved open fires ever since I was a kid; but I never thought I'd grow up and marry a man who would give me three fireplaces, and a front hall big enough for one of them. There will always be a fire there to welcome you home on cold nights, Peter. And in the summer I'll bank it with ferns and have a pitcher of iced punch on the table to cool you off."

"Perfect," Peter grinned, drawing me close. "From the time I was old enough to think about girls, I dreamed of one who would love this old place the way I do."

Then he was silent for a long moment, as he always was before he asked what I called his "momentous question." Finally he said, "What would you say to taking the money I've laid aside for our honeymoon trip and putting it all into the house, June? Camping out here and watching the old place come alive again as our home?"

"Perfect!" I answered, "provided you'll give me a set of garden tools and cocker spaniel pup for a wedding present."

Peter's eyes shone, as he leaned down and kissed me on the ear, saying, "You're belonging to me more every minute, my girl."

So instead of spending the first two weeks of April in the Ozarks as we'd first planned to do, Peter and I put in the necessities of living at the house the month before our wedding, and spent our bridal night in the room where Peter had been born, thirty years before.

When Peter awakened me the next morning, I (*Continued on page* 86)

Secret Garden

I SHOULD HAVE been able to read the writing on the wall when Elliot came home that night and flung himself down on the sofa and was asleep before his head touched the feather-filled armrest.

I should have been able to read the word which stood out in letters a foot high—red letters that spelled "danger." But I hadn't ever paid any attention to signs—I'd made my own rules and my own regulations.

So I let Elliot sleep for half an hour, champing at the bit and feeling very generous about it, and then I wakened him and told him to get into his dinner clothes.

He looked at me—blankly, at first, and then with a twisted smile on his mouth—and groaned, "Oh, Agnes, not tonight! It will be the fourth night this week, and it's only Thursday."

The fourth night—yes, it was true! We'd been out Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and this—Thursday—would be the fourth night.

I smoothed the hair back from Elliot's forehead, noticing without very much concern that it felt a bit damp and clammy, and asked, "Can we help it we're so popular? That we're the much in demand young married couple known as the Bartlett pair?"

Elliot didn't smile, although it was an old family joke—this Bartlett pair routine. He said, "Agnes, can't you possibly go to the shindig without me? I'm all in."

"I can't," I said. "I can't possibly! It's bridge, dear, and we'll be going on to a night club later, and an odd woman at a bridge table can't be tolerated, and an odd woman at a night club throws everything off base."

Elliot persisted. "Can't you ask some other man to pinch-hit for me—to play substitute? To act as a proxy? You must have an ex-beau, Aggie, who'd be glad to take my place."

"Oh, I have," I said airily, "to take your place permanently or temporarily—but tonight, dear, it's impossible! The Van Sykes are new friends. They're very rich and important, and they give gorgeous parties. Their feelings would be dreadfully hurt if you didn't show up—they'd take it as a personal insult."

Elliot struggled to his feet. "Well," he said, "I suppose there's no help for it. I'll have a cold shower—it may buck me up—and perhaps Vic, down at the drug store, can give me some sort of a pill that will put pep into this old brain of mine so I won't lag conversationally. What time are we due at the Van Sykes?"

I said, "Eight, sharp."

Elliot groaned as he had when I first

Secret Garden

■ For every heart there is a secret garden,
A little place of comfort, peace and rest
That holds the throb of youth, an age-old pardon,
And all the dreams that we have loved the best!

I SHOULD HAVE been able to read the writing on the wall when Elliot came home that night and flung himself down on the sofa and was asleep before his head touched the feather-filled armrest.

I should have been able to read the word which stood out in letters a foot high—red letters that spelled "danger." But I hadn't ever paid any attention to signs—I'd made my own rules and my own regulations.

So I let Elliot sleep for half an hour, champing at the bit and feeling very generous about it, and then I wakened him and told him to get into his dinner clothes.

He looked at me—blankly, at first, and then with a twisted smile on his mouth—and groaned, "Oh, Agnes, not tonight! It will be the fourth night this week, and it's only Thursday."

The fourth night—yes, it was true! We'd been out Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and this—Thursday—would be the fourth night.

I smoothed the hair back from Elliot's forehead, noticing without very much concern that it felt a bit damp and clammy, and asked, "Can we help it we're so popular? That we're the much in demand young married couple known as the Bartlett pair?"

Elliot didn't smile, although it was an old family joke—this Bartlett pair routine. He said, "Agnes, can't you possibly go to the shindig without me? I'm all in."

"I can't," I said. "I can't possibly! It's bridge, dear, and we'll be going on to a night club later, and an odd woman at a bridge table can't be tolerated, and an odd woman at a night club throws everything off base."

Elliot persisted. "Can't you ask some other man to pinch-hit for me—to play substitute? To act as a proxy? You must have an ex-beau, Aggie, who'd be glad to take my place."

"Oh, I have," I said airily, "to take your place permanently or temporarily—but tonight, dear, it's impossible! The Van Sykes are new friends. They're very rich and important, and they give gorgeous parties. Their feelings would be dreadfully hurt if you didn't show up—they'd take it as a personal insult."

Elliot struggled to his feet. "Well," he said, "I suppose there's no help for it. I'll have a cold shower—it may buck me up—and perhaps Vic, down at the drug store, can give me some sort of a pill that will put pep into this old brain of mine so I won't lag conversationally. What time are we due at the Van Sykes?"

I said, "Eight, sharp."

Elliot groaned as he had when I first waked him, and muttered, "Just an hour's grace—oh, my God, I'm tired!"

But, when I saw my husband in his dinner clothes, with his face shaved for the second time in a day, and that ruddy glow that a man gets from a cold shower, I thought he'd been crying, "wolf, wolf."

We stopped at the drug store and Vic, our favorite clerk, mixed something fizzy in a glass which Elliot swallowed. He said it cleared his head a little, and he was charming at dinner and told stories that were delightfully on the edge between front parlor and back parlor—each story was a border line case.

After dinner, when we played bridge, he got value received from each card—he even made a grand slam, doubled and vulnerable, when he was my partner—and when we went on to the night club, he seemed gayer than gay. He did a rhumba with Mrs. Van Syke which drew a baby spot in their direction. It was when we were doing the Viennese waltz ten minutes later that I felt his arms slip away from me, that I was conscious of a queer little shiver which seemed to pass through his body and his face. When he slithered to the floor and lay in a heap, the other night club customers probably thought (*Continued on page 79*)

■ I spent many hours in the birch grove
planting a garden filled with remembrance

■ For every heart there is a secret garden,

A little place of comfort, peace and rest

That holds the throb of youth, an age-old pardon,

And all the dreams that we have loved the best!

waked him, and muttered, "Just an hour's grace—oh, my God, I'm tired!"

But, when I saw my husband in his dinner clothes, with his face shaved for the second time in a day, and that ruddy glow that a man gets from a cold shower, I thought he'd been crying, "wolf, wolf."

We stopped at the drug store and Vic, our favorite clerk, mixed something fizzy in a glass which Elliot swallowed. He said it cleared his head a little, and he was charming at dinner and told stories that were delightfully on the edge between front parlor and back parlor—each story was a border line case.

After dinner, when we played bridge, he got value received from each card—he even made a grand slam, doubled and vulnerable, when he was my partner—and when we went on to the night club, he seemed gayer than gay. He did a rhumba with Mrs. Van Syke which drew a baby spot in their direction. It was when we were doing the Viennese waltz ten minutes later that I felt his arms slip away from me, that I was conscious of a queer little shiver which seemed to pass through his body and his face. When he slithered to the floor and lay in a heap, the other night club customers probably thought (*Continued on page* 79)

■ I spent many hours in the birch grove

planting a garden filled with remembrance

THE DIAMOND FOX

I'VE ALWAYS said that a woman could get along all right without a man taking care of her. Any woman worth her salt. And I've told myself that I could handle anything that came along, perfectly well, without any man to help me.

But that was before the foreigners came to Bayville. Before I found myself lying at the foot of the cellar steps and bleeding all over the clean cement floor. Before people started wandering around my house in the middle of the night, searching for that everlasting diamond fox.

It all started the night of the storm, when the big elm blew down on my front porch. That was the first time that Dr. Bill Edwards came over on the run to answer my emergency call. We sent for him so many times that week, that he said he might as well move his office over to my house. He also said we needed a policeman, but I told him we had enough trouble on our hands.

The afternoon before the storm, there wasn't a cloud in the sky, and no warning at home that there'd be trouble before midnight. Cathie and I were putting up spiced pears, with a little gossip on the side.

Cathie lives with me. She helps me look after the boarders, who are known in our village as paying guests. Cathie calls me Lucinda, for all I'm more than twice her age, because we're cousins

■ They had all agreed not to leave the house, but nobody liked it. For they realized, whether innocent or guilty, they were all under suspicion

COMPLETE NOVELETTE

THE DIAMOND FOX

I'VE ALWAYS said that a woman could get along all right without a man taking care of her. Any woman worth her salt. And I've told myself that I could handle anything that came along, perfectly well, without any man to help me.

But that was before the foreigners came to Bayville. Before I found myself lying at the foot of the cellar steps and bleeding all over the clean cement floor. Before people started wandering around my house in the middle of the night, searching for that everlasting diamond fox.

It all started the night of the storm, when the big elm blew down on my front porch. That was the first time that Dr. Bill Edwards came over on the run to answer my emergency call. We sent for him so many times that week, that he said he might as well move his office over to my house. He also said we needed a policeman, but I told him we had enough trouble on our hands.

The afternoon before the storm, there wasn't a cloud in the sky, and no warning at home that there'd be trouble before midnight. Cathie and I were putting up spiced pears, with a little gossip on the side.

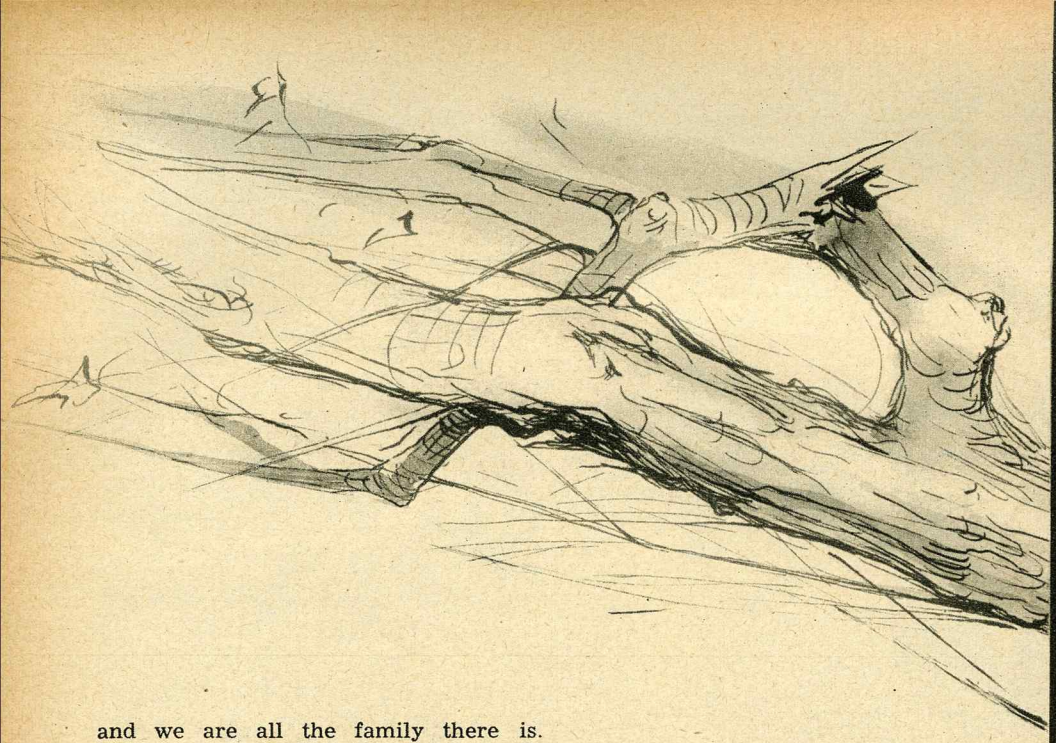
Cathie lives with me. She helps me look after the boarders, who are known in our village as paying guests. Cathie calls me Lucinda, for all I'm more than twice her age, because we're cousins

■ They had all agreed not to leave the house, but nobody liked it. For they realized, whether innocent or guilty, they were all under suspicion

COMPLETE NOVELETTE

■ I opened my eyes to find Bill and the others bending over me. Just then Mrs. Rizzi burst in, clutching her jewel box

■ I opened my eyes to find Bill and the others bending over me. Just then Mrs. Rizzi burst in, clutching her jewel box



and we are all the family there is.

The way I feel about Cathie—well, from the time she came to me when she was ten years old, to now when she's almost twenty, I've turned my life upside down to make a home for her. And if I tell you that I didn't marry Dr. Bill Edwards because of Cathie, maybe you'll understand that I've taken my responsibilities seriously. I've never regretted anything I've done for Cathie, she's as sweet a girl as they come.

If it's true that I've never gone to sleep at night for many years, till I heard Doctor Bill's old car turn wearily into the drive next door, and knew he was safe at home—well, that's my business. You can be sure he doesn't know it.

"Stan's coming over later," Cathie said to me that afternoon, chewing on one of the cloves that should have gone in with the pears.

Stan is Dr. Bill's younger brother, just home from college. He's been managing to spend quite a little time over at my place, and from the way Cathie has taken to doing her hair a new way every evening, I gave her the credit for Stan's visits.

But right now, Cathie was staring down at the kitchen table, with a worried little frown. "Lucinda—what do you think about Yola? I mean—do you think she's the kind of girl—that Stan would like?"

■ THIS STARTLED me slightly, because somehow I never expect any of our paying guests to mix in with the town people. The PGs usually stick to themselves. Of course Yola wasn't an average person, from any angle.

Most of my PGs are interesting, because most of them are refugees from all sorts of countries. They started coming to me, and passed the word along to their friends. People in our village call them "the foreigners," not meaning anything unfriendly; but I just call them PGs and let it go at that.

I just had two of them, Mrs. Rizzi and Yola; but I expected a man to arrive on the evening train. Yola had been with me for just a week, and I hadn't noticed her talking to Stan especially. But now—remembering Yola's dark eyes, that lingered on whatever she looked at, as if she were caressing it; remembering the way she walked, with her slim body held straight and proud, and the curves that broke her slimness—I wondered about Stan. But I didn't say so to Cathie.

■ "STAN MIGHT think Yola's attractive—because she is," I said to Cathie. "But he's not likely to pay much attention to her, when you're around."

"She doesn't like me," Cathie said abruptly.

"How do you know?" I asked, startled. Just then I saw Yola walking across the kitchen garden toward the back door.

She strolled into the kitchen, and though I don't consider blue velvet slacks the right kind of clothes to wear in our village, I had to admit she was a picture. She wanted a drink of water. While Cathie got it for her, I watched the two girls.

Cathie was small and graceful, with a creamy skin that made me think of a wild rose. Yola was tall and dark and tanned. But the biggest difference between them was the way they acted—Cathie interested in people, in everything that happened, with eager eyes and a quick sense of humor; and Yola arrogant and sure, waiting for things to be brought her on a silver platter.

She took the glass of water from Cathie with a pleasant smile, but I noticed the way her eyes followed Cathie, and the hardness in them.

"You are making fruit for the winter, yes?" said Yola.

All my PGs speak English well enough, which surprised some of the townspeople. They all chatter in other languages, among themselves, but talk English, too.

"Spiced pears," I said shortly.

Yola nodded indifferently, she wasn't really interested. "I am going to the stores," she said. "I am going to get a blue blouse. Blue—that is Stan's favorite color." She watched Cathie.

Cathie just smiled a little.

But after Yola had gone, wandering out again as casually as she'd strolled in, I snorted.

"Stan's favorite color, my eye," I said.

"She's exciting," said Cathie. "I'm just everyday."

■ "YOU'RE THE prettiest girl in town, and Stan's a fool if he doesn't know it," I told her.

But she didn't answer, and I let the subject alone. There's no use meddling, when you wish two young folks would fall in love with each other; they will or they won't, whatever you do.

The day rolled along busily. We finished the pears and got dinner. Mrs. Rizzi always dressed for dinner as if my old white house were a summer hotel. It was quite a treat, wondering what she'd hang on herself for dinner—chains of colored beads, and silver chains with dangling ornaments jingling on them, and earrings with real diamonds on them that flashed as they swung. The dresses underneath the jewelry were always bright. Cathie told me nobody'd dress like that at a summer hotel. I said for my money nobody ought to dress like that anywhere, it was dizzy to look at.

On top of the way she dressed—you'll just have to believe me—Mrs. Rizzi had purple hair. I figured that maybe there'd been an accident when she got her

■ Cathie looked behind the books in the cases, knowing she was being suspected

permanent, or maybe the dye took wrong, and she couldn't help it. But Cathie said she'd read in a magazine, that in Europe some women even dyed their hair green. Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and maybe it takes all kinds of hair, too.

This evening at dinner she told Yola all about parties she used to go to when she was young. Yola told her all about the terrible time she had coming to this country during the war.

After dinner, I washed up and Cathie went upstairs and came down again with her yellow curls pulled back in cute little bunches behind her ears. I told her to go down and get the evening paper, figuring that she might meet Stan at the post office. Then I puttered around the kitchen, expecting nothing more exciting than a thunder storm, it was clouding up a bit.

■ SO WHEN the scream came—an awful scream that climbed up high and shrill—it shocked me right down to my heels. I dropped the pan of water I was holding, splashing up the kitchen, and fairly leaped out of the kitchen.

The noise was coming from upstairs. I tore up there, and found Mrs. Rizzi standing at the top of the stairway with her mouth open to yell again. I gave her a good, firm shake.

■ "WHAT'S THE matter with you?" I exclaimed.

She pointed to her room, and said something in her own language. She looked as if something had scared the English language straight out of her.

So I gave her another shake, and this time it worked.

"Somebody in my room," she said. "In the closet. I am going to be murdered."

"Not in my house," I said. "You're in America, Mrs. Rizzi, and the war is over. You probably heard a mouse."

"A mouse with shoes on," Mrs. Rizzi said scornfully.

■ I WENT to her room with her, but of course nobody was there. While she was standing by the stairs screaming, half a dozen people could have ducked out of her room. Not that I believed anyone had (*Continued on page* 59)

■ I remember Mrs. Chen, supervising children's supper, saying, "Honorable father is merchant. Never forget."

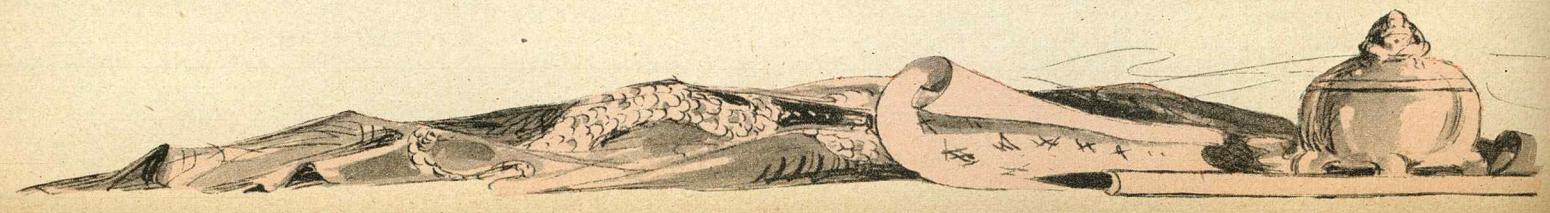
■ Had love changed through the years? Fierce delight had mellowed into gentler moods of happiness. Success had come, and now they could pass on the fruits. And yet the best years of their life lay ahead

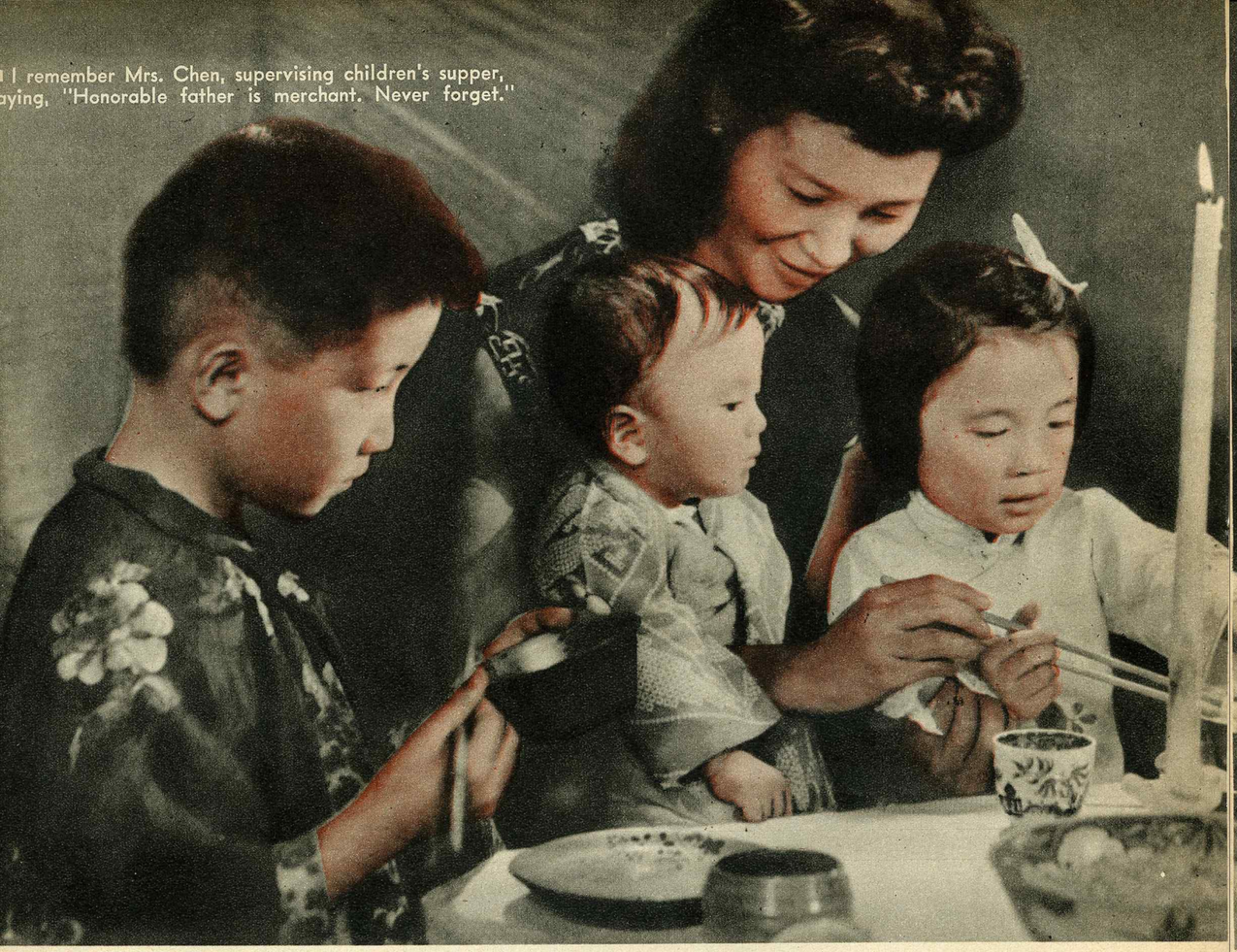
FOR THE sixth evening in succession I sat with my grandson, drawing up a list of Chen properties. Ohmo laid down his pen, eyes shining through round glasses. "Honorable grandfather is a man of substance."

My fingers caressed the plump cheeks of a porcelain vase, blood-red, translucent. "One day you will discover possessions are like birds flying against a cloud, ours for a single moment." I tapped a pair of ivory chopsticks. "You waste time, Chen Ohmo. Are incense burners checked?"

The door opened and Mrs. Chen's small face, alive with curiosity, poked through. "Working again? Here are tea and almond cakes. Old man, it is time you rested." Despite the late hour not a hair was out of place. Her neat black coat, with the spray of chysanthemums on the breast, would have graced a ceremonial dinner. "This month many more goods left on our shelves?" she asked.

"I would not say that, old woman. Tea is getting





I remember Mrs. Chen, supervising children's supper, aying, "Honorable father is merchant. Never forget."

MR. CHEN *makes his will*

■ Had love changed through the years? Fierce delight had mellowed into gentler moods of happiness. Success had come, and now they could pass on the fruits. And yet the best years of their life lay ahead

FOR THE sixth evening in succession I sat with my grandson, drawing up a list of Chen properties. Ohmo laid down his pen, eyes shining through round glasses. "Honorable grandfather is a man of substance."

My fingers caressed the plump cheeks of a porcelain vase, blood-red, translucent. "One day you will discover possessions are like birds flying against a cloud, ours for a single moment." I tapped a pair of ivory chopsticks. "You waste time, Chen Ohmo. Are incense burners checked?"

The door opened and Mrs. Chen's small face, alive with curiosity, poked through. "Working again? Here are tea and almond cakes. Old man, it is time you rested." Despite the late hour not a hair was out of place. Her neat black coat, with the spray of chysanthemums on the breast, would have graced a ceremonial dinner. "This month many more goods left on our shelves?" she asked.

"I would not say that, old woman. Tea is getting cold," I reminded. Like dutiful wife, she prepared tea.

Al-lang, sensitive as Chinese windbells, knew this was no routine checking of Chen's worldly goods. Lifting the teapot from its padded nest she tried, for the hundredth time, to trap me into explanation. "My husband wrote lawyer yesterday. He is worried?"

"No need to be, honorable grandmother." Ohmo leaned forward excitedly. "Not only this store flourishes, but—"

I raised my fan and he subsided. When I looked at Mrs. Chen she was no longer teasing, inquisitive child. The thin veined hand, holding blue cup, trembled. "Does Chen forget old wife has played small part and should not be kept in ignorance?" she asked.

■ MY GRANDSON ached to display boastful knowledge. His face broke into smiles when I nodded. "Honored grandfather is writing his will," he cried loudly. "Much valuable property under Chen name." He grinned broadly.

I kept my eyes on the carved ivory sticks of my fan till Mrs. Chen's cry rang like a startled child's. She jumped from her seat, small hands pressed over her heart. "Oh no, old husband." Tears brimmed.

■ "IT IS happy occasion," I soothed. "When day arrives to say good-by, all will be in order. Chen has no liking for confusion."

Her voice shook. "You are ill. You think already of leaving us to wear white mourning garments."

"I am well," I said.

She would not be comforted. In the following days she prepared simple meals, and looked askance when I asked for, and enjoyed, a dish of soft shell crabs, or shrimp cooked with rice. "I am not dying, old woman," I smiled.

A quiver passed over her face, when I reached for my favorite candied nut fruit, popped a large piece into my mouth. Nor was she happy when (*Continued on page* 72)

MR. CHEN *makes his will*

cold," I reminded. Like dutiful wife, she prepared tea.

Al-lang, sensitive as Chinese windbells, knew this was no routine checking of Chen's worldly goods. Lifting the teapot from its padded nest she tried, for the hundredth time, to trap me into explanation. "My husband wrote lawyer yesterday. He is worried?"

"No need to be, honorable grandmother." Ohmo leaned forward excitedly. "Not only this store flourishes, but—"

I raised my fan and he subsided. When I looked at Mrs. Chen she was no longer teasing, inquisitive child. The thin veined hand, holding blue cup, trembled. "Does Chen forget old wife has played small part and should not be kept in ignorance?" she asked.

■ MY GRANDSON ached to display boastful knowledge. His face broke into smiles when I nodded. "Honored grandfather is writing his will," he cried loudly. "Much valuable property under Chen name." He grinned broadly.

I kept my eyes on the carved ivory sticks of my fan till Mrs. Chen's cry rang like a startled child's. She jumped from her seat, small hands pressed over her heart. "Oh no, old husband." Tears brimmed.

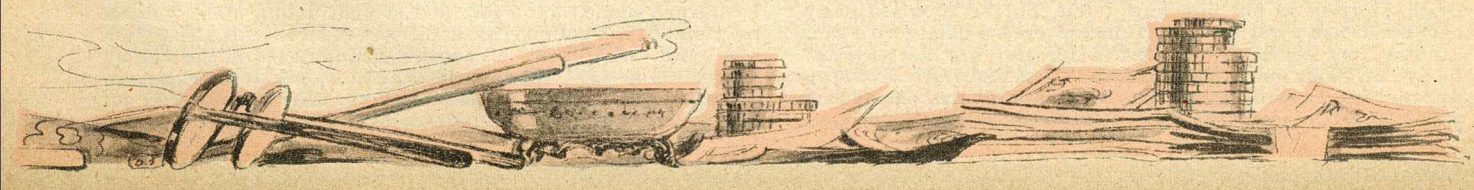
■ "IT IS happy occasion," I soothed. "When day arrives to say good-by, all will be in order. Chen has no liking for confusion."

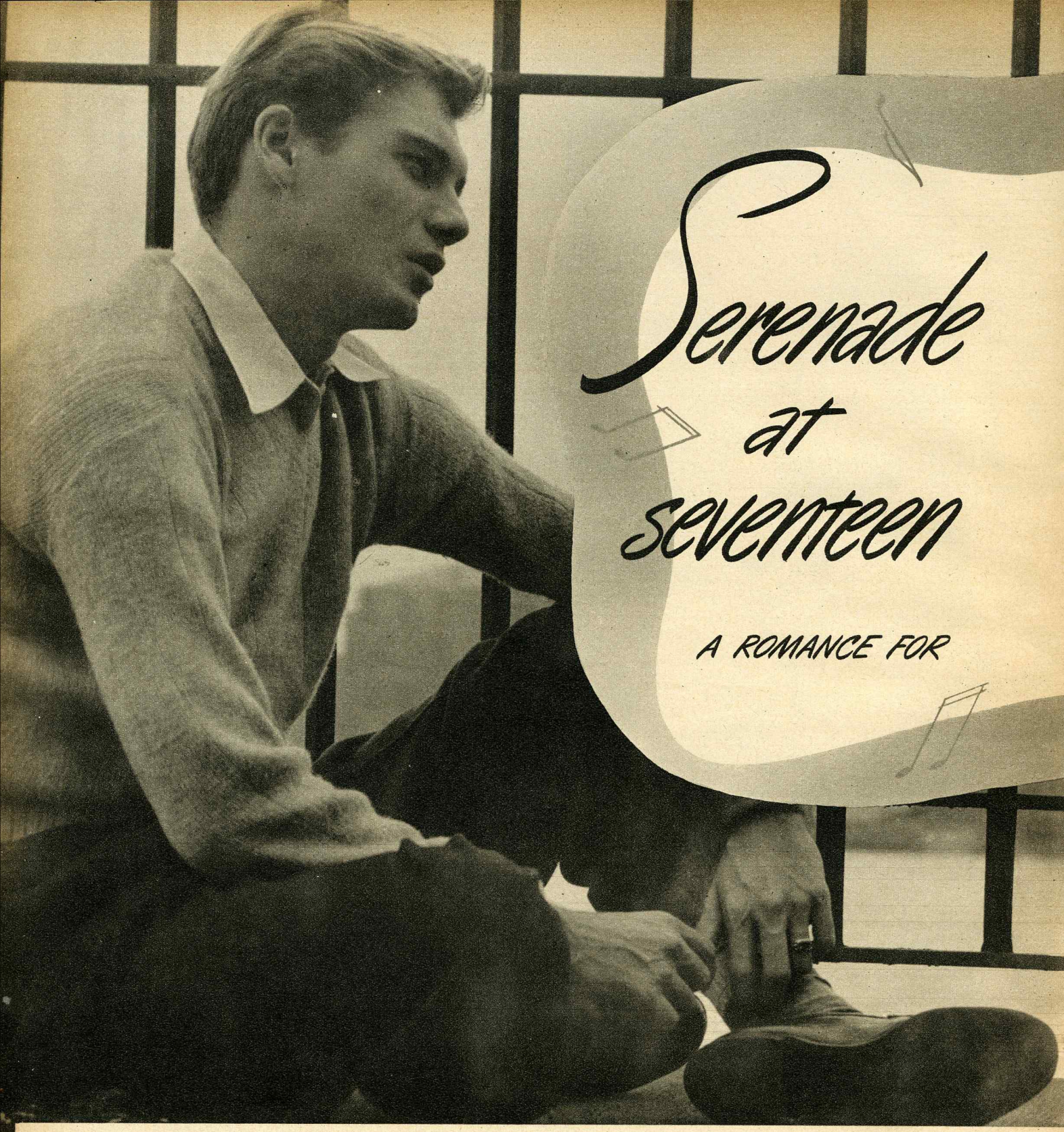
Her voice shook. "You are ill. You think already of leaving us to wear white mourning garments."

"I am well," I said.

She would not be comforted. In the following days she prepared simple meals, and looked askance when I asked for, and enjoyed, a dish of soft shell crabs, or shrimp cooked with rice. "I am not dying, old woman," I smiled.

A quiver passed over her face, when I reached for my favorite candied nut fruit, popped a large piece into my mouth. Nor was she happy when (*Continued on page* 72)





Serenade at seventeen

A ROMANCE FOR

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS:

LEONARD BRICKELL, or Brick, and I, Jane Smith, grew up together, attended the same schools and were inseparable for as long as I can remember. Then in our last year at high school Brick saved us both from getting expelled from school over a stupid mistake of mine and I knew then that I loved Brick. I tried to tell him how I felt, but he repulsed every advance I made and for spite I maneuvered a date with Frank Lindsay, my sister Lucy's best beau, and my Secret Pash, though an older man. This didn't turn out too well—Brick saw us and told Lucy and she was furious with me. As always when I was in trouble I turned to Brick and he helped me straighten it all out. Frank and Lucy made up and became engaged. Brick and I made up and attended all the graduation events together as we had planned. It was while spending a short vacation with Brick and his parents at their summer home at the lake that I spoiled it all by proposing to Brick. He laughed at me. He said, "Hey dope, you're nuts!" Enraged and embarrassed, I determined never to speak to him again. I returned home, got a job, and started dating other fellows. Lucy and Frank got married and I was at loose ends. The truth was I still loved Brick. I couldn't get interested in the fellows I dated. One day I ran into him and he calmly told me he was engaged to be married to Jo-Anne Edin. The stars blotted out for me. The world stood still. Brick was engaged—but not to me.

Serenade at seventeen

A ROMANCE FOR YOUNG AND OLD

■ She watched his face. He had a rapt look, an expression of enchantment, as if he might be talking about an angel or a creature made of some substance finer than mere flesh. He was talking to her—about another girl

■ "Oh, I'm sure she's super, Brick," I said, holding back my tears

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS:

LEONARD BRICKELL, or Brick, and I, Jane Smith, grew up together, attended the same schools and were inseparable for as long as I can remember. Then in our last year at high school Brick saved us both from getting expelled from school over a stupid mistake of mine and I knew then that I loved Brick. I tried to tell him how I felt, but he repulsed every advance I made and for spite I maneuvered a date with Frank Lindsay, my sister Lucy's best beau, and my Secret Pash, though an older man. This didn't turn out too well—Brick saw us and told Lucy and she was furious with me. As always when I was in trouble I turned to Brick and he helped me straighten it all out. Frank and Lucy made up and became engaged. Brick and I made up and attended all the graduation events together as we had planned. It was while spending a short vacation with Brick and his parents at their summer home at the lake that I spoiled it all by proposing to Brick. He laughed at me. He said, "Hey dope, you're nuts!" Enraged and embarrassed, I determined never to speak to him again. I returned home, got a job, and started dating other fellows. Lucy and Frank got married and I was at loose ends. The truth was I still loved Brick. I couldn't get interested in the fellows I dated. One day I ran into him and he calmly told me he was engaged to be married to Jo-Anne Edin. The stars blotted out for me. The world stood still. Brick was engaged—but not to me.

THE STORY CONCLUDES:

THE STREET LIGHTS hadn't been blacked out, after all. The stars hadn't disappeared. The darkness existed only in my private world, the fantastic one I had built in secret, wherein I had arranged everything to suit myself.

I couldn't believe that Brick was engaged to another girl, not me. For a minute I dared hope that he meant me, that this was his bungling way of saying he wanted *us* to be engaged, even if we had to wait years and years. But he'd said "since last Thursday," and that made it pretty definite that on the day before the holiday week-end he had come to an understanding with the girl—whoever she was.

That was the day his mother had found him trying to pack, and he hadn't said anything to her of this momentous change in his life. Or had he? Had Mrs. Brickell known? Had she protected me, out of pity?

I didn't think so. She'd have given me some sort of hint. But it didn't matter who knew and who didn't. *Brick was engaged.* Early in July, he'd scoffed at the idea of marriage. He'd said I was nuts, and we were too young.

I looked up at Brick, who was watching me in perplexity, and I saw him through a mist. I wiped the moisture from my eyes and it formed again. (*Continued on page* 141)

■ She watched his face. He had a rapt look, an expression of enchantment, as if he might be talking about an angel or a creature made of some substance finer than mere flesh. He was talking to her—about another girl

■ "Oh, I'm sure she's super, Brick," I said, holding back my tears

YOUNG AND OLD

THE STORY CONCLUDES:

THE STREET LIGHTS hadn't been blacked out, after all. The stars hadn't disappeared. The darkness existed only in my private world, the fantastic one I had built in secret, wherein I had arranged everything to suit myself.

I couldn't believe that Brick was engaged to another girl, not me. For a minute I dared hope that he meant me, that this was his bungling way of saying he wanted *us* to be engaged, even if we had to wait years and years. But he'd said "since last Thursday," and that made it pretty definite that on the day before the holiday week-end he had come to an understanding with the girl—whoever she was.

That was the day his mother had found him trying to pack, and he hadn't said anything to her of this momentous change in his life. Or had he? Had Mrs. Brickell known? Had she protected me, out of pity?

I didn't think so. She'd have given me some sort of hint. But it didn't matter who knew and who didn't. *Brick was engaged.* Early in July, he'd scoffed at the idea of marriage. He'd said I was nuts, and we were too young.

I looked up at Brick, who was watching me in perplexity, and I saw him through a mist. I wiped the moisture from my eyes and it formed again. (*Continued on page* 141)

LOVE'S TRIANGLE

ABOVE THE beat of dance music pouring out from the radio, above the sustained hum of people's voices raised in conversation, the sound of Sheila's laughter rang out through the crowded room like a merrily pealing bell.

It was neither shrill nor raucous; it was the purely spontaneous outburst of someone whom you knew loved life in all its varying phases, someone who revelled in good food, good drink, good company, and to whom laughter was natural.

And yet, involuntarily, I turned my head and looked at Alan Truitt, who was standing only a few feet away from me talking to Peggy Burnham, our hostess for this informal evening party.

I knew that Alan did not like Sheila, that he thought her vulgar, loud, and common. And, although I knew full well that she was none of these, Alan's opinions, Alan's likes and dislikes had, in the short space of a month, become so important to me that there was a kind of tug-of-war going on inside me now, occasioned by the pull of my divided loyalties.

I watched him for a moment, thinking how handsome he was. The very set of his head upon his shoulders, the way he stood and moved and spoke were all indicative of his forceful, dominant personality. I had known him for only thirty-one blissful days and nights, yet I could not even look at him casually across a roomful of other people without feeling an exciting quickening of both heart and senses.

Reluctantly, yet remembering belatedly that there was a virtue known as common sense, I turned my eyes away from Alan, let them wander around the room until they came to rest on Sheila's vivid face and figure.

As always, when I looked at Sheila, I felt a warm, defensive tenderness stirring deep down inside me. There was so much about her that called for explanation, for vigorous defense upon the part of those who loved her and resented unfair judgment being passed upon her.

It was true that she was flamboyant sometimes almost to the point of boldness; but it was also true that she had a heart as big as the universe. In addition, she had humor and wit and tolerance, tenderness and loyalty, and about her there was an earthiness, a warmth that was like the warmth of a fire when you're cold. There was no one like her in all the world; she was my dearest friend, and, until a month ago, I had loved her better than I loved any other human being.

She had been my dearest friend since the year that I was six and she was seven. We met on a sunny June morning. I was playing listlessly in my sandpile in Aunt Hester's side yard when I heard a small voice saying, "Boo, you!" and looked up, startled, to see a freckled-faced female urchin peering at me interestedly through the pickets of the fence. She was the dirtiest little girl I'd ever seen. Her calico dress was torn and badly in need of laundering. Her hair swirled untidily about a small, pointed face that bore lingering remains of a chocolate bar she had obviously been enjoying a few minutes earlier. With her alert blue eyes and wild hair, she looked like a mischievous elf and I was completely enchanted.

I stared at her for a moment before I managed to get out a shy, "Hello."

She said, edging closer, "Watcha doin', kid?"

"N-nothing much."

"You want I should come in?"

I nodded, speechless with delight, and she said nonchalantly, "Okay, then, here I come!" and vaulted the fence with the casual agility

LOVE'S TRIANGLE

TRUE STORY SHORT NOVEL-OF-THE-MONTH

■ "This is one of the most important moments in all my life. It is as important as being born, or dying. I must remember every detail of it, always. And I must remember the date, too — the date I got engaged!" She did not realize, at the time, that there would be other and greater moments in her life

ABOVE THE beat of dance music pouring out from the radio, above the sustained hum of people's voices raised in conversation, the sound of Sheila's laughter rang out through the crowded room like a merrily pealing bell.

It was neither shrill nor raucous; it was the purely spontaneous outburst of someone whom you knew loved life in all its varying phases, someone who revelled in good food, good drink, good company, and to whom laughter was natural.

And yet, involuntarily, I turned my head and looked at Alan Truitt, who was standing only a few feet away from me talking to Peggy Burnham, our hostess for this informal evening party.

I knew that Alan did not like Sheila, that he thought her vulgar, loud, and common. And, although I knew full well that she was none of these, Alan's opinions, Alan's likes and dislikes had, in the short space of a month, become so important to me that there was a kind of tug-of-war going on inside me now, occasioned by the pull of my divided loyalties.

I watched him for a moment, thinking how handsome he was. The very set of his head upon his shoulders, the way he stood and moved and spoke were all indicative of his forceful, dominant personality. I had known him for only thirty-one blissful days and nights, yet I could not even look at him casually across a roomful of other people without feeling an exciting quickening of both heart and senses.

Reluctantly, yet remembering belatedly that there was a virtue known as common sense, I turned my eyes away from Alan, let them wander around the room until they came to rest on Sheila's vivid face and figure.

As always, when I looked at Sheila, I felt a warm, defensive tenderness stirring deep down inside me. There was so much about her that called for explanation, for vigorous defense upon the part of those who loved her and resented unfair judgment being passed upon her.

It was true that she was flamboyant sometimes almost to the point of boldness; but it was also true that she had a heart as big as the universe. In addition, she had humor and wit and tolerance, tenderness and loyalty, and about her there was an earthiness, a warmth that was like the warmth of a fire when you're cold. There was no one like her in all the world; she was my dearest friend, and, until a month ago, I had loved her better than I loved any other human being.

She had been my dearest friend since the year that I was six and she was seven. We met on a sunny June morning. I was playing listlessly in my sandpile in Aunt Hester's side yard when I heard a small voice saying, "Boo, you!" and looked up, startled, to see a freckled-faced female urchin peering at me interestedly through the pickets of the fence. She was the dirtiest little girl I'd ever seen. Her calico dress was torn and badly in need of laundering. Her hair swirled untidily about a small, pointed face that bore lingering remains of a chocolate bar she had obviously been enjoying a few minutes earlier. With her alert blue eyes and wild hair, she looked like a mischievous elf and I was completely enchanted.

I stared at her for a moment before I managed to get out a shy, "Hello."

She said, edging closer, "Watcha doin', kid?"

"N-nothing much."

"You want I should come in?"

I nodded, speechless with delight, and she said nonchalantly, "Okay, then, here I come!" and vaulted the fence with the casual agility

TRUE STORY SHORT NOVEL-OF-THE-MONTH

■ "This is one of the most important moments in all my life. It is as important as being born, or dying. I must remember every detail of it, always. And I must remember the date, too — the date I got engaged!" She did not realize, at the time, that there would be other and greater moments in her life

of a little monkey. I was fascinated.

She squatted down in the sand beside me, took capable charge of my half-hearted attempts to construct a miniature castle. I had never been so entertained, never had such fun. Time went by on wings. It might have been only a few minutes later, it might have been a full hour when I heard a shocked, incredulous voice exclaiming, "Mary, what on earth? I have been calling you for the past ten minutes!"

■ I STOOD up guiltily, my heart pounding fast in my thin child's body as it always pounded whenever I found myself in Aunt Hester's starched and formidable presence. "I—I'm sorry Aunt Hester, I didn't hear you—truly I didn't!"

But she hardly seemed to be listening to my stammered apology. She was staring down at Sheila. "And who might this little girl be?" she asked stiffly.

Sheila's bright blue eyes regarded Aunt Hester fearlessly. "My name's Sheila O'Bannon," she said.

"O'Bannon?" Aunt Hester repeated slowly. "Not those—not the O'Bannon family who live at the end of the street?"

Sheila looked pleased. "Sure, that's us. My dad drives a truck for Cooper's Bakery. Do you know him, maybe?"

Aunt Hester said faintly, distantly, "I'm afraid not." Then she reached out, took firm hold of my hand. "I think you'd better come into the house with me now, Mary." She hesitated a moment, then, turning her attention back to Sheila, said, not unkindly, but with unmistakable significance, "I'm sure your mother must be wondering where you are, little girl, so I'd suggest that you run along home to her now."

"O.K." Sheila said obediently. She waved a careless hand in my direction. "So 'long, kid," and started toward the gate.

All at once something began to swell up in me, something nameless, that was bigger than my awe of Aunt Hester, my fear of punishment. From some undreamed of fount of courage, my voice rose up in shrill defiance. "I want to go with Sheila! I won't go back in that ole house! I won't! I won't!"

There was a deep silence for a moment, and then Aunt Hester spoke in a taut, trembling voice, "Mary Carson, you are a wicked, ungrateful child and I am ashamed to call you my great-niece! Come straight into the house with me this instant!"

Going across the lawn and up the steps to the porch, her hand was firm upon my arm. The house, so dim and cool and quiet, closed around me like the walls of a prison and, suddenly, panic swooped down upon me and I began to cry. I cried wildly, in a very abandonment of grief and terror. I cried as I had not cried in the whole long strange month since I had come to live in Aunt Hester's house.

I wept for a way of life that was gone, for a world that was cruelly ended—a world of sun and light and laughter—for a gray-shingled cottage perched high on a cliff overlooking a white-capped sea, for the feel of my mother's arms around me and the sound of my father's voice. And, although I did not understand it, I wept, too, because, through the medium of a strange child's presence, I had just touched again briefly a little of that lost, warm world that had been mine for the whole six shining years of my life—until a month ago.

I flung myself down on the floor and my hands beat the air and my heels dug grooves into the soft old carpeting.

Aunt Hester, frightened by the tempest, called for Martha, her maid-of-all-work, and between them, they got me upstairs and to bed. Martha bathed my face with cold water and murmured to me sympathetically and Aunt Hester stood by helplessly, her face white and pinched with distress. She had not meant to be unkind; there was no meanness in her. It was simply that she did not understand children, did not feel at ease in their presence. She had taken me into her house and life from duty, not from choice. My mother had been her dead sister's only child, and when she and my father had lost their lives in a tragic train crash, Aunt Hester, who happened to be my closest living relative, had come forward nobly and assumed full responsibility for my care.

■ ALARMED AT my continued weeping that morning, she sent for the doctor. He came and sat beside my bed while I moaned miserably. "Sheila," I kept gasping brokenly between sobs. "I want Sheila!"

"Who's Sheila?" the doctor demanded finally.

"Just a—just a little girl she was playing with this morning," said Aunt Hester.

"Well, get hold of her—have her come in for a visit. Mary's got nothing that's catching."

So Sheila was summoned back. She peered at me curiously. "Whassa matter, kid? You sick?"

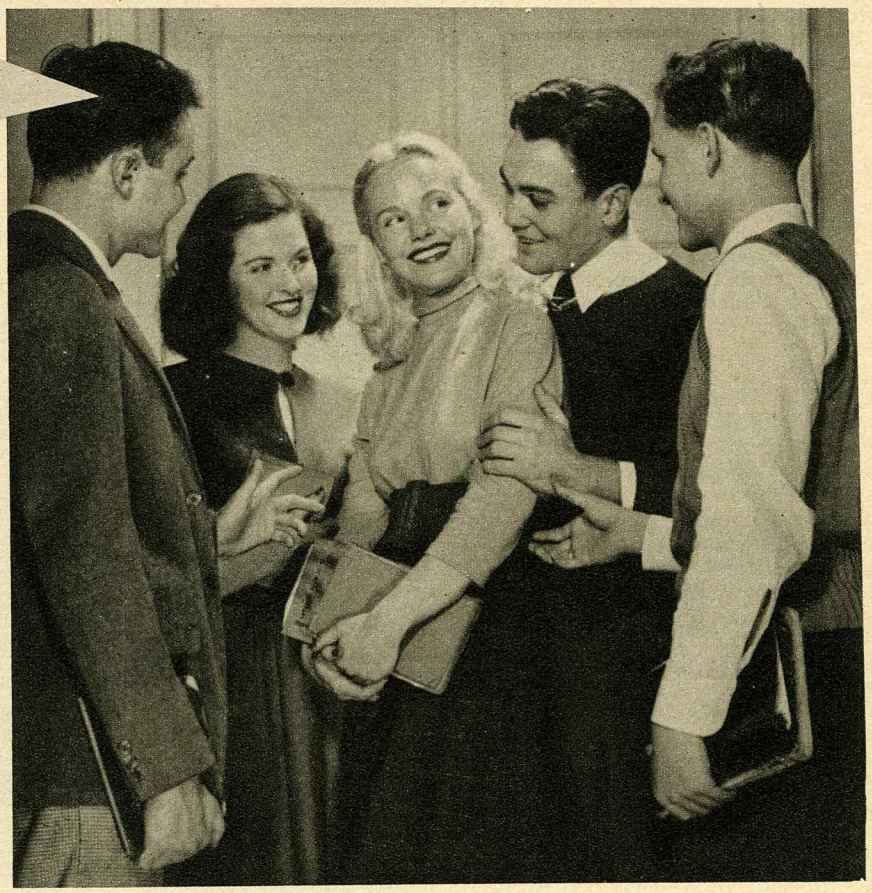
I reached out and caught hold of her hand, clung to it desperately. "Oh, Sheila," I exclaimed radiantly, "I'll be all right f'ever 'n ever if you'll just stay and play with me!"

And, although no one took my extravagant avowal seriously at the time, it was one that was to hold true through all the years of our childhood, until we were grown adult. Whenever I had Sheila around to look after me, I was perfectly all right.

Sheila was seventeen and in her last year at high school the winter her father died. She quit school at once and took a job as a salesgirl in Morrison's Dry Goods

■ I told Aunt Hester I was going to marry Alan

■ Boys flocked to Sheila; I basked in her glory



store on Main street. By that time she'd grown extremely pretty and boys were beginning to flock around her like bees around honey.

"But they're most of them such *saps*, Mary! Sometimes I just don't believe I'll ever be in love. Do you think you will?"

"I don't know," I'd answered slowly. "I—well, boys don't seem to feel about me the way they do about you, Sheila."

She hesitated a moment before she answered. "Maybe not the pack," she said finally, "but that's not so awfully important, Mary—really it isn't. You've got something that I sure haven't—and that's class. And, believe me, honey, class is something that real men go for even if boys don't. It's a heap more important than being fast on your feet and able to hand out a line to the gang!"

I'd looked at her hopefully. "Is it really, Sheila?"

"Sure it is!" Her voice was warm and encouraging. "Besides, you're awfully pretty, Mary, and if you'd just fix yourself up a little more, you'd be a knockout!"

We were up in my bedroom at the time and I'd leaned forward, peered into the mirror on the opposite wall that reflected our two images like a picture in a gilded frame.

We looked, I thought wryly, like a little brown wren and a gorgeous bird of paradise. Looking at Sheila I saw a dashing young-woman-of-the-world (young woman just past seventeen!), lush and full blown as a tropical flower; but looking at myself, all I saw was a very thin, very young girl in a navy blue schoolgirl's dress collared and cuffed in starched white pique. A young girl with soft dark brown hair, a straight nose, rather vulnerable pink mouth, soft pink cheeks that were dusted faintly with golden freckles, and very wide-spaced brown eyes. A young girl looking even younger than the sixteen years that were, to her regret, all that she could claim at the moment. I brought my attention back to what Sheila was saying. "Don't you worry, kid! One of these days there'll be one swell guy coming your way—a guy who'll make all the bozos I've got hanging around me look like so many peanuts! You just wait and see!"

One swell guy. He'd been a long time coming down that lonesome road to find me—all of nineteen years. Sometimes I'd given up believing in him, but now he was here. Now I knew his name, his face, the timbre of his voice, the tingling touch of his hand. Now I'd looked into his eyes and found in them the answer to all I'd ever wanted, ever hoped to have.

Absorbed in reverie, I was unaware of the fact that Alan was making his way toward me through the crowd. "Mary!" he touched my arm.

I wheeled around, my pulses quickening, the telltale color flaming in my cheeks.

"Hello, you!" He stood, tall and easy, smiling down at me, the very look in his eyes a subtle caress in itself.

"Hello, yourself!" I said happily.

He said, "What do you say we have one more dance and then clear out of here?"

"All right, Alan."

■ AS WE circled the room, I was conscious of the fact that people were observing us interestedly, saying to each other knowingly, "Things are beginning to look serious with Mary and that new young man—old Judge Treadwill's nephew, isn't he? I do hope something comes of it. Mary's a nice girl, but she's never had a serious beau before—"

I lifted my eyes to Alan's face, met the smiling tenderness brooding there and my heart turned over. His arm tightened around me, briefly, his cheek touched my hair.

He said huskily, "There's a moon outside going to shameful waste while we stick around here. Let's duck out now, shall we?"

The evening being still relatively young, the party would go on for another hour or so, at least, but I did not mind leaving it.

I wanted to be alone with Alan.

Alone with Alan! The words made a sort of lovely sing-song chant in my heart as his car pulled away from the curb, headed for the open country.

I turned my head and looked at him, and a shiver of exquisite happiness ran through me, tingled in my blood and sang in my pulses. Something like a prayer welled up from the depths of my heart: *Don't let anything ever change or grow tarnished and dull between us. Wherever we go, whatever we do for all the rest of our lives, let there always be love and laughter, hope and joy in both his heart and mine, forever and ever. Amen.*

The car had turned off the main highway now and was climbing a steep and wooded hill. "Shut your eyes, darling!" Alan commanded suddenly. And don't open them until I say when!"

Laughing a little, I obeyed him. The car stopped, the motor went off, and Alan said softly, "Now you can look!"

I opened my eyes and then caught my breath at what I saw. We had come out through the woods and were in a clearing marking the summit of the long hill left behind us. All around us open fields stretched out, ghostly white with moonlight, while far below us lay the winking lights of the town that was our home. It was a scene of heartbreaking loveliness; and, suddenly, tears were wet upon my cheeks and a sob escaped my tightened throat.

Instantly, Alan's arm went around my shoulders and he was bending over me,

touching my tear-wet cheek with a gentle hand. "Mary, you're crying! Why, darling? What is it? Can't you tell me!"

"It's j-just because it's so beautiful and I'm so h-happy, I guess!" I gulped.

He gave a low, amused laugh and his arm tightened around me. "You baby!" he said huskily. "You precious baby, you!"

There was a loverlike note in his voice. I began to tremble a little in exquisite anticipation of what was to follow next. His strong hand cupping my chin, tilting my face deliberately upward and toward his own, trembled a little, too.

"Mary!" he said. 'Oh, Mary, Mary, sweetheart!"

■ HE KISSED me as a man kisses the one woman he loves and honors above all others in his world, the woman he hopes to make his wife. He kissed me with tenderness, with reverence, with a kind of fierce hunger engendered by emotions held sternly in check; and my heart, understanding these things with vague, half-frightened awareness, knelt in adoration at his feet.

"Such a little, *little* girl! Holding you is like holding an armful of clouds—loved you ever since the first time I ever saw you—remember when that was, darling?" he murmured.

"Of course I remember, but tell me about it, anyway," I answered, my head upon his shoulder. "It was on a Sunday morning in church. The sermon wasn't very interesting—at least, not to me—and I was fidgeting around in the pew beside Uncle Ben, when all of a sudden I looked around and saw a girl in a blue suit and blue flowered hat sitting right across the aisle from me. All I could see was her profile, but I thought it was the prettiest, sweetest profile I'd ever seen in my life!"

His lean forefinger traced the line of it possessively now, and I murmured happily, "Goose! Go on, tell me the rest!"

He said with mock severity, "No more interruptions, please!"

I said meekly, "All right—I'll try to remember!"

He went on in a voice full of tender whimsicality, "Finally, when the service was over and people were beginning to move out of church, I nudged Uncle Ben and whispered to him, 'Look, Uncle, that girl over there in the flower hat—do you know her?' And he said, 'Who? Where?' And then a big, broad smile came over his face and he said, 'Why, certainly, son! That's the nicest girl in town—that's little Mary Carson, Miss Hester Plummer's niece!' And I said, 'Is that so! Well, I'd sure like to meet her, sir. Can you fix me up?' And he chuckled, 'Why, I think it highly probable it could be arranged—highly probable, my boy!' "

I said warmly, "I love Judge Treadwill. He's a dear!"

Alan resumed his reminiscences. "So we hurried out of the church and waited on the lawn, and finally you and your aunt appeared. Uncle Ben stepped forward and made a sweeping bow. 'Ah, good morning, Miss Hester—fine morning, isn't it?' Your aunt allowed it was a fine morning, too, and they stood there a

■ My eyes were on the swaying figures—Sheila and Paul

minute, chewing the rag, acting as if they'd forgotten all about us. I stood it for as long as I could, then I gave Uncle Ben a poke in the ribs to remind him, and he turned around, his eyes twinkling, and said—"

I broke in eagerly, "Oh, let me tell it—I remember *exactly* what he said! He said, 'Oh, by the way, Miss Hester, this is my nephew, Alan Truitt, who's just out of law school and come to live with me and cut his legal eye-teeth in my office. And, may I present him to you, too, Mary, my dear? Miss Mary Carson, Alan—one of my favorite people!' "

He took up the thread of the story again. "Just then some other people came along and distracted your aunt's and Uncle Ben's attentions, and under cover of the general conversation, I said to you, 'Do you ever take walks on Sunday afternoons?' And you wrinkled your forehead and said, a little puzzledly as if you weren't quite sure what I was getting at, 'Not very often.' And I said, 'Well, you're going to this afternoon. I'll come by for you at four sharp. Be ready, won't you?' And you looked at me as if you thought I was the freshest guy you'd ever met and a little crazy besides! Well, maybe I was!"

I said half ruefully, "I guess I was shy. I've always been shy."

■ HE SAID firmly, "Suits me. I don't like girls who are too sure of themselves. In other words, I like girls exactly like you!" And then he bent over me until his face was within an inch of mine. "Look at me, Mary Carson," he commanded softly, "while I tell you something. Do you know what I thought to myself that Sunday morning?"

"No, Alan, I don't know what you thought!"

His face came nearer. "I told myself, 'Boy, there's the girl you're going to marry some day!' And, believe it or not, in all my twenty-four years that was the first time I'd ever had a thought like that!"

The beat of my heart made a kind of wild, sweet music in my ears that was sweeter than the song of angels. Then, through the song and tumult, I heard Alan's husky voice again. "Do you love me, Mary? Will you marry me?"

Half laughing, half crying, I gave him my answer then. "Do you need to ask, Alan? Don't you *know?*"

As his arms drew me closer, as his mouth claimed mine again, I remember thinking solemnly, *This is one of the most important moments in all my life. It's as important as being born, or dying even. I must remember every detail of it always so that I can tell my grandchildren about it. And I must remember the date, too—August 15th, 1941—the date I got engaged!*

He was going on softly, "You'll like my Mom and Dad—they live down in Virginia, you know, and they're a swell team. They'll be crazy about you, too, when they come on for our wedding. And, by the way, speaking of weddings, when *is* ours to be?"

I laughed in happy confusion, "Oh, one of these days! Next spring, maybe!"

He gave an indignant snort. "Next spring, my eye! Let's see, this is August, isn't it—so what's the matter with October? I've always heard tell that's a swell month for weddings! We'll get married in church and you'll wear a long white dress and a veil, and be the prettiest bride that ever came down an aisle!"

I felt as though I were being swept away from all my familiar moorings. I said, a little breathlessly, "Wait a minute, please, darling! I—well, I can't even *think* when you hold me so close!"

He laughed at that and held me tighter. "You're not supposed to think," he told me loftily. "You're to leave the thinking and the worrying to me from now on. Them's orders, understand!"

A curious little stillness crept into my heart and in it I seemed to hear the echo of Sheila's voice saying tartly, a few weeks back, "He's the kind of guy who's got to be boss—or else!" And when I'd said in hurt accusation, "You don't like Alan, do you, Sheila?" she'd said quickly—almost too quickly, "Oh, sure I do—it's just that I don't go for the steam roller type myself. I like to make up my own mind about things!"

Was there something strange, prophetic in my mind's reluctant remembrance of that conversation now?

I leaned a little away from Alan, stared up at his face in the moonlight. "Alan, will you answer a question honestly and without quibbling?"

"Sure I will, honey. What is it?" His voice sounded lazy and indulgent.

"It's this—do you or don't you like Sheila?"

He was silent for a moment. I could sense his masculine dislike of the issue I had forced. Then he said, a little stiffly, "I wish you hadn't brought the subject up tonight, Mary, but as long as you have, I'll tell you frankly that I don't particularly care for Sheila as a friend for you. She seems—well, to put it bluntly, she seems a little coarse to me!"

I sat up very straight at that. I could feel my cheeks burning in the cool darkness. I said tensely, "Sheila's my best friend and she always will be my best friend. If it hadn't been for her, I'd have grown up to be *exactly like Aunt Hester*—and how would you have liked that, Alan Truitt?"

I broke off abruptly, staring straight ahead of me into the moonlit night.

■ SUDDENLY he gave a shout of laughter, reached out and pulled me back into his arms. "Darling, you're cute when you get mad. I didn't know you had such a fiery spirit. What do you say we drop all controversial subjects and just talk about ourselves and our plans? They're much more interesting! O.K.?" He bent over me, smiling, his mouth insistent.

Awareness of his nearness, his dearness sang in my pulses, drowning my resentment. My arms went around his neck. "O.K. then," I murmured.

But deep down in my heart a vague uneasiness persisted, for it was as though, looking ahead, I could see a shadow falling across the shining brightness of our love—a shadow that was no bigger at the moment than a man's right hand, but one that could grow and darken until it put out the light of the sun itself—

Next morning at breakfast I told Aunt Hester the news of my engagement. "And I hope you'll be pleased, Aunt Hester. I—I would not want to marry anyone against your wishes. You've been very kind to me—"

"I am pleased, Mary—very pleased. Alan is a fine young man. He will make you a good husband," she said.

I looked at her with affection tempered by the slight awe I had never quite lost in her presence. She had grown much older looking in the past year. Her thin, fine hair had turned completely white, her wrinkled skin was like parchment, but her lean figure was as erect as ever.

■ SHE SAID, a little stiffly, "You have not had a very gay life with me, Mary, but I have tried to do my duty by you. I—well, I might as well tell you now that I did not want you when you came here to live with me as a little child. However, I have grown fond of you in the passing years. I shall miss you very much when you leave me."

Her old lips trembled while her eyes behind their thick-lensed glasses had a suspicious brightness. I stared at her for a moment, and then I did something I had never done before in all the years I had lived in her house. I got up from my chair, went around the breakfast table, put my arms around her and kissed her cheek. "Aunt Hester, you're sweet!" I told her impulsively.

For I knew now something that I'd never even dreamed of before—Aunt Hester was shy, too. Awareness of this made a warm bond between us.

Right after breakfast I went to the phone in the hall and called Sheila at the store. "Sheila, can you meet me for lunch? I have to come down town this morning."

"Oh, gee, Mary, I promised Bill Alloway—"

"Oh!" I said disappointedly. "I wish you hadn't! I've something to tell you—something wonderful!"

"Honest, kid?" Her warm voice quickened. "Well, look, I'll tell you what. You meet me in Bradley's drug store around one. I'll break my date—I can see Bill any old time!"

"Sure you don't mind, Sheila?"

"Sure as shootin'. 'By now, hon—I've gotta run. See you later."

She was waiting for me in the drug store when I reached there a little after one. She was sitting casually on one of the stools before the fountain, engaged in friendly conversation with Benny, the freckled-faced soda jerk.

She saw me reflected in the mirror that hung above the fountain and turned around quickly. "Hi, Mary. Want to sit here, or see if we can find a booth?"

I said quickly, "Oh, a booth by all means, so we can talk!"

"O.K." She picked up her purse from the counter cheerfully, winked at Benny. She slid off the stool, linked her arm in mine. "What're you havin', kid? If we tell Benny what we want now, it'll save time. He can bring it right back to us."

"Oh, anything!" Food didn't interest me.

"Make it two hams on rye and a couple of malted milks then," she ordered.

We found an empty booth, seated ourselves, and then, leaning her arms on the table, Sheila commanded lightly, "Now spill it, kid. What's all this you got to tell me!"

Breathlessly, I told her. "I'm going to marry Alan, Sheila! He—we got engaged last night!"

"No kiddin'!" Her voice was warm with delight. "That's swell, honey—simply swell! Gee, I'm happy for you! Didn't I always tell you you'd pick off a prize package for yourself some day? Here you are getting married at nineteen and me a whole year older and still on the shelf! What do you know about that?" Her rich, warm laughter bubbled out contagiously like a child's.

"What's so good, Sheila? How about lettin' me in on it?" Benny set down our lunch with a flourish, stood wiping his hands on his apron, grinning.

"Mary's getting married! Isn't that sumpin, Benny?"

"Sheila, please!" Scarlet with embarrassment, I put out a hand in protest.

■ BUT THERE was no stopping her. She waved aside my protest. "Oh, for Pete's sake, Mary—stop acting so coy! It's true, isn't it? Everybody's goin' to know it sooner or later, so why not now?"

Her voice had risen and two or three people, lounging near the front of the store, turned amused glances in our direction. Old Mr. Bradley, the proprietor, came up, beaming. "Who's the lucky man, Mary?" he inquired genially.

Sheila volunteered promptly, "It's Alan Truitt, Mr. Bradley—a swell guy and almost good enough for Mary!"

"You don't say! Well, well, now, isn't that nice?"

An interested little group began to congregate around the booth. There were a chorus of congratulations and good wishes. Once my initial embarrassment passed, I began to enjoy being the center of attraction. My eyes shining, I answered questions as best I could. "No, we haven't any definite plans yet—you're all so kind—thank you, thank you so much—"

Someone said heartily, "Well, look who's here!"

"Who?" Sheila demanded craning her neck. I turned to see Alan making his way toward us through the crowd. A little shock of dismay went through me as I saw the expression on his face.

"Alan!" Sheila's voice boomed out a greeting. "You're just in time! Mary's just now let the cat out of the bag and we're all tickled pink! Congratulations and many of 'em!" She leaned across the table, held out her hand. "Shake, boy, shake!"

"Thank you," Alan said formally. "Thank you very much!"

He stood there, courteous and smiling, making the proper responses to congratulations, playing his role to perfection. He'd had lunch, he explained in answer to Sheila's query, but he'd sit down with us for a minute if we didn't mind.

"As a matter of fact, Mary," he said as he slid himself onto the bench beside me, "I wanted you to lunch with Uncle Ben and me. I tried to get hold of you, but your aunt told me I'd probably find you here." His voice was even and matter-of-fact, but I saw the little muscle that kept twitching in his cheek and the way his fingers were twisting and flattening a paper straw he'd picked up off the table.

People had drifted away and now the three of us were alone in the comparative privacy of the booth. I said, uncertainly, watching his face, "I'm sorry, Alan—you didn't say anything about it last night—"

He said, as he might have said it to a stranger, "Quite all right."

■ I was in his arms and the hurt faded

■ CONSTRAINT thickened in the atmosphere. I tried to eat and the food almost choked me. Misery weighed heavily on my spirits. Only Sheila, eating her lunch with obvious enjoyment, appeared unconcerned and at ease.

"Mary's so quiet," she said once. She winked at Alan. "Cat's got her tongue. Maybe she's in love."

"Could be," Alan said. He crushed out the cigarette he'd been smoking, smiled at me. "Mary's all right," he said. "You let her be."

He isn't really mad, I thought, and my spirits lifted. *I must tell Sheila* — And then my thoughts along that line broke off abruptly. For how could I possibly explain to Sheila that she must change her whole mode of thinking, speaking, in order to conform to Alan's ideas of what nice girls did and didn't do? "Nuts!" Sheila would undoubtedly say and with good reason, too.

She was gathering up her purse now, putting on fresh lipstick. "I've got to shove along," she said lightly. "Me, I'm a working gal, you know."

She stood up, and Alan rose, too, stood courteously awaiting her departure. She patted my shoulder lightly. " 'By, Mary, honey—it's been swell—I'll be seein' you tomorrow maybe." She turned to Alan—"So long, guy. I hope you know your luck when you see it!"

■ WHEN she had gone, Alan sat down beside me again. "That girl!" he said, shaking his head. "I don't get it!"

"Get what, Alan?" I knew what he meant, but, perversely, I wanted it put into words.

"Your being such friends. I never saw two people who were more different! She doesn't seem to know the meaning of the word dignity!" His voice was edged with irritation. He ran his long fingers through his hair, said a little sulkily, "Sorry, Mary, but I can't seem to help myself!"

I looked at him unhappily. "Alan, I know you're angry with Sheila, but I know she didn't mean to be meddlesome. She's just exuberant and high-spirited. She—well, she was so happy for me when I told her we were engaged that it simply spilled over and she had to share it with someone else." I put my hand on his arm. "Please, darling, try to understand!"

He looked down at me, his face softening. "All right, honey, I'll try." He grinned in rueful apology. "Maybe I'm jealous. Maybe I want to keep you all to myself, build a wall around you and shut out the rest of the world. Maybe that's what ails me!"

I said, troubled, "But you can't do that, Alan. It—it simply isn't possible!" Even at nineteen, inexperienced as I was, I knew that this was so.

He laughed tenderly, and covered my hand with his own. "You wait and see!" he told me mysteriously. "You wait until we're married, and then I'll show you who's the boss!"

It was a conversation that was to recur to me often in the weeks that followed. It ran like a disturbing undercurrent to all the exciting preoccupation of the days as plans for our October wedding took shape. It was to be a simple church wedding; Aunt Hester was to give me away, Sheila was to be my only attendant, and Alan's father was to be his best man. I knew that Alan was not pleased with my choice of a bridesmaid. He had not told me so, but I was uncomfortably aware of his displeasure all the same.

September was a golden month, full of small, exciting happenings. There was the day that Alan gave me my ring; there was the formal announcement of our engagement in the local newspaper; there were the heart-warming letters from Alan's family, the friendly interest of the whole community; there were the showers and parties, the shopping expeditions to the (*Continued on page* 119)

DOCTORS PROVE

2 out of 3 women can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

Less oily, clearer

"My skin became less oily," Florence Boggs of Detroit, reports. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. Yet the 14-Day Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 89% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily—clearer.

Less coarse-looking, smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in 14 days!" says Mary Kerr of Indianapolis. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My complexion improved a lot," reports Alberta Carpenter of Philadelphia. The doctors found finer looking, clearer skins in over half the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!

Remember, 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women, and *proved* it can bring 2 out of 3 a lovelier complexion in just 14 days! The women were all ages, from fifteen to fifty. Some had dry skins; some oily; some just average. After a careful examination by the doctors, they were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home. In only 14 days, the doctors agreed 2 out of 3 showed definite, noticeable improvement! Start *your* Palmolive Plan . . . today!

Fresher, brighter color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Anna Lockwood of San Francisco, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 examining doctors report this same important improvement for 2 skins out of 3 among the 1285 women. See if this Plan won't bring *you* fresher skin—and in only 14 days!

Here's the Plan Doctors Proved:

A Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!

B Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!

C Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.

P.S. For Tub or Shower—Get the NEW, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive!

Face Powder

IN YOUR OWN COLOR HARMONY SHADE

Smart, new, artistic powder box—beautiful white and gold plastic design.

THE genius of *Max Factor Hollywood* created these exceptional qualities in this different face powder:

1..It imparts a lovelier color to the skin

2..It creates a satin-smooth make-up

3..It clings perfectly...really stays on

And there's a correct and flattering Color Harmony Shade to emphasize the beauty of your own individual coloring—whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. Take this beauty hint from the famous stars of the screen: Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, created to bring a distinctive new loveliness to your make-up. $1.00

Max Factor • Hollywood

COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Pan-Cake Make-Up, Rouge, and the *New,* Sensational Lipstick in Clear Red, Blue Red and Rose Red for each type, blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead

(*Continued from page* 45) been there, I figured Mrs. Rizzi enjoyed making scenes.

One thing I didn't understand—there wasn't any key in her door. I knew the key had been there before dinner, because Cathie had tried to get in to change the towels and the door was locked.

"You see?" said Mrs. Rizzi triumphantly. "The key is gone. Now do you believe me? Somebody will come back in the middle of the night—"

"Calm down," I said in a soothing voice. "The key probably fell under the bureau."

It wasn't under the bureau though. Mrs. Rizzi was stubbornly sure that she had left it in the door, half an hour before, when she entered the room.

"All that time someone was in my closet—watching me—" she said, in a horror-stricken tone. I sniffed incredulously.

"All my jewels are here," said Mrs. Rizzi. "Lots of people know about my jewels." She sounded proud, but nervous.

"You ought to keep your jewelry in a bank," I said. "But we don't have thieves in this town. Now stop fretting, Mrs. Rizzi. When Cathie comes back, she'll help you hunt for your key. It'll turn up, you see if it doesn't."

I left Mrs. Rizzi muttering to herself, and went downstairs, wondering why all the noise hadn't brought Yola on the run. I found out the reason, to my annoyance, a little later when she and Stan came strolling up the driveway. So he'd been off walking with Yola—instead of meeting Cathie at the post office.

The two of them sat in the porch swing, and Stan went on telling Yola about how you could get a view for fifty miles around from the top of Big Top Mountain.

But when Cathie came along with the evening mail, and sat down on the wide front steps, it made me pretty sore to see Stan over on the other end of the porch with Yola.

We sat out there quite a while, as it got cooler, and the thunder heads went on piling up in the west.

Afterwards, after the trouble started, I tried to remember if any of us had been away from the porch for more than a few minutes. But at the time my mind was full of Mrs. Rizzi and her key, only I didn't want to send Cathie in to hunt for it while Stan was there.

Mrs. Rizzi came down and sat with us after a while, but she didn't seem very talkative, and I was glad of that. Stan and Cathie and Yola were talking about some movie. Stan went in the house once for some cigarettes; I always keep some for him in the hall cupboard, but he said he couldn't find them right away. Cathie went in once to make a phone call; and Yola went to get a jacket.

The storm broke with a rising wind driving the rain against the house. We hurried in, and began shutting doors and windows. That was how I happened to be in the kitchen by myself, in such a hurry to reach the windows I didn't turn on the light.

There was a little light in the kitchen as it wasn't quite dark yet outside, and as I crossed the floor I saw something move out of the corner of my eye.

"Who's that?" I exclaimed.

There was a light, hurried step and a man came out of the shadows. The next thing I knew something hard struck my head and a million little lights exploded behind my eyes. I could feel myself falling—

When I opened my eyes I was lying on the floor, and the ceiling lights were glaring down at me, and Doctor Bill was bending over me. Cathie and the others were leaning above me, too.

"Well, Lucinda," said Doctor Bill, smiling at me, though his brown eyes were disturbed. "What have you been doing to yourself? Don't move your head yet."

His hand was quick on my forehead, holding me still. I closed my eyes for a weak childish moment, just to keep the touch of his fingers on my face.

Then I spoke with my usual crispness. "I didn't do anything to myself, Bill. A man did it to me."

There was a chorus of exclamations from above me, but I only listened to Bill.

"You probably ran into something in the dark, Lucinda."

I started to sit up, to be more emphatic, and a streak of pain ran through my head and I didn't sit up after all. I just stared at Bill, wondering how such a nice man could be so everlastingly stubborn. If he hadn't been stubborn, contrary pig-headed stubborn, we'd have been married long ago. The funny thing is, Bill always says I'm the stubborn one.

He said it again this time. "You lie there and take it easy, Lucinda. Don't be stubborn, trying to get up when you're dizzy."

A scream went off like a steam whistle, there in the kitchen, and Mrs. Rizzi had 'em again. She just opened her mouth and let go, and the noise was surprising.

Bill and Stan moved toward her, and she stood for one more moment and then bolted out of the room. We could hear her going upstairs as fast as she could.

"What hit *her*?" said Stan.

"Now Lucinda—" Doctor Bill began, and then we heard Mrs. Rizzi coming back. She wasn't screaming this time, she was talking all the way, and not a word made sense.

She burst into the kitchen, and her purple hair fairly crackled. In one hand she was clutching a big leather box, empty, with the lid hanging back. In the other hand she had a tangled mess of beads and chains. She waved these beads at us.

"On the floor—" she said, in a high, scratchy voice. "On my floor—"

"Your floor?" said Cathie, staring at the beads.

"I told you my key," Mrs. Rizzi said furiously to me. "No key, so how can I be safe? They are all gone—all but these—" She threw the beads on the kitchen floor in a dramatic gesture.

Doctor Bill made a serious effort at taking command, but he didn't know Mrs. Rizzi. When he told her to sit down and take it easy, she fairly frothed.

"He is gone—" said Mrs. Rizzi, looking ready to break into tears.

"Who?" asked Yola.

"He is gone—my little beast—like a dog you know, but with a feathery tail—"

"Good Lord," said Stan. "What's she talking about?"

Mrs. Rizzi pulled herself together and spoke slowly. "I have a pin—a pin for the bosom, you understand—in the shape of a little beast. With a long tail and a sharp face, and in England they chase him on horseback—" she explained.

"A fox," said Cathie triumphantly. "Oh, Mrs. Rizzi, that beautiful pin with all those diamonds?"

"That is him," said Mrs. Rizzi. "My little diamond fox. And all my other jewels with him. Stolen. Stolen from my room."

I sat up cautiously, with Cathie on one side and Bill on the other.

"You're sure?" I asked her.

She shook the empty box at me. "I keep them here. In a suitcase with many clothes on top." She peered into the box, as if hopeful that somehow or other it might not be empty after all. "When you talk about a man that hits you," she said, "quickly I remembered about the key. I went up. I screamed."

"You certainly screamed," said Stan.

"With reason," said Mrs. Rizzi. "How do we catch this thief?"

"Now wait a minute," Doctor Bill stopped her.

He got me comfortably settled in a chair, and gave me some unpleasant stuff to drink. He fixed a cold cloth to keep on my head.

"Now—" said Doctor Bill. "When did you last see this fox and all the rest of the jewelry, Mrs. Rizzi?"

"Before I went down to sit on the porch," she answered promptly. "I looked in the box, to make sure all was safe, after the key took itself away."

"Someone could have come in the back way, while we were all on the porch," I said. "Though who—"

"And knocked you on the head," added Cathie.

Yola spoke up sharply. "It is not necessary, that the same man was in the kitchen here, and also stole Mrs. Rizzi's jewels." She addressed me directly. "Miss Barr, you could have struck your head—and imagined there was a man who hit you."

"Nonsense—" I began.

But Yola was going on. "It is not necessary, even, that the thief is a man."

She looked at Cathie with a bright,

Beauty Notebook

Pretty Claire Niesen has the kind of hair most girls long for—it's curly and it's auburn.

"I have a pet habit of using twin hair brushes to promote the health of my hair," says Claire. "I bend my head low to stimulate the circulation of blood. Then I use brisk motions forward and out, almost 'lifting' the scalp as I brush. After these two brushes have covered every inch of my head, my hair can't resist shining."

Claire is a radio star on the CBS show, "The Second Mrs. Burton." Try her brush-for-beauty advice and let's hear about your results.

Dorry Ellis

malicious smile, and I knew very well that something bad was coming next.

"I saw you," Yola said to Cathie. "I saw you coming out of Mrs. Rizzi's room. While everyone was on the porch."

"Wait—" said Stan, cutting in forcefully. "What are you trying to say, Yola?"

But Yola just widened her eyes. "Ask Cathie if she wasn't in Mrs. Rizzi's room."

I twisted round to see Cathie's face, and was startled at its sudden pallor. She tried twice before she answered.

"Yes—I went into Mrs. Rizzi's room, to take some towels," Cathie said. "But I never saw any jewelry."

"Can you prove that?" asked Yola.

Mrs. Rizzi stormed down on Cathie. "So it was you, prying in my room, stealing—"

"Wait a minute," said Doctor Bill, his face grim.

"You are always tell me to wait," Mrs. Rizzi said angrily. "Wait for what?"

"For us to talk this over," he answered. "We've got to get together on this, all of us."

"It's ridiculous," Stan was muttering. "It's crazy to say that Cathie—"

He stopped as Yola moved closer to him, speaking to him in an undertone.

Bill and Mrs. Rizzi both started talking at once, and for a little while I lost track of Yola. Pretty soon Bill had herded us all into the parlor, with me bringing up a slow rear. My head was feeling better, however. I lay down on the lounge, listening to the rain beat against the front of the house, listening to Cathie and Bill and Stan trying to calm down Mrs. Rizzi. Yola sat on the sidelines and watched, a queer wise smile in her eyes.

"You talk," Mrs. Rizzi said at last. "You talk. But what do you do?"

"We need the police," Doctor Bill said.

I spoke up against that. "The first thing the police will do, is to listen to Yola aiming all the suspicion toward Cathie."

"We could look around, and see if there's any sign of somebody entering the house," Stan said.

So for a while they scattered over my house, and I lay there listening to the voices upstairs and down, and to the wind blowing viciously against the house. Finally they came back, one by one, to report nothing found.

"We locked the place up tight, for what good that does," Doctor Bill said. "The next thing we'd better do is call the State Police."

"Isn't there something—" I began, and the ringing of the doorbell stopped me.

Cathie went to the front hall. When she came back, she was followed by a drenched and shivering man, who took off his hat and let it drip on my carpet.

"I am Marc Pancek," he said. "I have reserved a room here."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pancek," I said, sitting up quickly, and regretting the speed. "I expected you on the evening train."

"I drove," he said. "I put my car in your village garage, and walked to your house, and I regret it."

"My goodness, you must change your clothes before you get pneumonia," I exclaimed. "I'll show you your room." I waved aside Cathie's offer, and led the way into the hall. "Right up these stairs, Mr. Pancek."

He picked up his large and much labeled bags, and turned with me toward the steps I started up, then stopped suddenly.

"Bill—" I called. "Come here, Bill."

They all streamed out of the parlor after Bill. As their eyes followed my pointing finger, they gasped.

It lay on the third step, in clear view on the green stair-carpet—an earring, brilliant with diamonds, flashing wickedly in the light from the chandelier.

"My earring—" gasped Mrs. Rizzi, pouncing on it. "But it wasn't there ten minutes ago—I watched the steps, I tell you, when I walked on them."

"That's right," said Doctor Bill, and there was a sudden strain in his voice. "It wasn't there, when we searched the house."

Marc Pancek looked back and forth among us with bright, interested eyes "Searched the house?" he inquired.

Hastily I urged him on upstairs. "We're a bit upset here this evening, but you mustn't stand around in your wet clothes. Come on with me, Mr. Pancek."

Resolutely leaving the others to discuss the abrupt appearance of a piece of the stolen jewelry, I took my new PG upstairs and got him settled.

I hurried down again, anxious to know what Bill had in his mind, to make his voice sound so worried. He didn't take long to tell me.

"Lucinda—you know what it means, to find that earring?" he asked me as soon as I appeared. "It means—that someone in the house, some one of us—is the thief."

The house had been locked securely, I could trust Bill for that. And the earring had not been on the stairs, while the search was made. They were all looking, running around the house; how could we ever tell who had dropped Mrs. Rizzi's earring?

The discussion that followed was heated, and as far as Mrs. Rizzi was concerned, highly unpleasant. But out of it all, we agreed on two facts: the jewels were still in the house—it was up to us to find them

If we didn't find them—Cathie would be in for a very disagreeable time. I had no illusions about the fact that Yola would be delighted to press her attack on Cathie, if the police were called in.

So at first, at Doctor Bill's direction, we searched each other. This process was carried out by Bill and Stan in the dining-room, and by the rest of us in the parlor

Mrs. Rizzi satisfied herself that neither Cathie, Yola nor myself had any jewelry concealed on us, and in somewhat grim silence we made ourselves presentable again. The men returned, naturally reporting no success.

"All through the war, I carry them with me, my jewels," Mrs. Rizzi told us bitterly "Thousands and thousands of dollars they are worth." She looked at me accusingly, and shook her brilliant head. "I come to your house—they are stolen."

"We'll get them back for you, Mrs. Rizzi," I said with a confidence I didn't feel.

What did the police do, when things like this happened? They suspected the people in the house where the theft occurred. They would suspect Cathie. For Yola never left off hinting at her accusation of Cathie. She was doing more than hint, now.

"I got as far as the head of the stairs," Yola was saying slowly, steadily. "I thought everyone was still on the porch Then I saw Cathie coming out of Mrs. Rizzi's room. I called her name. And she jumped back, as if to hide."

"You startled me," Cathie broke in. "I was just changing the towels. You said my name so sharply, of course I jumped."

"Where did you hide the jewels, Cathie?" Yola asked her.

"Let's stop the mud-slinging," Bill said. "You've had your say, Yola. And you've denied it, Cathie. Neither of you can prove anything. Now listen to me, you folks. We know that jewelry is still hidden somewhere in the house."

"It's a big house—" I started to say.

"We can look," said Doctor Bill.

"Yeah," Stan said with sudden vigor "We can look tonight, and if we don't find the stuff—we can start right in looking again tomorrow."

"One thing, though," said Bill. "Nobody can leave the house. Not till we find the jewelry—or give up and call the police."

"We won't give up," Stan said. He didn't look at Cathie, he didn't look at Yola. But both girls were watching him.

"I see, Bill," I told him reluctantly. "You mean nobody can leave—because she might smuggle the jewels out."

"Yes," Bill said. "It'll be a siege. You can amuse yourselves—hunting."

So once again people spread over my house, and this time they went more slowly and carefully. I joined in the search, and we went in couples: Yola and Stan, Cathie and Bill, and Mrs. Rizzi and I.

We poked into closets and looked behind books in the cases, we took the cushions out of chairs and stripped the beds. We went everywhere, except where Marc Pancek was sleeping; and of course Mrs. Rizzi's room.

Finally, Mrs. Rizzi took us to her room, to show us the suitcase where her jewelry had been hidden. Stan insisted on tearing apart her bed and searching her closet and drawers.

"Let's go to bed," I suggested. "We can go on with this in the morning."

"Can you put me up here?" Stan said. "I'm sticking till we clean this up."

So it was arranged that way, and Stan took one of my (*Continued on page 62*)

"Real people instead of puppets"

—That's what one of the listeners to "MY TRUE STORY" writes of the characters in each day's complete radio drama. "These people, and their problems ring true!" Like thousands of other women, you'll be fascinated by these real-life stories on the air taken from the files of TRUE STORY magazine.

EVERY MORNING 10:00 EST— 9:00 CST
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 11:30 MST—10:30 PST
AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY

A Hair "Make-Up"

Created for Your *Color Type!

Created for BLONDES

Three of Marchand's twelve Rinse shades are created for you! The Blonde shade highlights your natural hair color. Light Golden Blonde adds a touch of copper, while Titian Blonde gives a deeper tone.

Highlights for Every Color Type... brownette, brunette and redhead, as well as blonde! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want . . . dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo . . . then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

More Color... a little or a lot. Marchand's color chart tells you which rinse to use for the effect you desire for *your* hair. If gray strands are your problem, there's a shade to blend them in with your original hair color!

Absolutely Harmless... Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.

Marchand's

"Make-Up"

HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c

Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

(*Continued from page* 60)

empty rooms. Bill had to go home, to get any emergency calls that might come in for him.

The storm was gone when I woke next morning. For an instant I believed I'd dreamed the wind and rain, and dreamed the whole business of Mrs. Rizzi and her diamonds. Then there was a tap on my door, and Cathie came in, looking forlorn.

"Cathie dear—don't look so miserable—we'll find the silly jewelry," I exclaimed.

She smiled a little, which made the misery in her eyes more deep. "It's bad enough, having Yola say such nasty things about me," she said. "But Lucinda—what's worse—Stan believes her."

"Don't be an idiot, Cathie."

"Well, he didn't even say good-night to me. He didn't even look my way. He and Yola went off to the parlor, and talked and talked. And then when I heard them come upstairs, he talked to her in the hall. And just before she closed her door and he went down to his room, I heard her laughing—you know how she can laugh—as if they were sharing something secret."

"What you need is breakfast," I said.

I climbed into my clothes and went down with Cathie to start breakfast, but all the time I knew what Cathie meant. Yola was taking advantage of this theft, she was using the situation—and there was no doubt she wanted to take Stan away from Cathie.

The main thing we did that day was to tear the house apart. What places hadn't been searched the night before, got an airing now. I went over Mr. Pancek's room myself, though I knew the drawers and closets were empty when I showed it to him.

We didn't find any of Mrs. Rizzi's jewelry, we didn't even find the second earring.

Once when Cathie and I were alone together, I asked her, "Why couldn't Yola have taken that jewelry?"

"She didn't have any chance," Cathie answered. "I saw her as she spoke to me—that time I was coming out of Mrs. Rizzi's room. She was coming up the stairs then, and she went back downstairs again." Cathie gulped. "I was in sight of Mrs. Rizzi's room, and the hallway, Lucinda."

"Never mind, never mind," I said hastily I remembered how briefly Yola had been away from the porch; and all that time Cathie would have seen her, if Yola had been near Mrs. Rizzi's room.

Marc Pancek stayed in the house and helped us search. And it was he who lost his balance on the attic stairs, and twisted his ankle so I had to phone for Doctor Bill.

He came in as soon as he could, and made Mr. Pancek comfortable on the lounge.

Then, when Bill was ready to go again, he took me with him to the front porch.

"Lucinda, you're taking all this too hard," he said.

"It's my house, my trouble," I said.

"You need a man around the place, when things get tough," he told me.

"I do not," I said automatically.

Bill gave me one swift look, and then his brown eyes turned stubborn "You cared a bit for me, once—" he said.

I was silent, remembering. I'd cared more than a bit for him, and what was more, I'd never stopped. Once I had thought we'd be engaged, Bill and I, and go on to marriage and life together, like other happy people. Then Cathie had come, and I was the only one of my family left to look after her, when her parents died.

Bill was just starting practice then, and his father was still the town's doctor, and it would take Bill a while to get going. So I'd started taking boarders to pay for Cathie's upkeep. Bill had been furious.

"We'll get married right away, you and I," Bill had said. "We'll take care of Cathie That'll be my job. I won't have you running a boarding house."

I had answered with some pride. "I won't be a drag on you, with Cathie, when you're just getting started, Bill. I'll go on this way for a while, and maybe—"

But he'd not waited for me to finish, to say that of course I'd marry him later on. He had told me he knew best. I'd answered that I could take care of myself. On we went, into a quarrel that never had been mended.

Time and again, Bill had come over, telling me how to run my life, telling me I needed a man to take care of me. Even when he inherited the practice, and was doing well, we quarreled still.

Because never once did Bill tell me he loved me, tell me he needed me. My pride was rooted strong, by that time—and I wouldn't marry him, the way he asked me, as if it were cut and dried between us. He did it again now.

He shook out his pipe, filled and lit it, and calmly proposed to me.

"We could get married, Lucinda," Bill said. "And you wouldn't have to work and worry this way any more."

"Thanks," I said briefly. "I'm doing very nicely, by myself."

"That's that," said Bill. He strode away to his car, his little bag swinging.

I looked after him, wishing with sudden fierceness that he would turn and come back and tell me that I mattered terribly to him—that it wasn't just a habit, proposing to me—that he loved me.

But Bill drove away, and didn't even look back. When I finally went into the house, and ran into Stan and Yola, having some kind of (*Continued on page* 64)

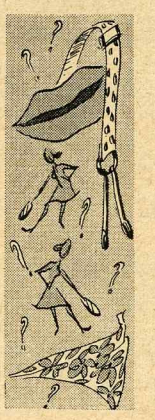
STYLE

Q. What's the difference between a *jumper dress* and *a suspender dress?*

A. A jumper is one-piece, sleeveless; suspenders are narrow bands that reach from shoulders to waist.

Q. Name the bathing suit inspired by Dorothy Lamour and popular on our beaches.

A. It's a sarong. This strapless wrap-around was worn by Dottie in her South Sea Island pictures.



QUIZ

Q. Should you be insulted if someone exclaims to you: "What a lovely turtle neck"?

A. That's no insult! Someone is admiring the high turn-down neck of your sweater or dress.

Q. When you ask for a "conversation print" do you expect it to talk?

A. This fabric is made with tiny figures that will cause others to pass amusing comments.

College girls learn something NOT IN THE BOOKS!

IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS—
99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something *not* in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here's the story . . .

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren't told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess.*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

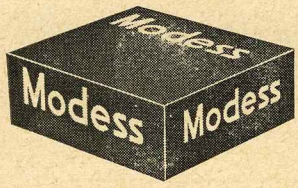
Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! Every *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—Modess is *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.

Product of Personal Products Corporation.



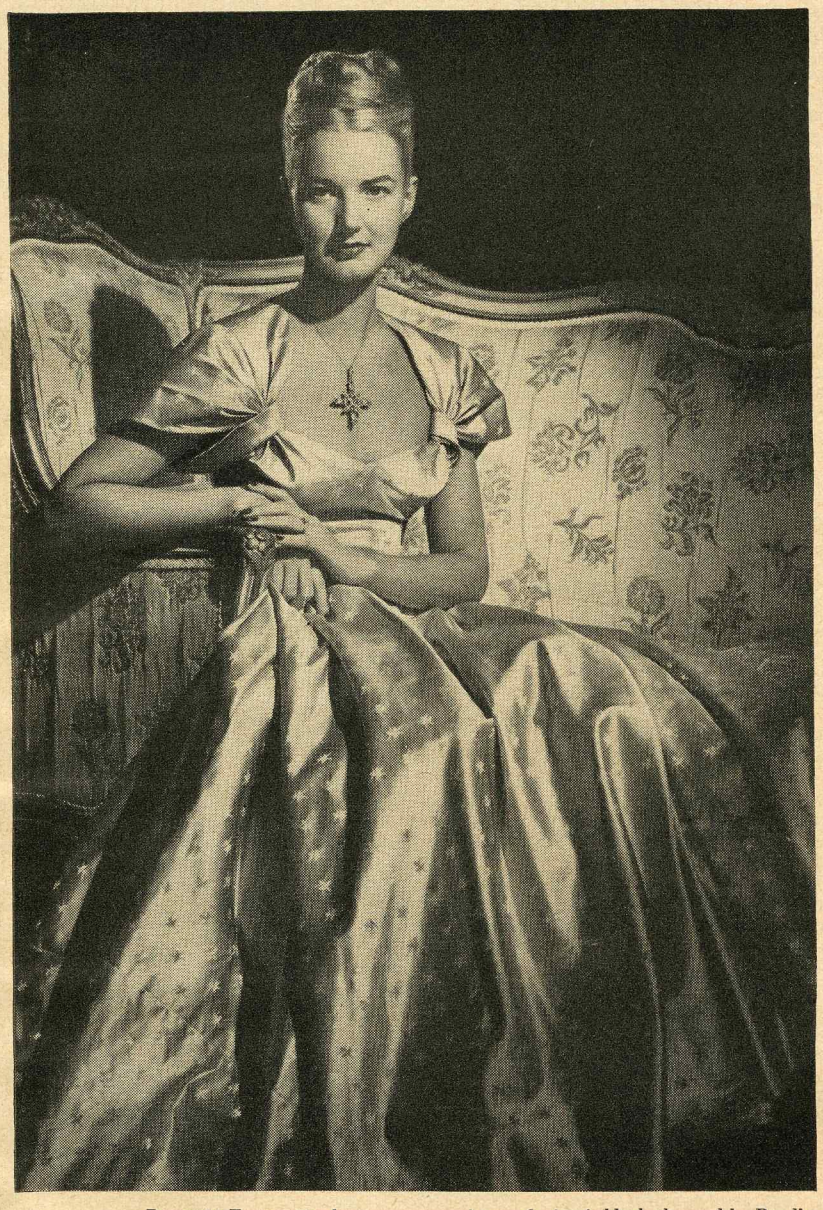
Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

New! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that Engaged-lovely look*

See it give *your* skin:
—an instant clean, refreshed look
—an instant softer, silkier feel
—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight— with the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.
You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing— your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's.



PRISCILLA THOMPSON—her cream-smooth complexion is blush-cleansed by Pond's

PRISCILLA'S RING—a star-brilliant solitaire, diamond-studded at sides.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

PRISCILLA THOMPSON beautifully expresses today's new look of young elegance—with accent on her smooth-gold hair, her smooth-ivory complexion.

One of Chicago's fashionable young set, she is the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Bruce Thompson and the late Mr. Thompson—and is engaged to William Paul Henricks of Chicago, Ex-Navy Lieutenant Commander.

Priscilla is an enthusiast about blush-cleansing with Pond's. "I've never known anything to give my face such a *lovely* waked-up, *soft* feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look. Get Pond's Cold Cream *today!* You'll find the 6-oz. jar is especially nice to use.

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK THE LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART

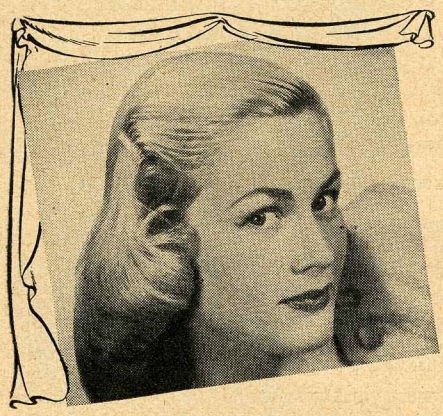
Engagement-ring diamonds for some of America's loveliest girls

ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE METHODS

ever discovered for

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient



Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication for Hours Leaves No Tell-Tale Odor!

You can readily see why this higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness — Zonitors — has become so widely used among highly intelligent and *exacting* women. And why you, too, should bless the day you learned about this method.

Zonitors are so much easier, daintier, and convenient—SO POWERFUL yet so ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues.

Positively Non-Irritating; Non-Smarting

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and *continue to do so* for hours—assuring you *hours* of *continuous* medication. They are positively *non-burning, non-irritating, and non-poisonous.*

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are *so effective* they immediately *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonitors

(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZTS-37, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from page* 62) emotional discussion in the hallway, I was less than sympathetic.

Wearily, I went on taking my neat house apart. I only searched Cathie's room from a sense of duty, because Mrs. Rizzi was with me. When we found it—the other earring, mate to the one on the stairs—I couldn't believe it. It was under the rug, in Cathie's room.

You can imagine the way Mrs. Rizzi carried on—little grunts and cries over the earring, and a determined tearing into the rest of Cathie's room, and demands that Cathie be put in jail immediately.

"That Cathie girl—she is the one," Mrs. Rizzi cried. "Make her tell what she has done with all my beautiful things—make her give me back my little diamond beast."

The others gathered around, drawn by Mrs. Rizzi's excited voice. Cathie said, over and over, she'd never seen the earring.

"Anyone could have put it under my rug," Cathie said. She spun to face Yola. "You could have put it there," she said.

Yola's handsome face was ugly with anger. "Don't try to drag me into this," she answered. She raised her hand, as if she would strike Cathie in her anger.

■ STAN CAUGHT her arm. "So you were lying to me," he said to Yola. "You said you wouldn't get Cathie mixed up in this. You said we'd find the jewelry, and clear Cathie."

Yola laughed. "You did the talking, trying to persuade me. Maybe I agreed with you—maybe I said yes—but you are very tiresome. All the time we are together, you want to talk about Cathie."

Stan jerked away from her and went to Cathie. "I thought I could make her keep still, honey. But it didn't work. She's out to get you blamed for this."

Cathie was looking up at him, all the misery washed away from her face by the new surprised gladness. "I don't care," she said. "I don't care if they put me in jail.

"Was it true, what Yola said?" Cathie was asking.

"What?" said Stan.

"That all these times you've been talking with her—" Cathie stopped.

"I was talking about you," Stan finished. "Yes, darling dope."

Mrs. Rizzi shook an angry fist, with the earring dangling from it, between Stan and Cathie.

"Is this a time for making love?" demanded Mrs. Rizzi.

"Yes," said Stan forcefully.

"You will make love, then, in jail," Mrs. Rizzi said. "This Cathie, she is seen in my room, when the jewels disappear. And now, the earring is found hiding in her own room. This is for the police."

I became conscious of a noise, downstairs, that had been going on for some time dimly. It was louder now.

"What is happening?" bellowed Marc Pancek from downstairs. "Somebody come and tell me. What is going on?"

I managed to get everybody downstairs. Once more, as at breakfast, Mr. Pancek came in very handy, soothing Mrs. Rizzi. He had charm, all right. He had her calmed down and eating out of his hand.

"We'll have a meeting, all of us, and make plans," Marc Pancek told Mrs. Rizzi. "As soon as we have had dinner. I cannot think well, before dinner. But be brave, my dear lady. You have so much courage —during the war years. Now you can be brave for us, yes?"

He smiled at her, and I give you my word she almost purred at him.

I tiptoed out of the room, feeling that he deserved his dinner. I wasn't sure why he was being so helpful, but I could use it.

Cathie and Stan came out to the kitchen, so bright-eyed and absent-minded that they were no help at all, and I sent them off They might as well have a few happy moments, I figured, before Mrs. Rizzi broke out of control and got the police after Cathie.

At dinner, the most disturbing person present was not Mrs. Rizzi after all, but Yola, who watched Cathie and Stan with a vindictive glance. Maybe it wasn't so smart, Cathie and Stan looking so pleased with life. Because Yola's vanity had been hurt, and now she realized that she had no chance of interesting Stan. I thought she'd like to claw Cathie a bit for vengeance.

Sure enough, we'd barely scraped up the last of our gingerbread and whipped cream, when Yola opened fire.

"We can't go on, penned up in the house this way," Yola began. That caught Mrs. Rizzi's attention.

Mrs. Rizzi stared at Cathie with bright malice. "We can stay here a year, until this Cathie chooses to return what she stole."

"That's a lie—" Stan said hotly.

Yola spoke again, her voice creaming around Mrs. Rizzi. "It is a silly plan, searching, searching. Talking, talking. They are all afraid to get the police, they are afraid of what will be found out."

"We are not afraid," I retorted. And yet I knew it was true, that I was afraid for Cathie.

"I'm sick of all this talk. I am phoning the police now," Yola said.

"You're doing nothing of the kind," Stan told her.

"No? Then listen to me—" said Yola. She whirled out of her chair and toward the hall where the telephone was.

Stan was after her rapidly, and Cathie and Mrs. Rizzi followed. Marc Pancek followed slowly, leaning on a cane I'd found for him. I just sat there, listening to the confused voices in the hall, wishing I knew what to do. For once in my life, I wished desperately that Bill were there to help me.

I was shocked out of my seat by a sound, the now familiar sound of Mrs. Rizzi's screams, no less piercing because I'd heard them before. Running into the hall, I found Yola and Stan in front of the telephone, turned to look up the stairway. And I went right on running up the stairway.

■ WHEN I reached her room, I found some excuse for her. Whoever had been looking through her things had done a thorough job. All the clothes from the closet were piled in the middle of the floor. The bureau drawers had been emptied on the bed, and then pawed through. And someone had frenziedly torn up the rugs and then flung them down behind the door.

"This place is cursed," said Mrs. Rizzi in a voice shrill with hysteria. She opened her mouth as if to scream again, and made no sound at all, and stood there clawing at her throat. She swayed as she stood, and her eyes were wild.

"Run and phone Doctor Bill," I told Cathie, who stood in the doorway.

"Don't you throw cold water on her?" Stan asked. "Bill would give her a shot of something, I guess."

"Leave the doctoring to your brother," I said. "And get those things off the bed."

Stan shoved the pile off the bed, a tangled mass of lingerie, toilet articles and scarves. I managed to get Mrs. Rizzi to lie down. I was giving her a drink of water when Bill arrived and told us all to clear out of the room. I was thankful to have him take over, and decided to go somewhere and sit down and be very quiet indeed for a little while.

I got as far as halfway down the front stairs, when a new uproar broke out below. I found Stan and Cathie, on the front porch, with Marc Pancek between them.

"He was running away," Cathie said breathlessly. "I saw (*Continued on page* 66)

Gather 'round, mothers! Here's a great idea in baby feeding...

it's CLAPP'S "MEAL-IN-A-DISH"!

Just think of it, mothers . . .

. . . here in ONE dish is a wonderful *balanced* combination of meat and carefully-selected vegetables. All pressure-cooked and strained . . . ready to serve as a nourishing meal for your baby.

That's Clapp's "Meal-in-a-Dish"! And Clapp's has five different kinds.

Take Clapp's Vegetables-with-Beef, for instance . . . There's *beef*—specially lean and tender, and a *garden assortment of vegetables* . . . red-ripe tomatoes, carrots, celery, potatoes, cabbage—and rice and barley.

Remember, there are five "Meal-in-a-Dish" treats brought you by Clapp's . . .

1. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Liver (*Liver Soup*)
2. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Beef
3. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Lamb
4. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Bacon
5. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Chicken (*Chicken Soup*)

They're all made as only Clapp's can make baby foods, as Clapp's has made baby foods for two generations of babies to thrive on.

Get your baby a week's supply of Clapp's "Meal-in-a-Dish" treats at your grocer's today.

Start your baby on CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

the first baby foods

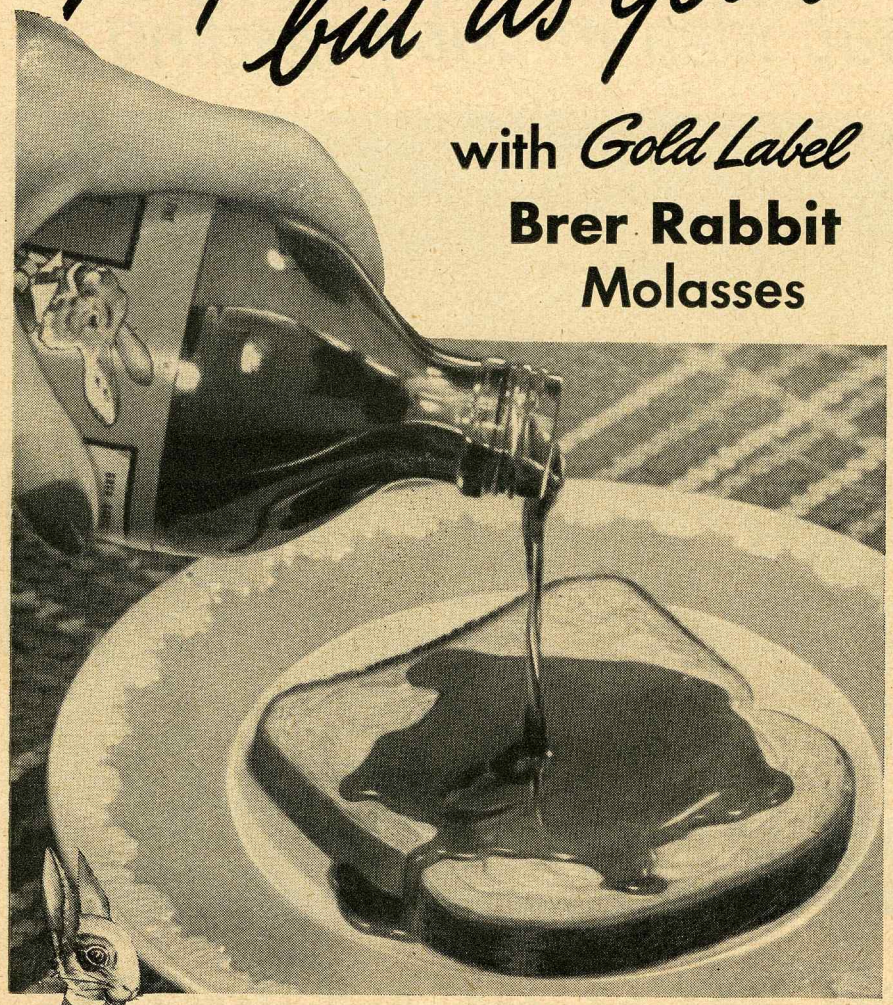
CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS ★ JUNIOR FOODS ★ BABY CEREALS

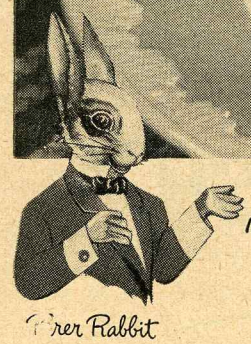
PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS.

T
S

My—but it's good

with *Gold Label* Brer Rabbit Molasses





Brer Rabbit

"Satisfy your family's sugar-hunger with my mild and sweet molasses"

Why let shortages deprive your family of the sweets they need for energy? Let them enjoy *Gold Label* Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Gold Label Brer Rabbit is highest quality, *light* molasses. Deliciously *mild*—and sweet. Over 60% natural sugar—straight from the sugar cane.

On pancakes, waffles, French toast, hot and cold cereals, this mild, sweet molasses is a tongue-teasing delight for the whole family.

As a spread for bread—youngsters love it after school or when they're hungry between meals. And it gives them extra iron they need!

For cooking, *Gold Label* Brer Rabbit Molasses gives a *delicate* molasses flavor. If you prefer a *richer* molasses flavor, use *Green Label* Brer Rabbit.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Rich in Iron

Iron is needed for good red blood!

(*Continued from page* 64) him go out the door. Stan and I caught him on the steps."

Marc Pancek smiled at me, as charmingly as ever. "I cannot run, with this ankle," he explained. "So of course, they stopped me." He had his hat and coat on, and he had his two bags with him.

"But why were you going?" I asked.

Mr. Pancek bowed slightly. "I expected a rest," he told me. "I do not find this place restful."

"You said a mouthful," said Stan. "And you wouldn't be carrying any of that jewelry off, in your pockets, would you?"

"I insist that you search," Mr. Pancek answered obligingly.

He and Stan retired to the kitchen, and came back shortly, Mr. Pancek looking forgiving, and Stan looking annoyed. Nevertheless, Stan searched Mr. Pancek's bags.

Bill came downstairs as this was being finished. "Now what?" asked Bill.

When the latest development had been explained, he asked Marc Pancek if he would be good enough not to leave for a couple of hours. "The police will want to question you, as a matter of form," Bill said.

Mr. Pancek shrugged. "I am no longer surprised at anything."

"You're lucky," said Bill.

"You're—getting the State Police?" I said to Bill.

He nodded soberly. "We've got to now."

■ HE WENT over to his car and got in, switching on the lights, and I realized that it was almost dark now. Stan ran to the car, calling to him to wait.

Wearily, I went back into the house to find Cathie and warn her to brace herself for questions.

There was no one in the parlor, or the dining-room. If everyone was upstairs, they were being mighty quiet.

Then the quiet was thoroughly broken by a crash in the cellar that sounded as if the entire fruit shelf had broken, and all my jars of jam had hit the floor at once.

I smashed the swinging door back, and was in the kitchen. The cellar door stood open, and there was a light on down there. I ran across and started down the cellar steps without stopping to think.

Of course I know my own cellar steps by heart, and I can go down them pretty fast, if necessary. But I was peering ahead, to see who was down there, to see what had caused that crash.

So it was too late when I looked down at the steps, when I was nearly at the bottom, and saw the deluge of broken china and glass.

My foot hit the tray before I could stop, and I went down the last three steps as if I were coasting on a sled.

I hit some broken glass, I could feel the scratch on my chin, and as I lay there trying to catch my breath, I saw blood on the floor. I was bleeding pretty hard, for something that didn't hurt much at all, and I rubbed my chin to make sure that was where all the red was coming from.

It must have been a vivid sight that Bill saw, when he came galloping down the cellar steps, pausing an instant to pick his way among the china and glass. I was staring at the blood on my fingers, still a little dazed from the suddenness of my fall, and for an instant I didn't answer Bill.

"Lucinda, for God's sake," Bill said. "Darling—"

I looked up at him, expecting him to feel my pulse or something. Instead, he kissed me. And after he had started he didn't stop.

"Hey—" said Stan from the stairway. "What gives? First aid to the injured, I don't think."

Bill straightened up, at least part way. "No bones broken," Bill said.

"How do you know?" I asked him.

Bill just grinned at me. "You wouldn't kiss me like that, (*Continued on page* 69)

Finest way to ring the bell with a New Easter Brunch

Finest

RECIPE FOR CITRUS DELIGHT

Grape juice Lime slices
Stokely's *Finest* Citrusip

Combine equal parts grape juice and water; pour in freezing tray of refrigerator. Freeze into cubes. Pour chilled Citrusip into glasses; add grape juice cubes and lime slices. Then sip the first cool swallows, and enjoy this magical mingling . . . sunshiny, sparkling orange juice blended with the stimulating tang of grapefruit juice. Yes, Citrusip is a combination that can't fail to say "come hither" to hunger. For each inviting fruit is gathered at its juice-brimming best . . . then delivered posthaste to the nearby cannery where it is promptly pressed and packed. So every drop of lively, fresh flavor is locked into *nothing but the finest* juices . . . Stokely's *Finest*. Serve them soon.

Stokely's *Finest*

ALWAYS DELICIOUS

Products of
Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., Indianapolis
and Stokely-Van Camp of Canada, Ltd.

I'LL SAY RINSO'S TRIPLE-ACTION SUDS GETS OUT STUBBORN DIRT —FAST!

says Mrs. Edward D. Cone of Bloomfield, N.J.

RINSO'S FORMULA GIVES YOU ALL 3—

1. **SOAPY-RICH BASE**—makes suds that drive deep down—gets out stubborn dirt without hard rubbing or scrubbing.
2. **SUDS-BOOSTER**—even in hard water you get heaps of hard-working suds—and FAST!
3. **GREASE-CHASER**—goes after grease and grime—but it's easy on the hands—helps prevent yellowing of clothes, too!

Bring on your big washes—table linens, shirts, dresses, towels, even extra-dirty work clothes and play clothes. Rinso's soapy-rich suds drive deep down and get out that stubborn dirt fast—easy—safe!

Rinso's soapy-rich suds *float* the dirt right out. Your whites come out a sparkling, snowy, Rinso White. And your gay washable colors stay bright as new after dozens and dozens of Rinso washings.

ANYONE CAN GET A WASH THAT'S

T S

RINSO IS A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

(*Continued from page* 66) with a broken leg," he said.

"A fine doctor you are—" I began, and then the uselessness of trying to explain away the situation stopped me. I certainly hadn't resisted Bill.

Cathie and Mrs. Rizzi were coming down the steps. "Whatever is all this broken stuff—" said Cathie.

Bill said slowly, "Looks as if somebody dropped a whole tray full of china."

"But why?" Cathie said.

Stan said suddenly, "Maybe somebody wanted us to hear it. Maybe—"

He thrust his way between Mrs. Rizzi and Cathie, and disappeared into the kitchen. Now what had he gone after?

I started to get up, and Bill helped me. He wiped off my chin, and inspected it.

"Black courtplaster?" he inquired. "That would look very striking."

I disregarded that. "Where's Pancek?" I asked. "Where's Yola?"

I determinedly climbed up the steps to the kitchen, with Cathie and Mrs. Rizzi preceding me, and Bill following closely. Whatever was going on, I was thoroughly tired of it all.

I led the way through the hall. "Stan—" I called.

■ THERE WAS no answer, and I started up the steps to the second floor. I was nearly to the top, when I heard Yola's voice raised furiously.

"Let me go—" she was crying. "Let me go." And then her voice climbed higher. "Marc—" she called. "Marc—"

I had just time to be surprised that she had got well enough acquainted with Marc Pancek to call him by his first name. Now I thought of it, I hadn't seen the two of them exchange a single word. Then Yola ran into the upper hall, out of Mrs. Rizzi's room, and Stan came close behind her. In fact, he had her by the shoulders and was shoving her.

"Kick me, would you?" he said between his teeth.

He spun her around to face me and the others close behind me. Yola was dressed in a suit and hat, she even had gloves on.

"Yola was leaving us," Stan said dryly. "But she wanted to take a souvenir with her." He shook her, not gently. "Let go of it, Yola."

Yola kicked back at him swiftly, but he was ready for her.

He thrust her away from him, and his right hand slipped down to her right wrist and locked there. I saw that she had her hand clenched tight. Stan gave her wrist a twist, and she opened her fingers. Two small objects dropped to the floor.

One was a key. The other—even ten feet away, it flashed at me with red and green sparks, it glowed with white light—Mrs. Rizzi's diamond fox. In all my life I'd never seen so many diamonds all together.

Mrs. Rizzi swooped down and picked it up. She held it in her cupped hands, crooning over it.

"It is worth more than all the other jewelry together," she said softly. "Little beast—now I have you again—"

"Where?" I said. "How did you know, Stan?"

Marc Pancek's voice followed mine. "What is happening here?" He came slowly up the stairway.

Stan let go of Yola. "I remembered—suddenly, that we had left Mrs. Rizzi in her room—but there had been a crash in the cellar, obviously done to attract attention. Why else would anyone be fooling around with dishes? Well then—if we were all chasing to the cellar—someone wanted the coast clear somewhere else. Mrs. Rizzi was there. I wondered—maybe someone wanted to get Mrs. Rizzi out of her room, and the rest of us downstairs."

"Well? Go on," Bill said impatiently.

So I'll Live in California ...With You

At Pasadena Playhouse, we'd seen "make-believe" love. But—*"This is it! This is real,"* you said, *"the way your soft hands make me feel."*...Her hands were deliciously soft. Like Hollywood Stars, she uses Jergens Lotion.

Orange grove in bloom. *"Bride's flowers,"* you said. *"Darling, do I keep these soft hands for life?"* 'Deed you do, dear. And I'll trust Jergens to keep my hands soft.

The most darling women trust Jergens Lotion hand care. Hollywood Stars use Jergens, 7 to 1.

How about you? Your hands feel even sweeter, smoother, softer now, using Jergens Lotion; it's even finer now, due to wartime research. Protects longer, too, against unlucky roughness.

Know what? Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are such whizzes at skin-smoothing that many doctors use them. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

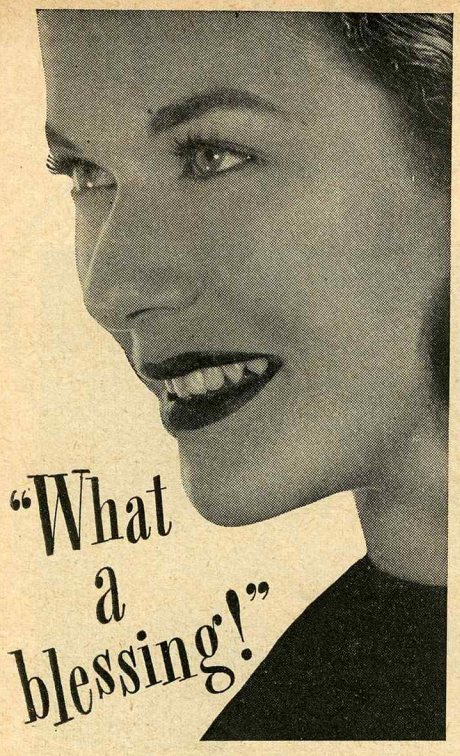
FREE

YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is now finer than ever. Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) Box 27, Dept. **96**, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name, address plainly.) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)



"What a blessing!"

Can you blame a girl for feeling elated on the day she discovers Tampax? On the day she really proves to herself how easy and neat this kind of monthly protection can be—worn internally, invisible in use and not even felt when in place . . . "What a blessing!" You can say this and say it again, every time that you remember the discarded belts, pins and other external rigging!

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is modern and streamlined in every respect. Its absorbency is provided by pure surgical cotton contained in smooth, slim applicators. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, for daintiness is the motto. No odor; no chafing; easy disposal. No embarrassing bulges or ridges under the clothing.

Tampax is comfortable at all times. *Just think of the difference* as compared with older, more familiar methods. A whole month's quota will slide into your purse. . . . At drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit personal needs on different days. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

"I found Yola, feeling carefully behind a picture on Mrs. Rizzi's wall," Stan said. "And after a few remarks from Yola, it's easy now to see what happened. Yola stole the key, and she also took the diamond fox. She hid the pin and the key behind the picture, where they wouldn't be found on her. The earrings she carried off at the last minute, not having time to hide them. But—she didn't take the bulk of the jewelry—she wanted an alibi, while that was being taken."

"How do you know she didn't?" Cathie asked.

"Because I know where the rest of the jewelry is," Stan said. "I found it."

Marc Pancek thrust his way past me. He bore down on Yola.

"So you were double-crossing me—I thought so," he told her savagely. "You kept the diamond fox, and didn't tell me."

"You fool," Yola exclaimed. "What are you talking for?"

"Because it is no use not to talk," Pancek told her. "Because Stan tells the truth, that he found the rest of the jewelry in my car. I saw him bring it in, while his brother went to the cellar."

Yola and Marc had planned the theft together. Yola stole the key and hid it, but couldn't resist the diamond fox. Marc had come to the house earlier than his scheduled arrival. He had found Mrs. Rizzi's room as Yola had described it, unlocked, and had taken the jewelry. Then he had struck me in the kitchen, before I could see his face. He'd hidden the jewelry in his car, and then come back later and made his official entrance—to try again for the diamond fox.

He had planned to stay overnight, in case his first search for the jewelry proved unsuccessful. And he had stayed, stubbornly determined to find out what had happened to the most valuable piece, suspecting Yola. Yola had stayed, because of Stan. She had lost one earring and planted the other in Cathie's room. Now—she had tried to take the diamond pin and go.

"Where was Pancek's car?" I asked Stan finally.

He grinned. "Out in your shed. Bill saw it and told me there was a car out there. I went to see. That was why I was late getting to the cellar, Lucinda."

I wondered now why I hadn't been suspicious, when Pancek arrived in the storm, and said he'd left his car such a distance from the house. There he'd been, wandering around the neighborhood, and he could perfectly well have been there for hours. But he'd come officially after the theft was over, and what with all the excitement and his being so wet, he'd seemed perfectly harmless to me. I also thought, wryly, that I should have noticed that he and Yola paid too little attention to each other, to be normal. No man would be likely to overlook Yola. And he'd been so helpful, coaxing Mrs. Rizzi not to call the police.

My attention swerved back to Stan. He was going toward Mrs. Rizzi.

"Here—" he said. "Hold out your hands."

He began pulling her jewelry nonchalantly out of his pockets. He spilled it all in her hands, and it streamed down on the floor, sparkling so I stared at it in fascination. No wonder Yola and Marc had heard of it, along the refugee grapevine.

Bill spoke up. "What are you going to do about Yola and Marc, Mrs. Rizzi?"

Mrs. Rizzi looked vaguely at the two of them. "There was enough of jails for people, in Europe," she said unexpectedly. "Let them go away."

She beamed at us all as she carried the jewelry away to her room. We all heard the key turn firmly in the lock.

"Wasn't Stan marvelous?" Cathie asked me. "Wasn't it wonderful the way he—"

"Here—" said Stan, taking her arm. "Don't tell Lucinda about it. Tell me." And he led her downstairs, and from what I heard, she was making it very clear how wonderful she thought he was.

I looked at Bill and he looked at me.

"Your chin is bleeding again," he remarked unromantically.

But I remembered what had happened at the foot of the cellar stairs. Not a beautiful place, to have Bill kiss me. But I didn't care about that.

"You and your boarders," said Bill. "The way you keep me chasing over here, I might as well move my office here." He looked at me again. "Or you could move over to my house, after we were married, of course."

There he went, planning my life for me, and I tried to find my usual stubbornness. But it had got lost among the recent events.

"You need a man around, Lucinda," Bill said, and even that didn't make me mad. "Don't you?" said Bill. "Lucinda?"

"I guess I need a doctor—" I said.

Bill moved very rapidly when I said that. He was beside me without any delay at all.

"Your chin is bleeding, darling," he said, but he didn't do anything about it at all. He kissed me, instead. Which was what I wanted, anyway.

FOR A ROLLICKING BARREL OF FUN ***tune in***

THE TRUE STORY OF

GEORGE GRACIE

burns & allen

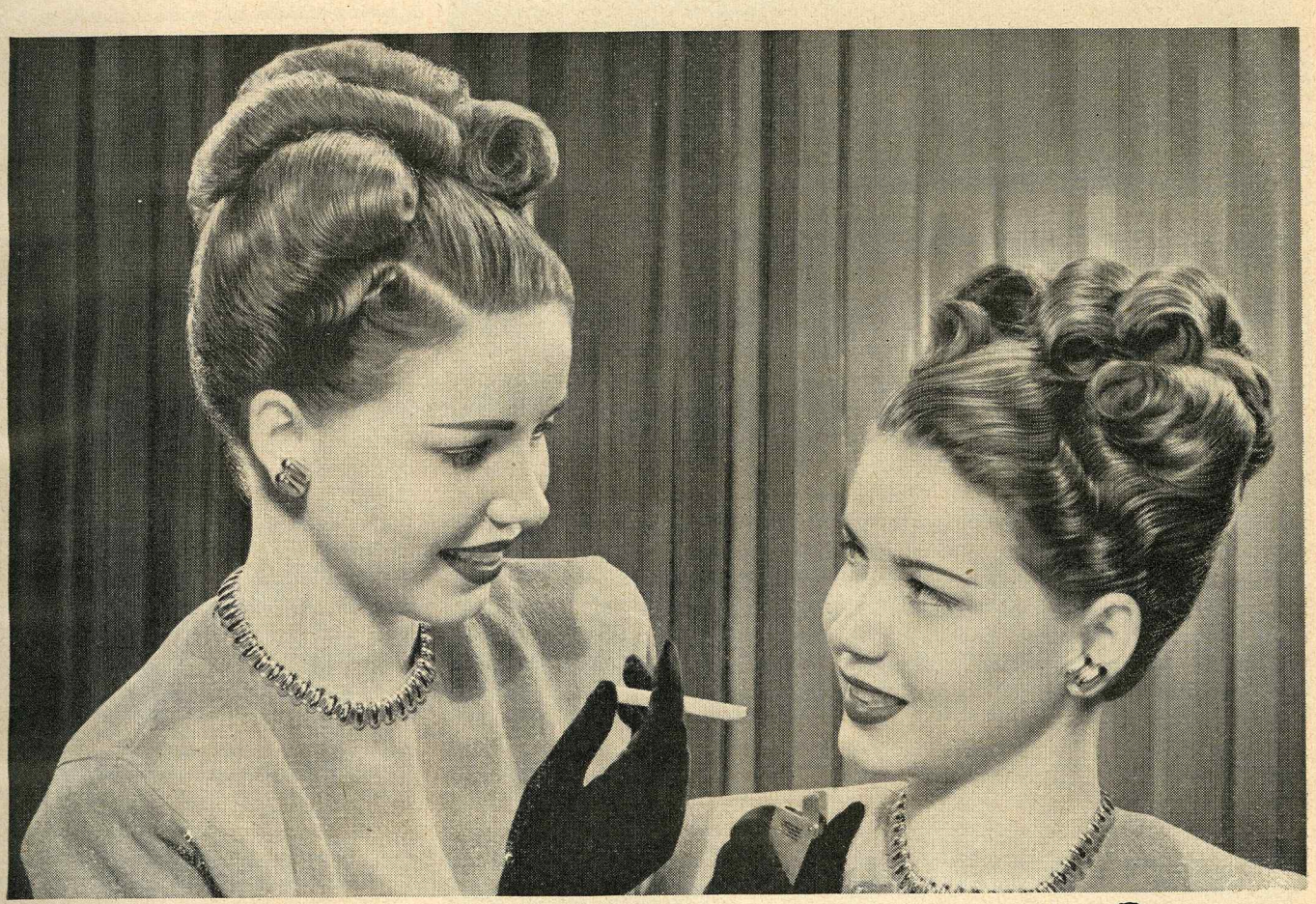
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY **20**

ON ALL **NBC** STATIONS

8:30 E.S.T. **7:30 C.S.T.** **6:30 M.S.T.** **9:00 P.S.T.**

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop ? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)



Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Take a tip from the Toni Twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . give yourself a Toni Home Permanent today . . . and look lovelier tonight. It's this easy:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, dabbing on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

With your hair set, step to the mirror and admire your new Toni Permanent. See the deep, wonderful waves. Feel the silky softness of your hair. Notice its radiant natural luster. Toni is a *Creme* Lotion that gently coaxes your hair into deep waves that are frizz-free and easy to manage from the start. And they last as long as a $15 permanent.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. Every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. So ask for the *Toni* Home Permanent Kit. On sale at leading cosmetic, drug and notion counters.

Kathleene, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent is on the right above. Did you guess?

Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in

Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

$1.25 plus tax

T
S.

"Problem Hair"
made Lovely again

Discouraged by dull, lifeless, listless hair? Then start shampooing with Admiracion. Its luxurious cleansing lather wakes all the luster—all the lovely, glamorous highlights now dimmed by film, dirt or loose dandruff. Get Admiracion at your favorite toilet counter or hairdresser today.

NOW GET 7-WAY AID
TO HAIR BEAUTY

More luster . . . no film
Hair easier to manage
Removes loose dandruff
Rinses out quickly
Easy to apply
Works in hard water
Does not dry hair

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ADMIRACION Shampoo

TO SOFTEN WIRY OR HEAVY HAIR USE ADMIRACION "NO LATHER" SHAMPOO

MR. CHEN MAKES HIS WILL

(*Continued from page* 47) I decided to visit the doctor.

Chen was not surprised that doctor gave good report. For man well over seventy, Chen was in fine condition. "Old wife," I explained, "worries."

Doctor's gray eyes twinkled. "Mrs. Chen welcomes chance to place soft slippers by your chair, h'm? Permit pampering a little, old friend. It will give her pleasure and do no great harm."

We bowed gravely, understanding one another. I hurried home with an armful of blue iris and yellow jonquils. "No need for fears," I waved to Mrs. Chen.

A small hand gripped mine fiercely. Such anxiety is sweet, but I must not permit it to remain. I lifted her chin and smiled into her troubled eyes. Strange! At such a moment, years of devotion and hardship fell away, and I saw a young Mrs. Chen, color fluttering in her smooth cheeks. My heart echoed words, fifty years old: "You coughed all night, young husband. I am troubled."

■ "AND YOU rose a dozen times to bring hot lemon drink."

"You must stay in bed, Mr. Chen. Today, I will have charge of our store." A single basket of cheap goods—that was *then* the Chen store, to be respected and loved, watered with tears, and prayed over!

Never, even in desperate moments, did Mrs. Chen lose faith in the dream I had planted in her heart before our marriage day. Small and rounded and lovely, she looked, and very earnest, as I spoke of grandfather's shop in China. Having but a few borrowed dollars, I had audacious plan to build similar one in America. "You take chance," I said, "for young man has nothing but strong back and keen eyesight."

Her head lifted. "I am not educated as you are, Mr. Chen, but you offer right to walk by your side. You give me a store." Her eyelids dropped as though California sunlight was too strong. "Very proud to follow your caravan and bear your children."

Today, in Mrs. Chen's eyes, still shone the same steadfast light. She had shared the long road. How foolish, selfish too, for old man to make his will without her help! "Is this not time," I asked, "to put my house in order? I have all my wits about me, Mrs. Chen. Tired old man, sick perhaps, could not dispose of property as wisely as he should. What have we built, and how shall it be divided when day comes to step into new picture?"

She gave no answer. Least mention of the subject distressed her. Such disapproval lay heavily on my heart. Was guile not needed, I wondered, as I sat reading one evening. A cushion was stuffed into the hollow of my back and Al-lang sat down, drawing close so the lamp might shine bright on the lace mat she darned.

I turned pages, read aloud a fine old recipe for eels and water chestnuts, with noodles cut long to ensure many years of life. "Does mouth not water?" I smiled. "This is old scholar's book, illustrated with humor. It shall be marked in will for son, Wen-ping."

Al-lang's needle flashed. "Because he chose restaurant when he might have worked in father's store?"

"Old bitterness is long forgotten."

She nodded. "Yes, and son and wife are prosperous."

Their road had not been entirely smooth. When Wen-ping took over the restaurant, on his father-in-law's death, there had been many quarrels between him and his young,

American-born wife. She constantly sought to westernize the restaurant. Wen-ping had sailed in merchant ships to China and developed love for ancient Chinese foods. In the end, compromise was effected. Wen-ping would prize old recipes, I said.

Mrs. Chen reached out a hand. "If valuable book were willed to Wen-ping's wife by honored father-in-law, would it not be source of pride to her? Soon, I think, wife would instruct husband in art of ancient Chinese cooking," Al-lang's face dimpled, "thus pleasing both first-born and wife. Book should go to Chen Sophy."

"Perhaps," I agreed solemnly. "I will think it over." My heart was chuckling. Already she had become partner in writing of will. "There is other property," I said, "as well as store, laundry at Hoffman's Point on Wong Street, apartment house."

The flush had died from Al-lang's face. "My husband did not consult me in purchase of apartment house," she said.

I knew the hurt no longer pierced. "Chen was foolish," I smiled, "since wife's presence alone made smallest room home for growing family. Tomorrow is day for rent collection. We shall go together."

"Son John was born in cottage at Hoffman's Point." Mrs. Chen folded her lace mat and stood up, her face serene. "He is now famous photographer and would have no use for home at Hoffman's Point."

"Perhaps you are wrong," I said. "In small garden John watched his mother's wash flapping on the line each day, white against blue sky. Maybe first seeds of talent implanted then."

"He saw his father trudge in with heavy bundles, not too proud to push small cart. How weary you were each sunset."

"Old husband dug the earth for my vegetables, raked and crumbled with his fingers. Ah, Mr. Chen, much joy those days, Wen-ping and daughters, May and Rose, already steady on their legs, running and shouting." She laughed, then turned from me and was silent.

The years, living out at Hoffman's Point, might glow in memory but, in fact, they were hardest in Chen's life. It meant exile from his store. Three small children and one to be added! Chen not yet thirty but a failure. Bitterest pill of all, the knowledge that he had touched success and now, because of his foolishness, all the hard work was washed away, leaving no record of progress from small sidewalk store to real shop, with Chen's name cut on a shingle.

■ WITH EACH step upward, quality of good had improved. Porcelain of better grade and mellower tones stood on red lacquer shelves, silk screen replaced paper.

Was Chen overconfident, conceited, weak before flattery? All these. He took gambling chances, never guessed that rival merchant was quietly strangling him, while he spoke friendly words. Debts mounted and one day Chen, confused and angry, discovered brother merchant had plucked him clean. At lowest ebb, Mrs. Chen counseled, "We are young. Opportunity will come again."

"The Chen store is gone," I told her angrily. I did not weep, packing wicker baskets with curios that were no longer mine, but tears were in my heart.

We bound our personal belongings onto a small cart, perched younger children and birdcage on top of chairs and bedding, and left the narrow street that had seemed the very threshold of success. To the chattering children, this was adventure.

Sun came out as we trudged on. The cottage we'd rented for almost nothing at Hoffman's Point was tumble-down and inconvenient, but the section had not grown up. There was green to rest the eye and good air to breathe. Mrs. Chen made game of picnic life.

Each day I made the round with my cart.

"Whoa, Mom! Can't you take it?"

BABY: Shame, mom! You said you'd like to have a baby's easy life—but now that we've changed places, you *fuss!*

MOM: D'you blame me, lamb? These straps! This wriggling around! If *I'm* uncomfortable, how does *your* tender skin stand it?

BABY: Stand it? Mommy, I'm miserable! And now *you* know, too, why babies need Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Honey, I'll *get* 'em—quick! Then what do I do?

BABY: Just this, Mom. After my bath, protect my skin all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. And don't forget to use it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation"!

Other times, I'll thank you for soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to help keep chafes and prickles away!

MOM: I haven't been a careful mother, have I? Watch me *reform!*

BABY: Watch *me* reform too! With Johnson's to take care of my skin, I won't have half as many howls coming!

Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson

I've taken out "flavor-insurance"!

It's my department to make that man in my life love leftovers. So I've taken out flavor-insurance! This ham for instance—the minute I take it off the table I wrap it in Cut-Rite. Extra-heavy Cut-Rite helps keep flavor-stealing air out, good food flavor in.

That goes for all my leftovers. One thickness of *waxed-through* Cut-Rite keeps them fresh as first serving.

So I'm a Cut-Rite cook . . . because even my fussy Bill gobbles up left-overs flavor-saved by Cut-Rite—like my Savory Ham Casserole. Try it as a starter for *your* Cut-Rite cooking! A **Scott Paper Product.**

THE BOX WITH THE FAMOUS CUTTING EDGE . . .

SAVORY HAM CASSEROLE

Flavor-Saved by Cut-Rite

1 slice ham 1 inch thick
2 large onions, sliced thin
¼ cup green pepper, chopped
1 #2 can tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Arrange onions in baking dish. Cut slice from ham which has been wrapped in flavor-saving Cut-Rite and place on onions. Then sprinkle with green pepper. Add seasonings to tomatoes and pour over all. Bake about 1 hour in moderate oven (375°F.).

"Cut-Rite" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

To save pot-scouring, keep the pan clean as a whistle . . . melt chocolate in extra-heavy Cut-Rite in the top of your double boiler.

To save dishes . . . get extra ice-box space wrap celery . . . or half a lemon . . . in waxed-through Cut-Rite. Tears evenly, easily.

At this period we had nothing to sell save our hands' work. Two families trusted us with their wash. Later, because we were careful and cheap, we built up a small circle. Mrs. Chen was excellent needle-woman, and ladies paid for her mending. Now four children's mouths to feed.

Slowly dollars collected. All that remained of the Chen store was a memory in our hearts and the small ivory Kwan Yin goddess, that Mrs. Chen had wrapped in her blue cotton coat and carried away from town. At first, we spoke of our store as though it were living child. So fervently Al-lang believed we would return, I was able to hush despair in my heart.

One picture I remember—Mrs. Chen at the head of the table supervising children's supper. Candlelight twinkled on blue bowls of soup and little red cups. I stood at the door, tired and dusty, behind me the wagon with its bundles of soiled laundry.

Heartsick, I listened to first daughter say in Chinese, "But honorable father is laundry boy. In school, children say so."

■ A SPOON struck the bare wooden table. Al-lang stood up, bristling like a fierce young gamecock. "Your father is merchant, important merchant. Never forget. Tomorrow we will bring out the sign." She had refused to part with lacquered shingle that had hung outside our shop. Courage rang in her voice, anger sparked in her eyes. "Chen is merchant," she said again.

"But now laundry boy," daughter insisted.

"Tch!" A small tiger leaned across the table. "What is *now*? A year, perhaps three. Or what matter? It is so you children may eat. After that, a big store with your father's name in large letters. 'Importer of Rare Goods from China!' Chen is merchant. Do you forget beautiful store with red shelves? Your father in silk coat?"

"I do not forget," said stolid Wen-ping.

I pushed the cart into the barn and pumped water to splash my face. In the darkening sky a few stars shone. "Merchant," I said under my breath. A fierce nostalgia shook me for the feel of exquisite silk, the velvety touch of ancient porcelain, the companionship of old writing tablets.

I knew I was a failure, but wife did not. In our bare sleeping room the Chen store lived. A single ivory goddess and Chen's name, painted on a sign, was proof. Mrs. Chen was mother, even to our shop. Her hope and faith still nourished little ghost.

Despite hard work, I think Al-lang was at height of her young beauty, small daughter tugging at her trousered legs, new son cradled in her arms.

Once a month, on Sundays, we picnicked, sailed the children's boats on a little stream, came home filled with sun and air and quiet content. At the end of such day, we could talk quietly of the store, remind each other savings were mounting, for we were frugal.

After four years, it was possible to return. I found fine location for new Chen store on a small street just off wide square. Families, whose laundry we'd delivered faithfully each week, were sorry to see us go, but rejoiced, too, in our good fortune. With singing heart I made my rounds. "I open a store in town," I told customers. "I hope you visit one day," I smiled.

"Good luck, Chen! Gee, we'll miss you, but here's good luck!"

When I reached home, first daughter was weeping, holding hand to her ear. In the morning she was worse. We were packed to leave, but first I carried sick child to doctor.

There was sad and terrifying moment, when we learned that operation was necessary and weeks in hospital. Mrs. Chen's eyes met mine. For a single breath there was balanced in air Chen's store and daughter's chance. Together we bowed before doctor.

I went back to cottage while Mrs. Chen remained at hospital. The next morning I pushed the small cart along the country roads to pick up laundry. *If you want store now, work twice as hard,* I told my despairing heart. *Or would you be laborer all your days?*

There were moments of rebellion, meeting children's thoughtless questions, but joy bloomed when small, white-faced daughter returned to us and we watched her cheeks slowly fatten. I carried her in my arms to see a wild peach tree blossom in spring, plucked a spray for her thin fingers. She smiled and touched the flowers of my cheek. I forgot I might have been merchant in silk coat, sitting before stocked shelves.

There were days I almost became resigned to fate. Not so Al-lang. Chen's store danced before her eyes. Once again, slow hoard of dollars mounted in wooden box with twisting green dragon on the lid. Opportunity came to take over small store of merchant who was returning to China.

Scarcely believing our good fortune, we moved back to town, undaunted by narrow sunless street and sparse merchandise. Middle-aged now, the excitement and enthusiasm of youth faded a little. Still, here was living, seed-tiny to be sure! We could paint Chen name on window. Shabby, badly placed. but—*our store!*

I stood with my hand in Al-lang's, looking round, breathing in mingled scents of sandalwood, spice and incense. Up and down the steep stairway to the living quarters chased our children, in wild excitement. "Honorable father is merchant! Our father is merchant," they shouted.

"Hush," Al-lang cried, but her eyes were bright with tears. Swiftly she removed a bronze bell from place of honor in display cabinet, unwrapped the ivory goddess that had gone with us to Hoffman's Point. Smiling, she placed her on small black stand, made low bow. Then she hurried out for mops and dusters. "Let cleaning wait till tomorrow," I pleaded.

"Tomorrow the Chen store is open for business," she said with flushed cheeks.

Over the years Chen's store flourished. Two, three, six silk coats, a heavy mandarin wrap with writing gold dragon, for Chen was prospering, growing a little fat maybe. We moved to larger quarters, making new friends. Now Chen was father of four sons and two more small daughters. Cousins had arrived from China, settled down, established families. The middle years were rich as Chen's branches spread.

■ FIRST DAUGHTER, Chen May, had never been robust. It took several years to overcome the setback of her ear operation. Always, when there was sickness in the district, May seemed to fall victim. On doctor's advice, we sent her to spend long summer on a fruit farm. She returned, tanned and buoyant, a slender, graceful girl of sixteen, with delicate features, soft voice.

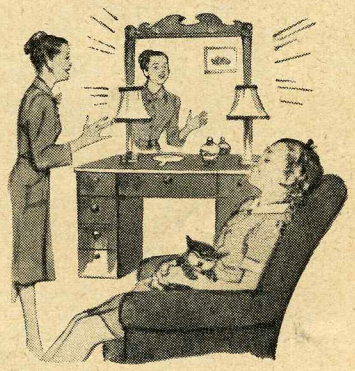
May showed promise of becoming fine artist with flair for landscape. Her favorite sketches were of the bay, with drift of fog adding mystery. Her mother and I scolded when she returned from these jaunts coughing. Young student, Sung Robert, who had high hopes of entering university, was definitely attracted. With joy, but some fear too, we watched romance bring tender curves to Chen May's lips.

Sung Robert and her painting filled her life. Despite our pleas, she carried her sketching easel out in all weathers. One day she was caught in thundering rainstorm. A germ that lay dormant, attacked her ear again and, in a month, she slipped away from us. Money could buy best advice; but could not save Chen May. No words for sadness in man's heart when he loses beloved daughter.

Grandma couldn't see the neighbors
Through the dirty pane.

Thanks to WINDEX, now her gossip's
Getting good again!

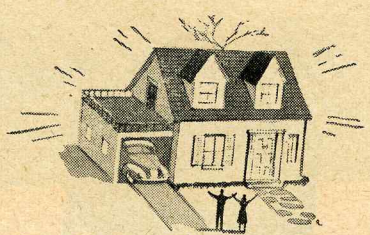
Mary's kitten haunts the mirror,
Boxing her reflection.



WINDEX gets the mirror bright
In time for Mom's inspection!

Santa Claus gave Pete a car,
The shiniest you've seen!

And Pete's got WINDEX, like his Dad,
To keep the windshield clean!



Spray it on and wipe it off—
WINDEX is a dream . . .
A lightning way to give your glass
A really *brilliant* gleam!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

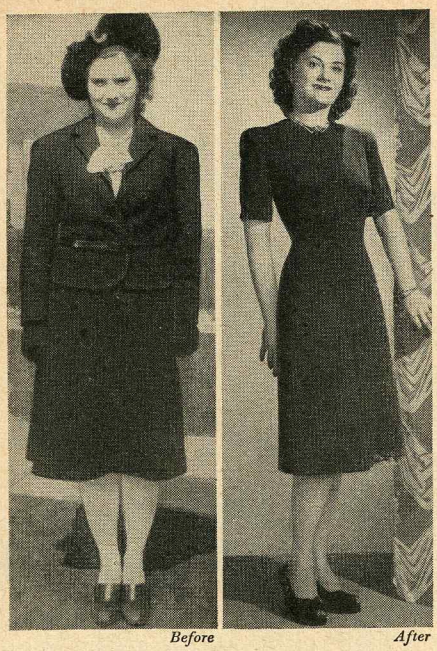
WINDEX

TRADE-MARK REG. U.S PAT. OFF. *by The Drackett Company*

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this dustless, noninflammable, oil-free cleaner. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

Costs less than a penny per window—even thriftier in the big 20-ounce size.

Copr. 1947, by The Drackett Co.



Before *After*

"This is my idea of success!"

"My husband and my son are both proud of me now," says Mrs. Mildred Smith, Cleveland, Ohio, "and that means success to a wife and mother." Mrs. Smith can be proud herself—of the way she made herself over at home, but she gives the credit to the DuBarry Success Course.

"The Course was easy," she says. "Each day was a thrilling adventure. I'm down from 150 to 116; from size 18 to size 14. My skin was never bad, but DuBarry beauty care improved it. Now I make up with skill; do my hair smartly and save beauty shop bills. I have only one regret—that I didn't start sooner."

What about YOU? Unhappy about *your* looks? The DuBarry Success Course shows *you, right at home,* how to remodel your figure, have a smooth, glowing skin, style your hair, use make-up for glamour, be at your best. It's exciting and it's fun. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Ave., New York.

FREE! *Two Beauty-Packed Booklets To Brighten Your Future—*

1 **Top Secrets from Ann Delafield**—13 wonder-working ways to help you have a lovelier face and figure.

2 **Your Face, Your Figure and Your Future**—the thrilling story of the DuBarry Success Course. How it works, what it has done for more than 300,000 others, what it can do for *you.*

Send Coupon NOW!

DuBARRY SUCCESS COURSE

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept SQ12, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York 22, New York

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

Please send me, *free,* the two booklets: "Top Secrets from Ann Delafield," and "Your Face, Your Figure and Your Future."

Miss
Mrs. _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Alone, I traveled back to Hoffman's Point and picked a branch of the wild peach tree, blooming again. I placed it in first daughter's hand, thinking of day when she held pink flowers to my cheek. Now dancing eyes were closed. If Chen gave his whole store, they would not open again.

As winds, blowing over the landscape, fade all colors, years dimmed loss. Two small daughters were growing up. Young Sung Robert still visited Chen home and, one day noticed May's little sister was beautiful, too. Indeed, she reminded us of daughter who was gone, plumper, with roguish glint in her black eyes. Would May have been glad that Robert found happiness with Chen Ann?

Mrs Chen and I asked ourselves this, as we drove out to Hoffman's Point to visit our small laundry. For years we'd derived a steady income from the plant, and now we must decide which of our children should carry it on.

The idea of the laundry had been Mrs. Chen's. Mrs. Malcolm, most generous of our old Hoffman's Point patrons, visited our store one day, bemoaning the fact that, since we'd left, they'd never found a satisfactory substitute. The district was growing, streets taking the place of scattered homes. There was good opportunity for vigorous young couple, Mrs. Malcolm said.

Chen had money in the bank. Why not buy cottage, Al-lang suggested, improve, put in manager, revive our old route?

In time new buildings became necessary, a small, well equipped laundry that we improved over the years. This was second iron in Chen's fire.

When Ann's husband, Sung Robert, had business difficulties in the depression years, I offered him position of checker and bookkeeper and he had kept it since. Robert was good husband, but lacked business enterprise. Their small home was within walking distance of the plant, and here Mrs. Chen and I stopped before going down to the laundry.

Daughter Ann, now a gracious woman of thirty-eight, had set out wine and little cakes in the small yard, where her own long-legged son and daughter were working. Robert was mending a bicycle and May painting a gnarled old fruit tree, vivid against the blue sky. As I watched the girl's thin fingers mixing paint, Ann came over and stood beside me.

"Honorable father once told me how my sister loved a peach tree growing in Hoffman's Point. I like to pretend this is the same one. Robert and I hope to build a finer house, one day, but we'll not cut down that tree."

"You're not tiring of district?" I asked.

"Oh, it's getting a little noisy and built up, but we love it."

At the laundry we spoke of Sung Robert, a thin scholarly man, wearing spectacles. He was earnest and willing but, somehow, had never made business success.

I noticed Mrs. Chen's eyes passing from his face to mine. When we entered taxi to drive home, she said: "Suppose, old man, when day comes to write the will, you leave laundry to daughter Ann and her husband?"

I shook my head, pooh-poohing the idea, though it had once crossed my mind. "Robert is steady, but lacks all push, Mrs. Chen," I said. But, the more I argued against the case, the more eager she became.

"Sung Robert has qualities of loyalty and industry. Ann has sharp mind and she could help him. Now her children are grown, time begins to hang heavily. Yes, old man, I think I am right. When I look at all our children, and the wider circle of grandchildren and nephews, I see that laundry should belong to Robert and Ann."

Back and forth we argued. Robert was not progressive, settled down too easily in routine. True, but responsibility and a little power might change that. His wife was our daughter, and she had business sense.

■ AL-LANG TOUCHED my sleeve. "Remember, old husband, when we ran laundry in Hoffman's Point, others might have judged us unsuccessful."

"Sung Robert would lose money."

The old face twinkled. "Would that trouble Mr. Chen when he was gone from scene? I think it is wise to give quiet son-in-law and beloved daughter this chance. It is possible they surprise us and make big success."

We drove in silence and then I sighed, "You have other reason, too, Mrs. Chen?"

She looked at me, happiness and sadness blending in her face. "In this way we bring joy to both daughters, old husband, for both love Sung Robert. Think, Mr. Chen, first-born daughter, too, can share in father's will. Is that not fair? Would this not be Chen May's wish?"

Al-lang leaned toward me in the taxi. In the soft afternoon light it was easy to imagine a younger face, the same sweet pleading on curved lips. In Sung Ann's garden blossomed a wild peach, that reminded old Chen of his lost daughter. She had chased shouting along this road, pigtails and pinafore flying, when it was a green field. Robert had loved Chen May. Yes, she would welcome this decision.

I shut my eyes, desiring no more conversation. Once more Mrs. Chen had played important part in drawing up her husband's will.

Had love changed over the years? Fierce delight had mellowed into gentler moods

"Gives me a glimpse into the hearts of other women..."

. . . So writes one of the thousands of fascinated listeners to **"My True Story"** Radio Program. Listen to these complete dramas of real life taken from the files of True Story magazine. True to life stories of women like your neighbors . . . or yourself!

EVERY MORNING 10:00 EST— 9:00 CST
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 11:30 MST—10:30 PST
AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY

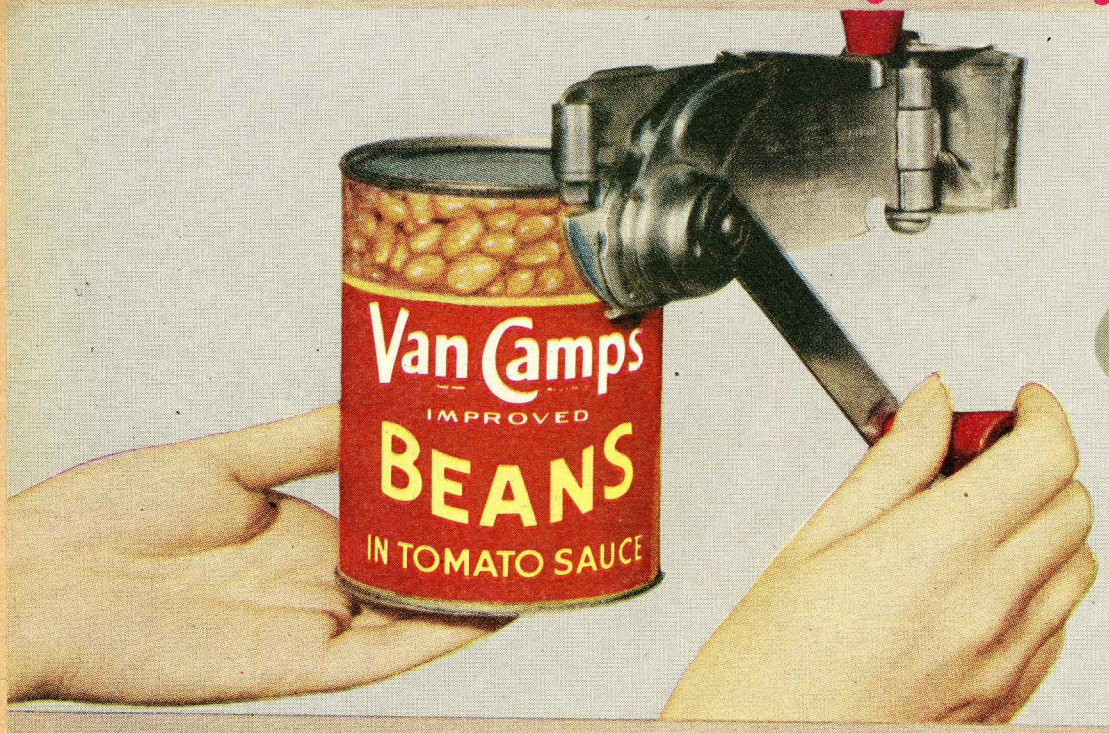
Young America loves Hot Music...
Cokes...
and the New
CUTEX
Wears...
but forever
"such
dream qleam"
"A BREEZE
TO APPLY"

Brilliant New CUTEX really rates with Young America!

College girls, career girls, high-schoolers wear it . . . love it . . . swear by its long-wearing qualities! A special ingredient, used only in the NEW CUTEX is what makes it so enduringly alluring. Test it yourself and see! Put NEW CUTEX on your one hand . . . any brand on the other. See how NEW CUTEX laughs at peeling . . . defies chipping. See if you don't love its greater luster, too!

P. S. Ask for "Deep Velvet"—the NEW after-dark shade Young America is clamoring for!

The take-it-easy way



Heat...
Eat...
Enjoy

to serve a delicious dish

Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind., and Stokely-Van Camp of Canada, Limited.

of happiness. Grandparenthood had linked us with the broader stream of family life all around. Success had come, and now we could pass on the fruits. Quietly, love had slipped on the shoes of maturity.

Not once, but several times, Chen's store went up in smoke but, from the ashes, another rose. Even the crashing disaster of an earthquake could not wreck all hope. Pictures rush back. Mrs. Chen, pushing a wicker baby carriage, collecting not only our own children, but most of the others from the neighborhood, it seemed, as we fled from the fire.

I had small packet of tea hidden in my sleeve. We brewed it in a can of water on a bare hill. Never had tea tasted sweeter than at that moment, when we knew not which way to turn.

Despite many mistakes, Chen's tree prospered. Friendships grew with American clients. Here Mrs. Chen remained in background, never losing shyness, unless her help was needed. "You are Chinese American," I told her, when she refused to take tea in George Carley's home. Mr. Carley was wealthy patron and good friend.

"You two have much to say to each other. Chen Al-lang has not your education, alas! With daughters and granddaughters it is different."

To command was useless, for Mrs. Chen was most stubborn of women, to coax might bring tears. "Old woman," I smiled, "when husband found road blocked, who discovered the one small hole through which we could creep and so march on? You are wise in your heart, Mrs. Chen."

"Pooh, old husband, flatterer comes to bad end. I have fat duck roasting in the oven and must run." Her eyes twinkled over her shoulder.

Al-lang came with me to collect rents in the six-family apartment house on Wong Street. She listened to tenants' requests, admired babies. Family life was ever vivid and exciting to her. Walking up the hill I asked, "Which of our children is best fitted to run the apartment house?"

"First-born has business head, but he is active man in restaurant, third son could learn much from listening to tenants' stories. Our daughters—could not all share interest. We will have family meeting, Mr. Chen, discuss with our children."

And so, for weeks, we planned the will together. There was the little church we loved, and the clinic where son John's eye was stitched up after a fight with a boy twice his size. Laughing, and crying too, we worked on a long list. Alas, there would be many omissions! I did not tell Mrs. Chen, of course, that her name was first on the list.

When, at last, all data reached lawyers' hands, a load rolled off my shoulders. Even loved possessions can become burden for old back, I thought, walking up the hill. Al-lang was waiting for me. "St down, old man," she urged, "and tell me what lawyer said." She was no longer unhappy, but eager participant in writing my will.

"First, that you are to come with me on next visit to office." I pulled up the dragon chair and watched sunset playing across her face. I knew that greatest of all the Chen properties was the happiness in our hearts. That we could keep.

I tapped the small hand resting on my knee. "Well, Mrs. Chen," I said, "what plans?"

"For *us*, old husband?"

"We must plan for the best years," I nodded. "Once you said you were proud to follow my caravan. Perhaps you have led it, Mrs. Chen."

SECRET GARDEN

(*Continued from page* 41) that he was tight.

But I was remembering, in a flash, the way his forehead had felt when I laid my fingers against it—the way he'd begged me to find a substitute for the party.

The music stopped. Elliot was carried off the dance floor and into a little room behind the bar which was equipped as a not inadequate hospital. A doctor was summoned and he brought Elliot around. With the help of a couple of our friends I took him home in a cab. But we'd only crossed the threshold of our living-room when he collapsed again. I sent for our own doctor, and he sent for a nurse. From then on dates were cancelled and Elliot lay quietly in bed resting—resting—resting—

There wasn't anything basically the matter. When I pointed out to the doctor that my husband had taken an extra insurance recently and had been given a clean bill of health, he admitted that the insurance examiner had been honest and able.

"There's nothing organically wrong," the doctor said slowly. "It's a case of exhaustion—exhaustion pure and simple. It's not even a nervous breakdown—although the nerves are involved, of course! It's a matter of burning the candle at both ends and a tiny bit in the middle at the same time."

Even with the doctor's warning, even with a nurse in the house, I didn't take things too seriously. Elliot was young, just a shade over thirty, men didn't begin to crack up, or women either, until they were in their fifties. My husband, I felt, would be back in the running sooner than soon—nothing to worry about at all. Of course, this was an inconvenience, and the money we were spending on medicine would mean retrenching on certain luxury items.

Yet as weeks turned into months and Elliot still rested, I began to be alarmed. Not only alarmed, but a bit annoyed. One day, when the president of the company for which he worked asked me to drop down and see him at the office, I was a bit dismayed. I put on my smartest hat and my brightest lipstick and sallied forth. My husband's boss took one look at me and suggested that we have luncheon together.

So we went to luncheon and it was over the luncheon table that the president—whose name was Mr. Salters—asked a question.

"When is Elliot coming back into the fold?" he asked.

I shrugged ever so slightly. I said, "He's much, much better, Mr. Salters, but he doesn't show any signs of being ready to return to harness."

Mr. Salters frowned. "That's unfortunate—very unfortunate, Mrs. Bartlett! You see, Elliot holds a rather vital position. He earns a large salary and he earns it because he's a necessary cog in our commercial wheel."

"Elliot will be very proud when I tell him what you've said," I murmured.

"Proud?" echoed the president. "Well, maybe." He hesitated. "Mrs. Bartlett, I'm going to put my cards down on this luncheon table, between us—Elliot's a necessary cog in our commercial wheel, as I've said. And I don't mean Elliot alone—I mean his job. If he isn't back soon, somebody else will have to play proxy—somebody else will have to act as substitute. And I can't ask a man to substitute or play proxy when the position's a key one—I must offer a permanent future. Do you follow me?"

"Yes. In words of one syllable, Elliot must come back soon, or else he's out."

The president also nodded. "Right," he said. "He's out. I'd hate to lose Elliot—he has the type of mind we like and he has personality and pep—at least he used to have pep. I'll have a hard time filling his

Unguentine is good for lots of things besides *Burns*.

Skinned knuckles for instance, scraped knees, scratches, bruises and skin irritations.

They all hurt like blazes... they all need the soothing antiseptic protection of UNGUENTINE!

- ***It relieves pain***
- ***It fights infection***
- ***It promotes healing***

In handy tubes and economical family size jars at all drug stores.

THE THING TO USE IS

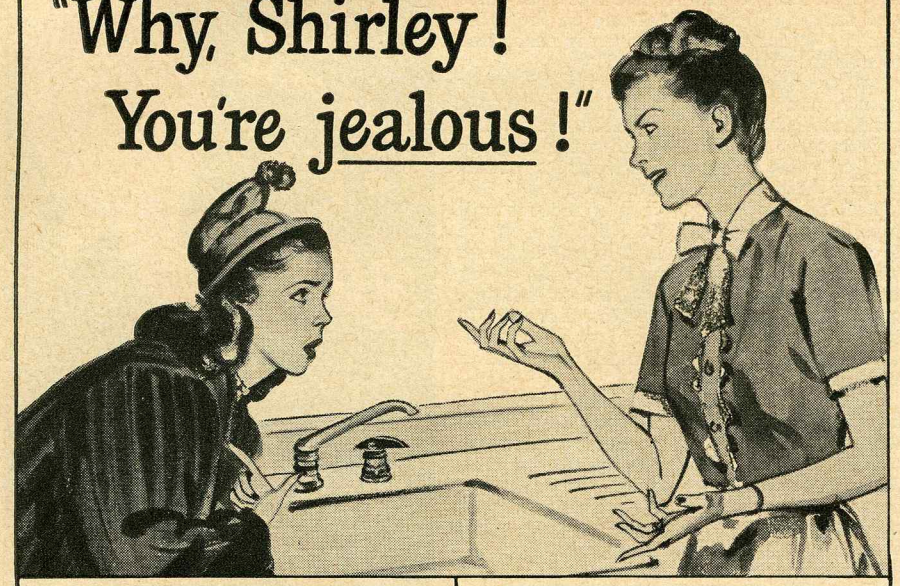
Unguentine

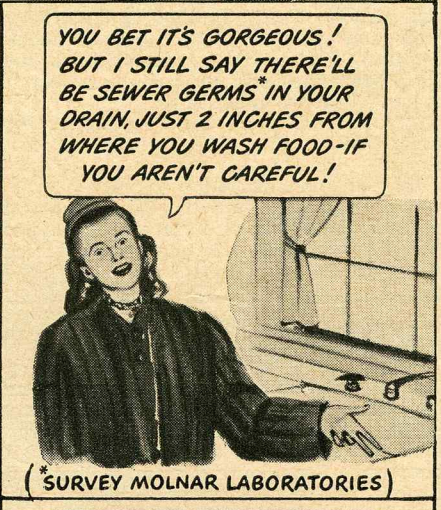
A Norwich Product

Norwich

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Why, Shirley! You're jealous!"




YOU BET IT'S GORGEOUS! BUT I STILL SAY THERE'LL BE SEWER GERMS* IN YOUR DRAIN, JUST 2 INCHES FROM WHERE YOU WASH FOOD-IF YOU AREN'T CAREFUL!
(*SURVEY MOLNAR LABORATORIES)

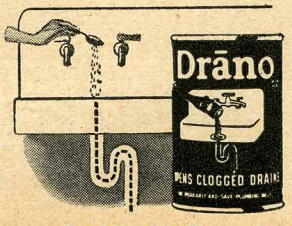
AND **Drāno** OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS, TOO!

Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, and hardware stores.

Drāno

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by The Drackett Co.

Drāno MAKES SEPTIC TANKS WORK BETTER —CUTS DOWN ODORS



Copyright 1947, by The Drackett Company

shoes, but if I don't fill them, the company will suffer and I can't let *that* happen."

I left Mr. Salters and the luncheon table in a chaotic frame of mind. I hurried home and found Elliot lying back against a pile of fluffy pillows with his eyes closed, as the nurse puttered around the room doing this and that.

"Well," I said crossly, "I've had an ultimatum served on me, dear."

Elliot opened his eyes. "You look very smart today, Agnes," he said. "Who's been serving you with ultimatums?"

"Your boss," I said, "and I won't look smart much longer if you don't snap out of this mood you're in, Elliot. Time you were pulling yourself up by your bootstraps, my dear."

The nurse rustled toward me in her white linen uniform. Rustled? She *rattled* toward me.

"Please, Mrs. Bartlett," she warned, "Mr. Bartlett's still a sick man. He can't take any disturbances right now."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but he's still my husband and I'm afraid he'll have to. Elliot, Mr. Salters is going to give your job to somebody else unless you can pull yourself together."

■ THE NURSE told me angrily, "Mr. Bartlett may be *your* husband, Mrs. Bartlett, but he's *my* patient," and then Elliot surprised us both. He smiled slowly and said, "Well, it's all right by me! I don't know that I want to go back to the office."

I gulped down my astonishment. "You don't want to go back to the office? But if you don't want to go back to the office what will you do to earn our living?"

Elliot said, "I think maybe I'll buy a farm."

I heard myself laughing. "You don't know the first thing about farming," I said. "You've never even spent a short vacation on a farm. What would you do on a farm?"

Elliot said, "Run it, as soon as I felt able. I know a lot more about farming than I did when I took sick. Miss Crispin, here, was raised on a farm." He nodded at the nurse. "She's told me about how a farm can be run on a profit if a man puts his heart and soul into it."

The nurse threw in, "That's right, Mrs. Bartlett. Farming can be very worthwhile."

I peered at the woman, sturdy and squat and earnest. "It's the most absurd thing I ever heard about! I think you're insane, Elliot."

Elliot shook his head slowly. Every motion he made was slow these days. He told me, "I discussed the project with the doctor. He agrees with me that—if I go back to the old job—I'll also go back to the old pattern of living. I won't be up and about for a month before I'm riding on the same merry-go-round—running in the same endless circle—he thinks farming would be a swell idea! Plenty of open air and sunshine—a chance to work with my hands—"

I broke in. "I suppose you have the farm all picked out? Everything else seems to be settled!"

Elliot admitted, "Well, I almost have, at that. Miss Crispin's told me about a farm near the place her folks used to own. It's a big place, well stocked, and the farmhouse has modern plumbing and central heating—which is a break. She wrote to the present owner for pictures of the place. I'm expecting them any minute."

"If it's such a wonderful farm," I asked, "why does the present owner want to sell?"

The nurse answered. "He's old. He lost his only son at Tarawa and his wife died of the shock. He's all alone and he wants to go to some warm climate where he can sit in the sun and dream."

"It was nice of you, Miss Crispin," I said evenly, "to think of this adorable solution for my husband! I can't thank you enough." All at once I found that my eyes were filling

Why Delicious Quaker Oats is Unequalled

For Your Growing Child!

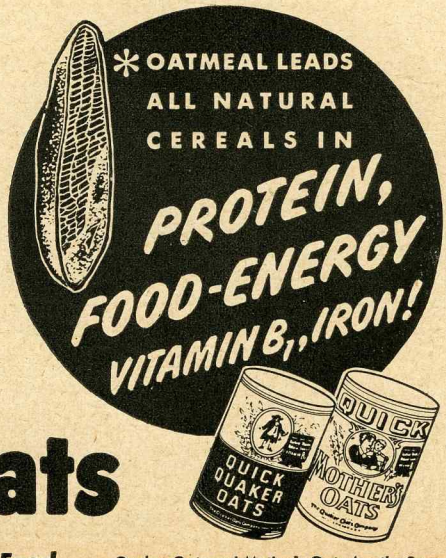
1. Because, unlike many modern refined foods, Quaker Oats is a *natural, complete* whole-grain breakfast cereal. Gentle Quaker processing does not change, denature or destroy *any* of its natural values.

2. Because, even among natural cereals, none equals hot, whole-grain oatmeal in four great "key" elements* absolutely essential for normal growth, stamina and youthful energy.

3. Because Quaker Oats is unmatched in deliciousness. Voted best-tasting cereal** in a national survey! Actually enjoyed by more people each day than any other cereal!

The secret of Quaker Oats is simple. Real oatmeal is simply our greatest natural cereal in food elements that promote growth—and *your* energy and stamina. Its greatest benefits can be obtained by enjoying Quaker Oats regularly. For this reason—and for its unique whole-grain deliciousness—start today serving Quaker Oats at your house! So economical. So easy to prepare. Quick Quaker Oats cooks fast as coffee.

***Actually won more votes than any other cereal, hot or cold!*



Quaker Oats

The World's Best-Tasting Breakfast Food

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats Are the Same

him one day, over the breakfast table, "Talk about a wooden duck taking to water—You look as if you were born to this sort of thing," and he said, "Maybe I was. Maybe I've found my proper place. I can see myself growing old, labelled 'the squire,' willing my broad meadows to my broad-shouldered sons."

I felt my eyebrows rising ever so slightly. "What do you mean, broad-shouldered sons?" I queried. "We haven't any children."

Elliot winked at me. "Country air," he said, "may turn the trick! You'd make a beautiful mother, Agnes."

"Why do you think that?" I asked crossly, drawing my tattered sophistication around my shoulders as if it were a protective garment. But when Elliot said, "Because you're a beautiful woman," I couldn't help smiling.

■ WHEN WE came to the farm Elliot had been thirty and I'd been twenty-six. We were utterly used to the selfish life of a young couple who lived from salary check to salary check—from party to party. But after a month on the farm I felt younger and, at the same time, wiser. Elliot was like a boy.

We found out that there were people 'round about who played bridge, who knew good music, who had visited big cities and enjoyed them. And then, too, we learned that radio and magazines and travelling libraries have given people the world over a common ground of knowledge and language. Folks dwelling in a prosperous farming community are no longer hayseeds—even the woman who helped me in the kitchen, whom I had thought of as a yokel in the beginning, possessed a better knowledge of the world and the goings on of the world than I did.

When I discovered I was going to have a baby I told myself with resignation that it was a good way to fill in time, there wasn't much else to do in the country, but have babies and raise them. I wouldn't admit that the prospect thrilled me—not any more than I'd been willing to admit that the physical aspect of the farm house pleased me.

We'd come to the country in June, and I discovered in July that the baby was beckoning from across the horizon of the winter. In the city I would have pampered myself. Demanded lace negligees and gifts from Elliot. But now, most of our capital was invested—there wasn't a great deal left over for the lacy things of life.

Anyhow, the woman who helped me would have laughed if I'd dared walk around in negligees. Babies were taken as a matter of course out here. I fretted at first—just to be fretty—but the resignation won. By the time autumn came I was sending to town for patterns—sewing evenings in the lamplight.

Elliot had made up his mind that the farm was going to be his career. He spoke of his old job and of Mr. Salters with unmasked scorn. During the summer he'd joined the Grange, had learned tricks of the trade from his neighbors, had even taken a correspondence course in the improvement of soil. He read farm magazines and he had countless government bulletins bound together between loose leaf covers so that he could consult them evenings while I sewed. He was all set to grow soybeans—a fast spreading, easy, profitable crop. He talked of alfalfa and orchards—of peach trees spaced between young apple trees, peach trees that would bear while the apple trees were reaching maturity. There were times when he almost made me enthusiastic against my will.

One day in October we had dinner with a farmer, who lived down the line, and his college educated wife. I was a product of a rather inadequate finishing school—this

college woman put me deftly in my place, without meaning to! Before dinner we walked through a patch that was dotted with the yellow of pumpkins and saw red fruit hanging on trees and Elliot reached down and held my hand tight and said, "Harvest, darling. Next year we'll have one, too." And with hope stirring in my heart, with a new life growing under my heart, I whispered, "Yes."

My baby was born in March. A doctor, struggling through snowdrifts, got there on time. I had a practical nurse, Martha obeyed my slightest whim, everything was serene and with my son in my arms I was radiant—a country woman born and bred. I didn't realize that the baby had a queer catching way of breathing. I didn't realize that there was sometimes a blue look around his small mouth.

Yes, the baby was born without difficulty —I had a fairly easy time of it, I convalesced rapidly. But as March became April and April became May I began to fret for the little thing wasn't gaining weight as he should. Martha was anxious, too, and the doctor had a way of dropping into the house without being called. Elliot, worshipping his first-born, looked at me slantwise and with fear on his brow. I learned later that the doctor had confided in Elliot and Martha—that they'd spared me the bitter truth for as long as possible.

A baby with a bad heart—a feeble heart that flickered out quietly when he was sleeping one day in June, just a year from the time when we'd come to the farm. I turned on Elliot then, in my grief, and raged at him and at the country. If we'd been in town where there were specialists, I said unjustly, we might have saved our child. But I knew it wasn't true even as I spoke that way.

I insisted hysterically that the baby be buried in a little grove of white birch trees on a small hill near the house—so that I could walk there mornings and evenings, so that he wouldn't be too lonesome in a cemetery full of grown folks. Elliot gave in to me. I spent most of July in that birch grove planting a garden that was filled with the rosemary of remembrance and no trace of that flower which is called heart's ease.

Somewhere, during that summer, I read a poem about secret gardens. There was one verse which went:

For every heart there is a secret garden,
A little place of comfort, peace and rest
That holds the throb of youth, an age-old pardon,
And all the dreams that we have loved the best!

Well, my secret garden held no comfort or peace or rest for me, and neither did it hold the blessing of pardon.

But it did hold my dreams—the dreams that I'd loved the best.

LEARN WHY IT'S CALLED

"The Most Exciting Program on the Air"

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

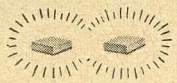
Actual crime cases taken from the files of True Detective Magazine provide action-packed radio drama for True Detective Mysteries. Tune in your local Mutual Network Station . . .

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

4:30 EST	2:30 MST
3:30 CST	1:30 PST

Thank my lucky stars!

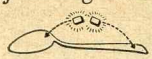
. . . I chose these



"When that nice old Mr. Thomas laid all those spoons on the counter and explained how many different kinds of silverplate there are, frankly, I was spellbound. Naturally, I chose Holmes & Edwards silverplate. Anyone with half an eye could see it was so much better than the silverplate that's only 'extra plated.'"

What Mr. Thomas told her

The backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks of Holmes & Edwards silverplate are invisibly STERLING INLAID *with two blocks of sterling silver thus your pattern stays lovelier longer.*



IMPORTANT: Here is one of the few products in America that has not raised its price since the war! Fifty-two piece service, eight place settings . . . only $68.50 with chest (Tax Free). Choose from three favorite patterns—left to right, Danish Princess, Youth and Lovely Lady—all made in the U. S. A.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

Copyright 1947, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

with tears, running down my cheeks. They were tears of rage.

I stalked out of the room and slammed the door after me. A sick husband, be darned—this time I *had* recognized the writing on the wall! The word I saw in foot high letters wasn't "DANGER" it was "RURAL."

Naturally, I thought I could talk Elliot out of his incredible idea, but I couldn't. The farm pictures came and Elliot fell in love with the place—put money down for an option, and began to get well.

He sent a letter to Mr. Salters, resigning from his job, and when he was strong enough he went out to the farm. I refused to accompany him—I was being stubborn, and my stubbornness grew when he came back and told me that he'd signed a preliminary contract and that the farm, to all intents and purposes, was ours.

I may as well admit that I considered divorce at that moment, but I'd married Elliot because I loved him and I still loved him, so I convinced myself that the farm was a plaything—one that he'd tire of very soon. It was summer, anyhow, so I told my friends that Elliot and I were going to take it easy and hinted that I'd be back in circulation in time for the opening of the fall season.

Two city people—suddenly submerged in country. Elliot and Agnes Bartlett—the Bartlett pair—starting out on a new adventure. Elliot was enormously excited about the farm—some of the old sparkle had come back into his face, some of the old zest had come back into his smile—and he walked with a certain jauntiness. In the car, driving out to our acreage—the farm was two hundred miles from the city—he admitted that he'd put almost every cent we possessed into that acreage and that we had to make a go of it.

We reached the farm when sunset was gilding far hills with a bronzy gold. It stood on a slight rise of land with trees in back of it and the bronzy gold afterglow was reflected in wide windows.

It was a white house with a sloping red roof and green blinds, a house with charm and gaiety and something that was close to splendor—the splendor of simplicity. It was a house that looked like a home. But I—a confirmed city dweller—couldn't see it for dust, or at least would not permit myself to see it! When Elliot turned swiftly and kissed me and exulted, "This is it, Agnes," I said, in a level tone, "So I see," and let it go at that.

■ IT WAS too late to do much planting this year and besides Elliot and I needed time to get used to it. During the first two or three days on our property I wandered through wide rooms that were unfamiliar, and told myself—untruthfully—that I loathed them. I walked through the yard and told myself, also untruthfully, that gardening would always be a closed book as far as I was concerned. But I *did* hire a local woman to help me with the running of the house and I found a certain stimulation in her companionship. I could show off to my heart's content—I could be the glamorous city girl displaying her jewels, so to speak, for the benefit of a yokel.

But it's hard to carry a grudge for very long when the world is a beautiful place and a weight of worry has been removed. Because, although I'd been bad-tempered and a bad sport about Elliot, I *had* been worried and it brought joy to my soul to see my husband blooming as the flowers planted around the house were blooming.

Elliot had always been suave and charming and debonnaire—a fashion plate of a man who could draw a baby spot at a better night club, or command the finest table at a restaurant! But here, in the country, he began to take on a glow that was not synthetic—he began to take on a ruggedness that was hearty and heartening. I said to

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!

Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

BEAUTY fades when a woman's face grows pale – when her freshness is failing – when her energy runs low. Yes, and these signs often come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

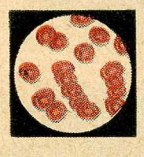
The red cells in your blood may be below par in color and size. They may be weakened to the point where they can't transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children – drag along with this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

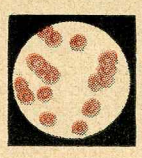
So, if your blush of health is vanishing—if your energy's running low and this common blood condition is to blame—take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help you reclaim your usual vigor and looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high" – to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

**Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency*

BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS

To kindle the flame in his heart...

Beauty Experts Tell Secret for Lovelier, Softer Hands!

Cream 3 to 1 Favorite!

We asked 51,170 beauticians, "What do you recommend for proper hand care?" Replies prove these experts recommend cream 3 to 1, And of all the creams, their *overwhelming favorite is Sofskin!*

HANDS to be admired . . . hands that are more romantic to touch . . . to hold . . . may now be yours. Do what thousands of beauty experts suggest: Give your hands a quick massage with beauty-rich Sofskin.

Then . . . see the thrilling transformation as Sofskin's special mollescent action works right into surface skin. See how much whiter and younger your hands look . . . how much softer and lovelier!

Do what leading beauty experts recommend. Get Sofskin today at drug and cosmetic counters.

No matter what hand cream or lotion you've ever tried . . . just wait until you use

Sofskin!

CREME

I'd gone to the country with resentment in my heart and the resentment had worn thin, but now it was back again, full blast.

I sulked daytimes and cried nights and turned from Elliot's tenderness and love. Naturally, my lack of courage translated itself to my husband—it wasn't surprising then that everything began to go wrong.

All winter we'd planned for a profitable crop—a series of crops. We'd looked ahead to a harvest, prayed ahead to one, but now things began to happen.

A curious blight struck the crops that Elliot had planted—something went wrong with the peach trees. Even the apple trees which promised plenty for the future seemed to withdraw their promise. Elliot lost that look of ruggedness which was so becoming, he became haggard.

It was on an August afternoon that Martha, working in the kitchen, took me to task. The baby had been dead then for two long months—it was a hot, dragging afternoon and I sat in a chair listlessly, my mind a blank.

"You're a quitter," Martha said, "I'm ashamed of you, Agnes."

I said, "I don't care. Be ashamed of me!" I knew I was talking like a child.

■ "WHEN YOU first came out here," she said, "you were showing off all the time like fury. I was scornful of you when you first came out here and yet at the same time I got a kick out of you, and I did like what you said about you and Elliot being called the 'Bartlett pair.' I didn't get right fond of you till the baby was on the way—then we were sisters under the skin, so to speak. And when the baby went—" her voice worked violently but she controlled it with an effort.

"I grieved with you like I was your mother, like my own son had gone a second time. But now—well, you're doing something to this place and to your husband's hopes and you've got to pull yourself together. He feels as bad about Sonny Boy as you do, but the work's gotta go on and only a desire for growth can make it go on *right.*"

"A desire for growth," I sneered.

Martha told me, "What's going to be the end for you? Planting flowers on a little grave, when there's a whole farm to be planted, isn't right or decent."

I asked, "Do you want me to forget my baby?"

Martha said, "I want you to remember him as long as you live. But I want you to remember that you've got a fine man, too."

I said, "A fine man who's made a mess of things. Elliot's sunk everything we own, almost, into this property and the property isn't producing permanently. Not any more than I produced—permanently. It's all a mockery and a false beginning. I want to go back to the city," I ended miserably.

The door opened slowly and Elliot came into the kitchen.

He'd evidently heard my last few sentences for he asked, "What's this about going back to the city?"

I told him, "You've got to get a job. You've got to take me back—home. I want to be young again and laugh again and forget everything horrible that's happened. I can't face a winter when the ground's covered with snow and there isn't any—" I gulped— "garden to tend. I want to cover myself up with forgetfulness. This is a good time to sell the property, Elliot."

Elliot stared at me, and then he grinned, a queer grin with no mirth in it. "I remember that night I had my breakdown," he said. "How you made me go to the party

—*on with the dance.* Well, I danced and we paid the piper, but not enough. Okay, I'll put the farm up for sale. I'm ready to back track—I know when I'm licked."

A week later Elliot put the farm with a real-estate company. During the first week in October a buyer came and looked the place over and agreed—swiftly—to meet Elliot's price.

The flowers on the grave of my little son were autumn flowers now. Leaves were turning red, but our orchards were dull and pumpkins didn't glow yellow in garden rows—we'd never planted them. Elliot and Martha and I sat together at the table having early supper—in our neck o' woods hired girls ate with the family—and it was Martha who said, abruptly, "Well, you can be settled in the city by Thanksgiving."

Suddenly I thought of many Thanksgivings that we'd had in the city, when Elliot and I had gone to some impersonal restaurant and had turkey sliced on a platter and my heart turned over in my breast and I rose quickly from the table and went up to my own room and stood in the window of it.

I looked out of the window toward a place where a grove of birch trees made a natural God's Acre—a small section of secret garden. My baby was resting there in the center of a farm that I'd never wanted—a farm that had betrayed me. I dropped my hands to the window sill and felt my fingers clutching the hard cold wood, and through the gathering dusk I saw the pageant of the autumn, red and gold, and life flashed in a parade in front of me—the careless life Elliot and I had lived. A squat nurse who had played fate. A house on a rise of ground and a baby who had been born only to die.

The slender birch trees danced in a mist and the twilight crept down and hid them from my view and suddenly I was crying. When I went down again Martha was washing the dishes and Elliot was wiping them.

I stood in the kitchen listening to the sizzle of water in the dishpan. I said, to Elliot, "Do you sign over the farm tomorrow?" and he grated, "Yes, thank heaven," and I said to Martha, "Will you come back to the city with us?" and Martha said, "No!"

All at once I was talking—not to Martha, not to Elliot, not to myself, or to my God.

"I suppose we could plant again next year," I said. "I suppose we could grow a harvest next year."

■ ALL AT ONCE the meaning was coming clear to me—the meaning of a great many things. That's the way it happens sometimes—with a flash, with the semblance of a miracle.

I said, "The city was just the city. We lived in something that we rented from somebody else. But this farm is something that belongs to us and something of us has been given back to the earth of it—flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone. Our son. If we go away we'll be leaving part of us here in this land. Maybe that's why our baby died when he was too little to know revolt. *So that he could become the roots we might never have had otherwise.*"

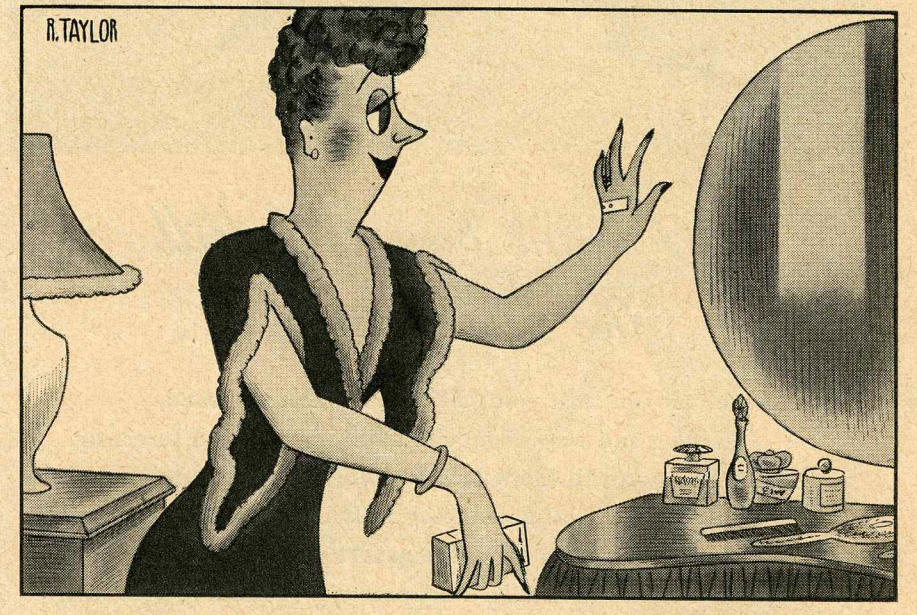
Martha turned toward me. The wet dish that she was holding in her hands slipped out of fingers that had loosened—it crashed to the floor. Elliot bent over and began to pick up the broken pieces.

"As long as you feel that way," he said, in a voice that rose and fell and was hoarse with emotion, "I'll call off the sale. Maybe we didn't plan carefully enough—to make the grade the first time."

It was I who went to him, but I didn't speak again. I'd said my say.

I rested my hand on his downbent head and the writing on the wall stood out in letters a foot high, not red letters spelling "danger," not drab letters spelling out the word "rural"—letters of shining silver that spelled "fulfillment."

All furs aren't Mink!



All adhesive bandages aren't **BAND-AID***

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson

NEVER NEGLECT THE TINIEST CUT!

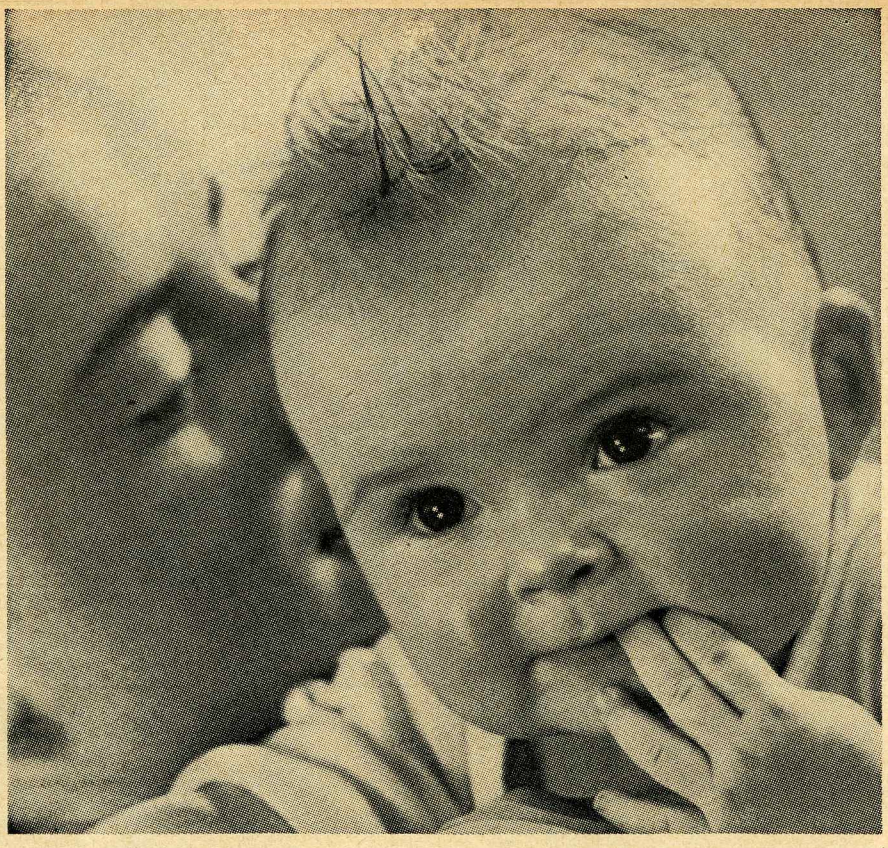
Any tiny cut or blister can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then quickly put on a BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

3 out of 4 families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages. Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other adhesive bandage.

Keep one box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.



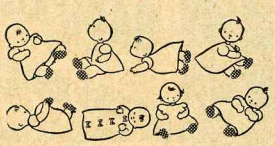
I want him to fulfill the best in him . . .

"I dream, my son, that you will grow up accomplished, strong and wise. But even more important, I fervently hope that you will know true happiness . . . the happiness which comes with developing fully every asset you possess."

SINCE I KNOW THAT SOUND PHYSICAL ASSETS will contribute materially to my son's happiness, I promise to give him the special help he needs now to build a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back, straight legs, sound teeth . . .

BY DEVELOPING THESE ASSETS FULLY FROM BIRTH, your child will have greater confidence all through life. Give him the Vitamin D he needs regularly *every day* to build strong, sound bones and teeth. Physicians will assure you of the need for this important factor to help develop a fine, full framework. Start your baby on the Vitamin D source preferred by many other mothers—Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Give it *every day*.

NO TWO ALIKE Some babies sit up at 7 months, others not until 8 months or more. In some, the first tooth comes through at 6 months, in others at 9 months. But remember, it does not matter how fast your baby grows so long as he develops soundly. Give him the Squibb Cod Liver Oil he needs daily to help build a strong back, sound teeth.



SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

a name you can trust

HIGHLIGHTS IN MARRIAGE

(*Continued from page* 39) was dreaming blissfully of measuring the windows in the living-room for draperies and said sleepily, "Eighteen and a half yards of the cretonne we saw in Black's will be enough, darling," and didn't really awaken until Peter laughed and kissed me, chuckling, "All right, honey. But Rice and his men will be here at eight. So it's up with the birds for us."

Perhaps that does sound like a crazy way to begin a honeymoon; but Peter and I loved every minute of it.

The two-weeks' vacation Peter had away from the office gave us time to work and plan together, as well as get acquainted with our neighbors.

Almost daily someone dropped in to see how the work was progressing, and when we began to spruce up the grounds and trim trees and shrubs, they pitched in and helped us. They brought plants and rose bushes which they transplanted as gifts.

■ OF COURSE, remodeling the house took much more time than Peter's vacation period, but by the time he went back to work, things were going so well that we were already planning on the housewarming we'd have when it was finished.

Week-ends we'd work in the garden, putting in a flagstone walk from the gate to the steps of the front veranda. As soon as the carpenters and plasterers were finished, we started on an orgy of scraping and painting. Just hearing Peter whistle as he finished putting up the book shelves in the downstairs bedroom off the dining-room, which we had turned into a combination study and workroom for him, was a happy adventure in loving and living.

"You've given me a good example to follow, Peter," I laughed, thinking of the surprise I had in store for him when he got home Monday night. For I'd finally talked Ella, a maid of all work, into coming out Sunday and planned to have the room completely in order by then.

It never occurred to me that Peter might be planning a surprise for me, too, as I got into my prettiest red and white gingham a few minutes before he got home. Gaily I placed a rose in his lapel as he came in, not knowing he too, planned a surprise. I didn't even notice that he was carrying a small package when I led him into the study, complete to his favorite pictures on the walls.

But after he had kissed me and said, "You even got my old chair in the corner I planned to put it, honey," he called, "Bring in the new permanent guest of the Briggs manse, Ella." When Ella appeared with a beautiful little gold-colored cocker in her arms, Peter took him and placed him on the table saying, "Mrs. Briggs, this is Nugget. He has a long-tailed name and an imposing pedigree; so I bought him a special dish for his snacks on my noon hour—"

But I stopped whatever Peter might have said next with another kiss, then I scooped the puppy into my arms and hugged him. I laughed when Peter explained, "I told him on the way home that he was to keep you from getting lonesome during the week; but that he could have Saturday and Sunday off for good behavior."

Nugget, which promptly got shortened to Nug, just gave me one long look and licked my fingers timidly; but from that moment until Maureen was born, he was my dog completely.

By the time the house was in order, he had learned to welcome all comers with a short bark that said "Hello" as much as a bark could. He wore himself out with ex-

citement when we had open house on Sunday after church.

"Nice little feller, ain't he, Mattie?" I heard Mr. Sterling say to his wife, as Peter and I helped Ella serve the simple refreshments she and I had prepared. "Jest like our Ginger. 'Member how you taught him to guard the baby's cradle, and to bark if Jim tried to climb over the side when he woke up?"

Peter smiled over their heads at me when Mrs. Sterling cackled, "My memory's long as yours, William. Course I do."

Smiling back, I thought, I'll teach Nug that trick when Peter and I have a baby.

"How like you, June! What did I ever do to deserve so much happiness?" Peter smiled, sweeping me into his arms when I mentioned my idea to him that night.

With all the scramble of remodeling and getting truly settled behind me, I spent a lot of time dreaming of that baby. By the time the asters were blooming I was so brown from long hours in the garden that Peter was calling me his Nut-Brown Maid. Sometimes when Nug would run and play, then stand on his hind legs and dance in the shadows and sun among the trees, it seemed that he was already playing with my baby. So when I learned I was really going to have one, I experienced no special sense of real surprise or excitement.

Maybe that was partly because Peter and I had planned for children when we remodeled the house. We had furnished the room next to ours as a nursery and cut a wide door between the two. We brought the old red-maple cradle, in which Peter had slept as a baby, down from the attic and polished it until it shone so that Nug barked at his reflection in it.

I kept my secret from Peter until I'd trained Nug to guard the cradle, where I'd placed the big doll Uncle Sam had given me as a child. That night I took Peter by the hand and showed him my little tableau —"Preview of next summer, darling."

Peter folded me close and kissed me in a way which made me know how happy he was at my news.

■ AS WE SETTLED down for the evening after dinner, Peter looked across at me and said, "We haven't any debts, June; and what I earn takes care of us with some to spare. But with the little shaver coming, we'll have to think about a larger nest egg.

"Hobbs spoke to me last week about entering a contest the publisher of the *Gazette* has launched for the best design for a new building to house his interests. I wasn't enthusiastic then; but now I am, and I'm going to try to win that ten-thousand-dollar first prize."

"Of course you can win it, Peter," I replied, leaning over and squeezing his hand for reassurance. "Now we've both got our winter home-work cut out for us. While you design a winner for Mr. Spencer, I'll design and sew for the new addition to the House of Briggs."

"Atta girl," Peter answered. "You make me think I've won already, honey."

While Peter mulled over his work during the long winter evenings, I took my sewing into the study and worked, for I'd resolved that not a machine-made stitch should go into my baby's clothes. Sometimes we would work for an hour without speaking. It was enough to know that we were together, both building for the future. But sometimes when Peter would look up and smile across at me, I ached with the weight of the happiness that filled my heart. And once he said, "Home isn't a house, it's a feeling of love and security, isn't it, honey?"

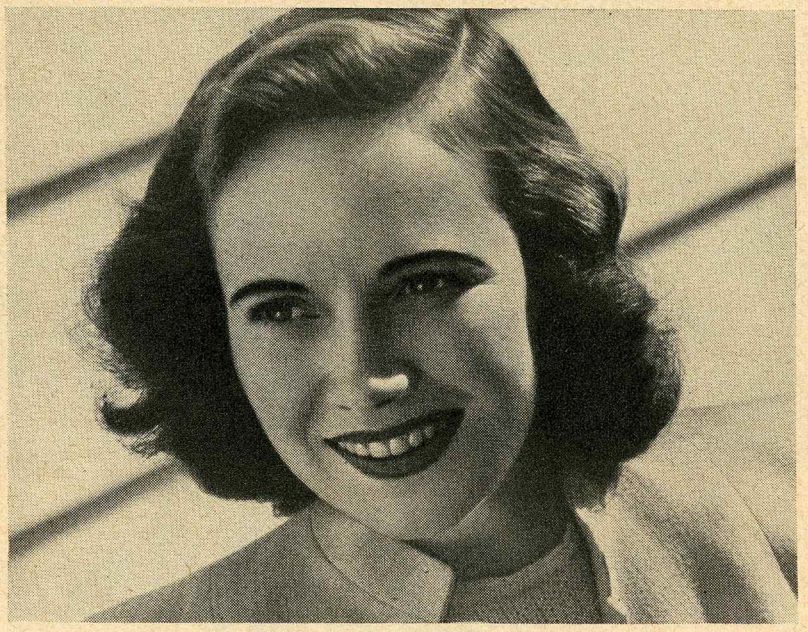
"It is, Peter," I answered. "And I want our baby to be born right here in it. In the same room you were, where we can both smell the roses in the garden, while we are first getting acquainted with each other

What slide fastener in a dress placket doesn't slip...
is light as a feather...
flexible as a ribbon?
TALON
SLIDE FASTENER
9 inch
FOR DRESS PLACKETS
BRIDGE TOP-STOP
"THIN AS A SEAM"
"Easy to sew in"
SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILED SEWING INSTRUCTIONS LAUNDERS PERFECTLY
"TALON"
"Those "in the Know" sew with Talon
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF., TALON, INC.
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER
YOU'LL RECOGNIZE the Talon slide fastener for dress plackets on sight. It comes in the BLUE package—together with complete directions for sewing it in! At notion counters everywhere.

that Always-Fresh look

"Beautify skin as you cleanse . . .
with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream"
says Teresa Wright

one of the stars in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives"



this Woodbury-Wonderful Way!

8 A.M. **Smiling very pretty,** Teresa sits for hairdresser—Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream handy. "Between movie 'takes', I Woodbury-beauty-cleanse," says Teresa. "Skin comes aglow!"

The Woodbury-Wonderful Way. Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. Repeat for *plus*-softening. Splash with cold water! Woodbury's rich oils soften, beautify—for that "Always-Fresh Look"!

9 P.M. **Should be television** . . . to "send" that dewy look! Teresa's beauty tip: "A Woodbury 'cream-bath'. . . a second film for my powder base . . . that's my skin-beautifier!" Results—*simply captivating!*

11 P.M. **Teresa's Beauty Nightcap.** "Whisk off make-up with clean-cleansing Woodbury! Add a film to soften *overnight.*" For Teresa . . . for *you,* Woodbury 'round the clock for that "Always-Fresh Look"!

during all those hours you are away."

"I can see why you want that; but do you think it will make any difference to the little shaver whether he draws in garden or hospital smells with his first breath?" Peter smiled whimsically. "We'd better speak to Doctor Bates about that."

"I do, and I have," I answered back. "I'm convinced that babies know a heap more than grown-ups give them credit for. And Doctor Bates says it will be easier for him, because we live closer to his home than we do to the hospital. Besides, Mrs. Bates was a trained nurse before she married and 'specialized' as the doctor says 'in handling debuts.' "

"All right, darling! You win," Peter soothed, adding teasingly, "But after your build-up, I'm going to be disappointed if the baby doesn't sit right up and say, 'Hello, Old Man. Did you win that prize for me?' "

I laughed then, partly at Peter's raillery, but mostly in relief because he hadn't opposed my plan to have the baby at home.

■ OF COURSE I'd written Nan about our orgy of re-modeling, about the fun we'd had, and how happy we both were about the baby's coming. I smiled to myself when she wrote back, "Me, too, June. I expect Nan the second or Jim, Jr. in May. This will be the first time I ever beat you at anything, darling."

I'm sure I read every book written on the care of children—from feeding to development of the child mind.

But all I remembered when Maureen was placed in my arms for the first time was how Peter had laughed when I remarked, "Goodness, darling, having a genius in the family would certainly be a problem," and he replied, when he stopped chuckling, "I wouldn't worry about that, baby. Love and common sense can work wonders, I'm sure, even with a genius."

As Maureen grew and thrived her only mission in life seemed to be to eat and sleep; and wail like a Banshee when she wasn't fed on the minute.

The first time she really laughed was when Peter came home in high excitement, whirling me off my feet as he kissed me a dozen times and told me he'd won the prize, waving the check for the winning design in front of Maureen's face, exulting, "Here's your college education and a new hat for your mother."

I smiled and kissed Peter when he said, "I suppose I was foolish not to deposit the check in the bank when I got it; but I just had to let my two best girls see it first. But I'm glad we can just bank it and forget we have it until Maureen needs it."

From that day, it seemed that Peter's star really began to rise. He was never idle. And when a big realty company bought a large tract of land almost at our back door and began to sub-divide for homes, Peter was given a contract for designing model houses they planned to build on it, in addition to three apartment-building units.

The only cloud on our happiness was the fact that no more children came to us. As I'd watch Maureen playing alone with Nugget, my heart would long for another child. Peter and I loved her so much, and it was not our wish that she grow up alone when we felt that we had plenty to make another child happy with her. Peter's tears mingled with mine when Maureen was five, the night she added to her prayers, "Please God, send me a sister or brother like Mary Hanlon got last week. It would be such fun to show her how to ride the pony Daddy gave me on my birthday."

"Why are we being punished so, Peter?" I sobbed as I crept into his arms after we'd both tucked Maureen into bed and kissed her good-night. "Why are we denied another child when we'd welcome it so deeply? I know you've been a good father. Have

I fallen short somewhere? Have I loved Maureen too much?"

"How can you ask such questions, darling?" Peter answered huskily. "We both love her; but you've never allowed her to be spoiled. You've always taught her unselfishness, and what it meant to share her good. Her prayer tonight was eloquent of that. No, darling. God must have some good reason for not sending us any more children. Though we can't see it now."

It was then that I voiced the thought on which I'd pondered long in the last six months, for Maureen's prayer made me forget all fear I'd had of mentioning it to Peter. "Perhaps we could adopt another child. Give it the home and love we should give another of our own. Maybe a boy, Peter."

I felt weak with gratitude when he answered, I've been thinking the same thought, June; but I didn't know how you'd take it—" I broke in eagerly, "Aren't we foolish, not sharing the thing nearest our hearts because of fear. Let's not ever have any more secrets from each other on important things. We'll start right away to hunt for a brother; but we won't tell Maureen until we're sure we can find one."

"Fine," Peter replied. "But how do we go about it. I haven't the remotest idea, sweet. Have you?"

It was then I confessed that I had a very clear idea, because I'd made inquiries in a roundabout way. Peter smiled and held me close, when I said, "The best place has very strict rules, but I think we can live up to all of them when they investigate our background and abilities to care for a child. Though we may have to wait, because they never seem to have enough babies to go round."

I felt reassured of success in my quest when Peter said, "There must be a baby to answer Maureen's prayer. Suppose you go into town tomorrow and see these people. I'll have to be home to meet Ryerson, when he comes out, about those plans for the new development, and I can keep an eye on Maureen."

■ MY SPIRITS soared when Peter made that suggestion, and I think my last waking thought that night was—it will be heavenly to have a baby in Peter's old cradle again. Certainly I know that I never started for town more gaily than I did the next morning—the sort of day that James Russel Lowell must have had in mind when he wrote—"What is so rare as a day in June?" For the garden was a riot of color and fragrance as Peter and Maureen drove me to the station. The last thing I saw as the train chugged out of the station were my two loved ones standing on the platform waving to me—my adorable baby in her red and white gingham dress with a white pinafore, clinging to Peter's hand.

I watched the lush countryside slip past for a few moments before I settled myself for the ride to the city, and took out a memo pad from my purse, scribbling joyously—"Baby-white organdie for M's dress—red, white and blue ribbon for her hair."

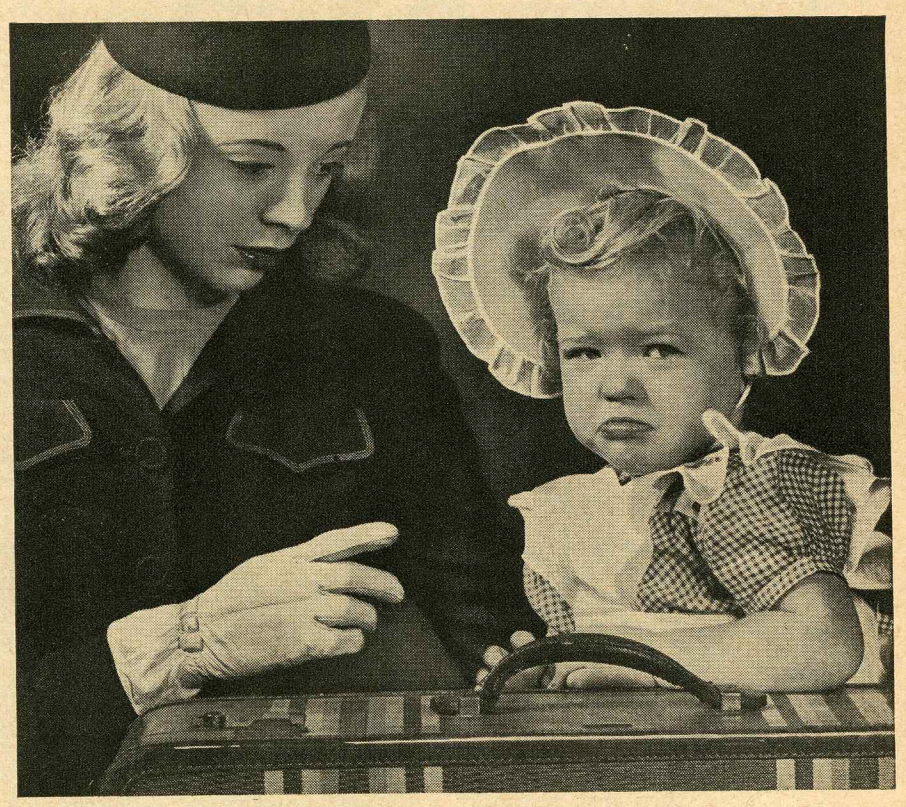
How good God is to grant us such perfect moments of unclouded happiness—even though what was ahead for me then blotted out the sun and left my world black and void of light.

I had my first disappointment when the woman in charge of the nursery shook her head and showed me a long list of childless couples ahead of me who also wanted babies. "I do appreciate your not wanting to bring your daughter up alone, Mrs. Briggs, and agree that brothers and sisters are the healthiest influence in the world in a happy home; but after all you have been blessed with one child," she said kindly.

I scarcely noticed the telephone ringing on her desk until she answered and then

When baby's upset because of

"Childhood Constipation"



...give Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your baby isn't his cheerful self... when he's cross and upset just because of "Childhood Constipation"... here's the wise thing to do:

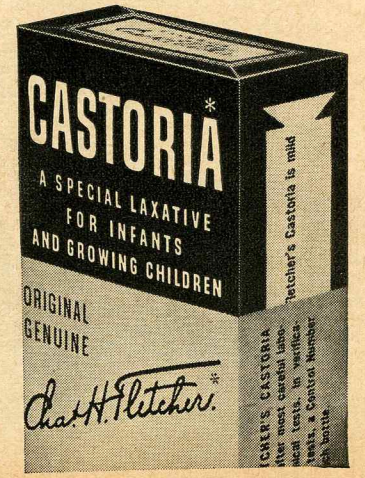
Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Why it's right for children

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle. Caution: Use only as directed.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug-store today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.*



Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The original and genuine

a Coloratura—

OR JUST A CANARY?... THE TESTED TWELVE WILL TELL!

Canaries *like* to sing. Keep them healthy and happy, and they just naturally *will* sing. Usually, the difference between a listless bird and one who fills your home with his sweetest trills is a matter of *diet*. That's why most canary owners always feed French's Bird Seed and Biscuit, the diet containing the *Tested Twelve* ingredients.

A proper canary diet must be blended of many ingredients —must be carefully proportioned and thoroughly tested. French's Bird Seed and Biscuit is all of these things. Feed it to your bird—always. He'll be happy because it's tasty; he'll be healthy because it contains the ingredients that are proven to be good for him—the *Tested Twelve*. Millions of singing canaries have made French's the most popular bird diet in America.

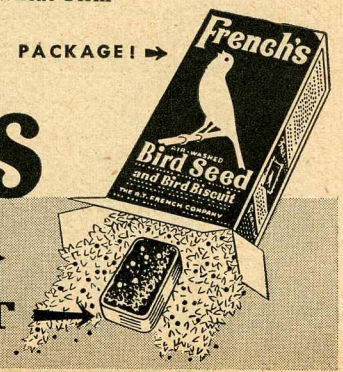
These are the Tested Twelve

Canary Seed	Soy Bean Grits	Corn Syrup
Red Millet	Yeast	Cuttlebone
Yellow Millet	Sesame Seed	Charcoal
Rape Seed	Poppy Seed	Wheat Germ

—IN ONE ECONOMICAL PACKAGE! ➡

French's

BIRD SEED ➡ *and* **BISCUIT** ➡



turned to me and said, "It was your husband's office calling. They want you to come there at once. A Mr. Hobbs wants to see you. Says it's urgent."

When I walked into Mr. Hobbs' office he said, "Thank God, I reached you in time." Then he told me, as gently as he could, that Maureen had been seriously hurt and that Peter was bringing her into the hospital. "We're meeting him there," he added as he took me to the elevator.

"There must be some mistake. It can't be so," I said over and over on the way to the hospital. All I could see was Maureen sound and whole as she had waved to me hardly three hours before. I felt leaden and numb as I waited for Peter to arrive at the receiving entrance to the hospital.

As long as I live I shall never forget the look on his face as he came in carrying Maureen in his arms, her head in bandages, followed by Doctor Bates, who had brought her into the world. I tried to get up from the bench, but I couldn't move as a strange doctor stepped forward and Doctor Bates took my baby from Peter and walked through a swing door, leaving us alone in the bare waiting room.

■ I TRIED to speak as Peter dropped down beside me and buried his face in his hands. But it wasn't until a strangled sob tore his body that I was able to put my arms across his shoulders and whisper, "What—how did it happen, Peter?"

It seems Maureen had been riding Dusty in the back yard, when a group of boys tossed a bunch of lighted firecrackers over the fence under his feet. He had reared and thrown Maureen onto the picket fence, and one of the sharp spikes had gashed her cheek close to the left eye.

"She wasn't even out of my sight— Was going to ride Dusty over to the new addition with Ryerson and me. The next minute she was lying on the ground with Dusty shaking beside her—" Peter said, when he could speak. "If Maureen is blinded and scarred— Oh, God! That can't happen to her."

I think a piece of my heart died when Peter said that; but even as it did something else rose in me to fight that specter. I think it did in Peter, too, though we've never mentioned that moment since. For when Doctor Bates came back finally and gave us the surgeon's report, saying he couldn't tell yet just how badly the eye was injured and spoke of a plastic surgeon in New York who could erase the scars, we both said together, "Money doesn't matter, doctor." Peter added, steadily, "We had money laid aside for her education. We can use that, and I can always earn more for her schooling, if God spares her sight."

When Peter had broken, strength seemed to have flowed through me to stand by him; but now, like a wooden woman, looking at him grim-faced and tight-lipped, his lean jaw set as it always was when he faced a fight of any sort, I felt my knees give way. Without any warning, I crumpled up in a heap, before Doctor Bates could steady me.

When I was able to be with my baby again, my world seemed to have fallen apart, and the snow of winter had drifted into my black hair. Yet I can truthfully say I never wanted to give up fighting and die. I wanted to live for Peter and Maureen. During the next year Peter's love and Maureen's faith in both of us cemented our shattered happiness together again. Yet it tore my heart when Maureen's one bright eye shone through the bandages again, and she said, "When can I go home to the garden, Mummy? Is Ella looking after Nug and Dusty good? I miss them."

"Soon now, darling. Daddy's bringing Nug to see you this afternoon," I answered.

There was a deep abiding joy which

grew steadily in my heart when we could finally take Maureen home. For even though the doctor said the plastic surgeon had done his work well and there was still a scar and that only a miracle would restore her eye to normal sight, it was a comfort to know that she was whole otherwise. And to have the assurance that she had youth in her favor. Doctor Bates was sure she would outgrow the scar in time, if we followed his instructions carefully.

But as Maureen's wound healed and she commenced to reach out and grow, Peter and I faced an even harder battle in some ways than we had in the beginning. For our love had developed into a fierce sense of protection which wanted to shield her from everything in life.

Instead of sending her to school, I turned the nursery into a school-room and began to teach her myself when she was well enough to study—rather than run the risk of having other children make some remark about her scar and the fact that she had to wear corrective glasses to strengthen the injured eye.

All thoughts of adopting another child had left our minds after Maureen was hurt. In our selfish grief we lost sight of the fact that now, more than ever, she needed the companionship of other children to grant her a healthy, normal life.

I was brought face to face with that fact when Maureen was seven, and I came into the nursery one morning. She was standing thoughtfully by the window, watching other children go by to school, as I said, "Time for lessons, darling." But instead of smiling as she usually did, she turned and said solemnly, "Why can't I go to school like other children, Mummy? I think it would be such fun."

How could I answer that question without hurting her by making her think she was different from other children? I think at that moment what we were really doing to our child unrolled before my mind's eye, and something of what it would mean to her future. But all I said was, "Maybe soon, darling. Daddy and I want to be sure you're well and strong first."

■ THAT NIGHT after Maureen was in bed, I told Peter what she had said, and he was quick to see that we were both doing her a grave injustice in isolating her as we were. "Fear has made us selfish, June," he said slowly. "She'll have to meet life some day. We can't keep her wrapped in cotton wool forever. But we can always stand by when she needs us. We want her to grow into a happy woman. And, some day, I want her to be a fine wife and mother like you, honey," Peter added, running his hands through my hair and kissing me.

"I hope she'll be a better one and have more sense," I smiled.

So Maureen went to school. I can't say that Peter and I got rid of our sense of deep concern over the outcome and talent for worrying in one full swoop. We didn't. In fact it was Maureen who really led us out of that into the true light of understanding. For she not only developed into a good student, but a leader in school activities as well.

Yes, Peter and I won one battle when we allowed Maureen to go to school; but fear still ruled us when it came to letting her take part in sports as she grew older. Even though her eye did improve after that, and her cheeks were so rosy with health and long hours in the sun that the scar on her cheek was barely visible. The doctor assured us that by the time she was in her teens she would be completely healed.

Again, I'm ashamed to say now, it was Maureen herself who took a stand when she rushed home from school one afternoon and said, "Mother, Marty and Ruth

How *IGNORANCE* and *FALSE MODESTY*

may ruin a young wife's happiness

Find out *now*

the *REAL TRUTH* about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*

It's really shocking how often a marriage breaks up simply because the wife hasn't *proper* scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts about herself—because she is too lazy or prudish to find out how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of women's most serious deodorant problems.

AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT—too many wives still do not know about this newer, *really scientific* method of douching with—ZONITE.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide Tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No longer would any well-informed woman think of using weak, old-fashioned or dangerous products for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* ZONITE positively contains no phenol, bichloride of mercury, no creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed as *often as necessary* without risk of injury.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills *every reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

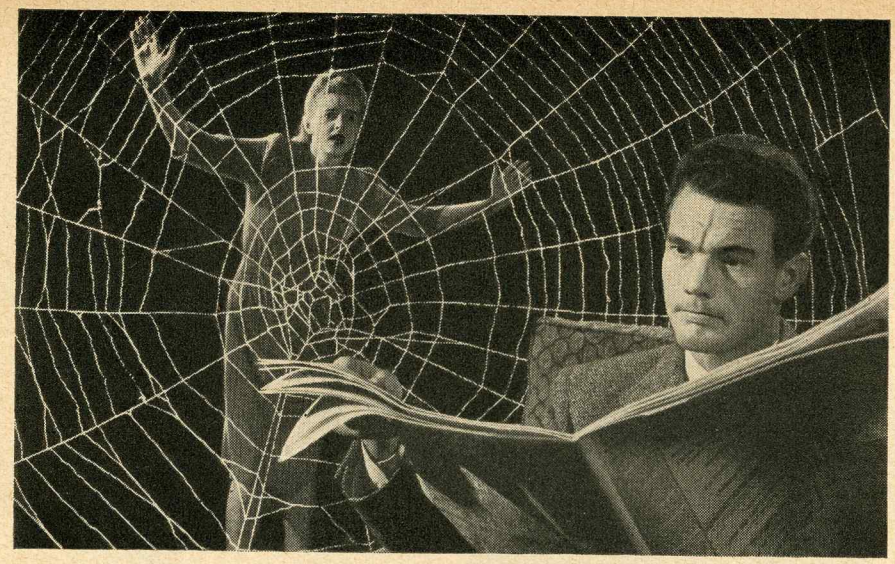
FREE! *NEW!*

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published — mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. TS-37, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____ T

Address_____ S

City_____ State_____



"Held in a web of indifference . . ."

Day after heartbreaking day I was held in an unyielding web . . . a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault *mine?* Well . . . thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet trusting to *now-and-then* care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks . . . prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"But I broke through it!"

Oh, the joy of finding Tom's love and close companionship once more! Believe me, I follow *to the letter* my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. I wouldn't be satisfied now with salt, soda or other homemade solutions! Not with "Lysol," a proved *germ-killer* that cleanses so gently yet so thoroughly. It's *easy* to use, too, and *economical.* The very best part is—"Lysol" *really works!*

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 5: DEPENDABLE UNIFORMITY . . . Uniform in strength, "Lysol" is made under continued laboratory control—is far more effective than homemade douching solutions.

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant

are going to camp this summer. Can't I go, too?"

Her request made me realize that she would be away from my care for the first time, and caught me off guard. Maureen didn't understand that it was fear in my eyes when she said, "It isn't that I don't love you and Daddy with my whole heart. Only I want to learn how to swim and dive and row a boat. Have fun with the other girls." All I could think was—what if she should be hurt again?

"I'll think about it, dear," I replied. "But Daddy will have to help me decide such an important step." I had to smile when she answered mischievously, "If you say I can, you know very well that Daddy will consent. Please don't make up your mind against it, Mother."

"Now, darling, don't try to wheedle me," I countered. "We'll let you know as soon as we have decided."

■ I KNOW I was trembling as I told Peter what she wanted to do when we were alone in our room that night. I voiced my fears to him but he said, after a long silence, "I know how you feel, June. There are misgivings in me, too. But we can't deny her association with her mates, and we can trust God to protect her—not hurt her by saying 'no,' because of our fear. Mothers and fathers are apt to be overcautious when they have only one chick to scratch for. Let her go, honey."

"All right, Peter," I agreed. But the way I spoke made him know that I was being convinced against my will. My heart ached as I recalled the pleading look in Maureen's eyes when Peter and I kissed her good-night. We had made it a rule that she was never to tease about a decision before it was made.

But I knew I hadn't realized how much this one meant to her, until we heard a soft knock on our door. When Peter opened it, I saw her standing there in her slippers and bathrobe, hesitating a moment before she said, "I just couldn't sleep until I knew what you and Daddy had decided, Mother."

My heart melted completely then as we both said "yes." A radiant smile broke over her face as she hugged and kissed us both, before she scuttled back to bed, saying breathlessly, "I won't ever let you be sorry ever, Mother and Daddy. Thank you! Thank you!"

No, I can't say that I didn't worry about the outcome of that decision, after Peter and I had made it; but I did do my level best to keep that concern from clouding Maureen's happiness as I entered into her plans. The fact that I didn't have any idle moments helped tremendously. Her vacation meant a lot of additional sewing as well as cutting corners to meet the extra expense and make our income balance our outgo, and still lay something aside for our savings account. Maureen's illness had left a big hole in our nest egg which we were trying to fill in, and her growing needs demanded more money, too.

"You're the smartest and most understanding mother in the world. Am I a lucky girl!" she said the day she left for camp. She kissed me good-by, and climbed into the bus with Mary and Ruth. "You and Daddy will come and see me. You won't forget, will you?" she asked us.

"I'm already planning on it," I smiled, trying to keep the tears back as I spoke, and waving to her as the load of laughing girls drove off. The camp was scarcely a hundred miles from Marysville, and Peter and I were planning to drive over some Sunday. It might as well have been five thousand miles if I'd measured it by my loneliness when I went back to the empty house with old Nug skulking at my heels, because he couldn't understand why he

was left behind, already missing Maureen.

There was much to do that had been left until I got Maureen off, and work kept me from brooding, particularly in the garden where I began to snip and prune with a vengeance. When misgivings rose in my mind. I downed them by saying, Maureen is in good hands, you can't keep her tied to your apron strings forever.

I'll have to admit that that tussle with worry didn't bear any fruit until we went to see Maureen after she had been gone two weeks. When I saw her—brown and healthy and happy under the guidance of a counselor who was developing the self-reliance and initiative which Peter and I always had tried to teach her, my fears receded and reassurance took their place.

Peter and I were just finishing lunch on the back porch one day, our talk peppered with plans for Maureen's homecoming and school, when the phone rang, and Peter went to answer it. He came back with a puzzled smile on his face and said, "That was Maureen."

As I started up in alarm, he calmed me by saying, "She's fine, but says she wants us to come over to camp at once. Wouldn't tell me why. But that it was terribly important. About all I could make out besides was that she had run away from camp to phone, and that a kind lady in the store had loaned her a dollar because she didn't have money enough for long distance. I was to bring the dollar to pay her back." Then he chuckled, "You should have heard her say, 'Is this the Peter Briggs' home?' as though she were sixty instead of ten—"

"Peter, are you sure she's all right?" I interrupted him a little sharply, and felt a sense of annoyance when he said quietly, "Sure. Just excited. Can you be ready to leave in five minutes?"

I recall how I spluttered on the way, "Just like a man!" because Peter hadn't insisted on knowing the real reason for the trip.

I had to laugh when he replied, "I'd still be on the phone if I had. Women are that way." And I knew by the speed he was driving that he was just as eager to get to Maureen as I was.

Yet none of the reasons we imagined on the road came anywhere near the real one we found when we arrived at Kamp Kumanceus and found Maureen alone in the counselor's office, sitting on the floor, playing with a lovely baby girl whose big brown eyes and straight blond hair made my arms ache to hold her.

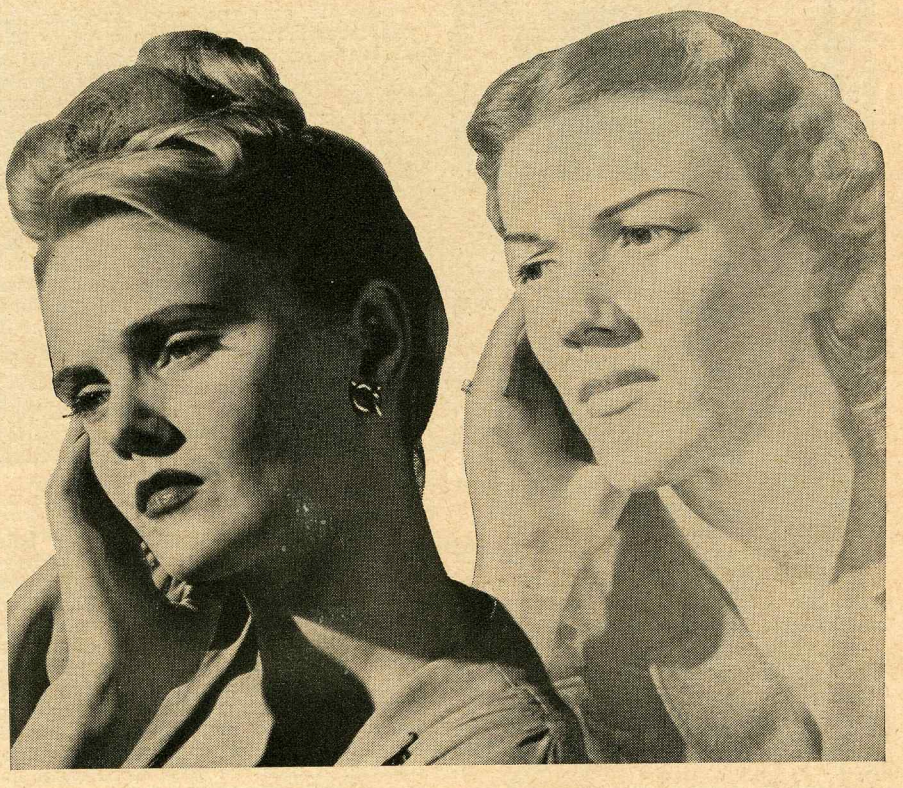
■ AS MAUREEN saw us, she jumped to her feet and ran to us, words tumbling from her lips as she kissed us both, saying breathlessly, "Her name is Mickey Bratney. She's an orphan. Her daddy got 'drownded' trying to save her mother when they went swimming in the lake. They left Mickey in the car. Can't I have her for a sister, Mother? Can't I, Daddy?

"I told Mrs. Collins when I got back why I went to the store without permission to phone you. I was so excited I forgot to ask. She forgave me, but said I'd have to stay here instead of going swimming because I broke a rule. But I didn't mind 'cause it was more fun to play with Mickey. And—"

"Not so fast, darling," Peter smiled. "We can't just go grabbing babies without permission either. That would be breaking the law." As the counselor came in, he added, "Suppose you tell Mother all about it, while I talk to Mrs. Collins for a few minutes."

"All right, Daddy," she agreed. But I could feel her trembling with eager excitement as I put my arm around her and tried to calm her before I went over and picked up the baby, who was playing so

DOES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL *suffer more like this* THAN A HOMELY ONE?



Nature has endowed some women with remarkable beauty of face and form—with sweet, loving dispositions. Others—she may have slighted when it came to passing out gifts of charm and beauty.

But in any event—whether beautiful or unattractive—many women by their very physical nature are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

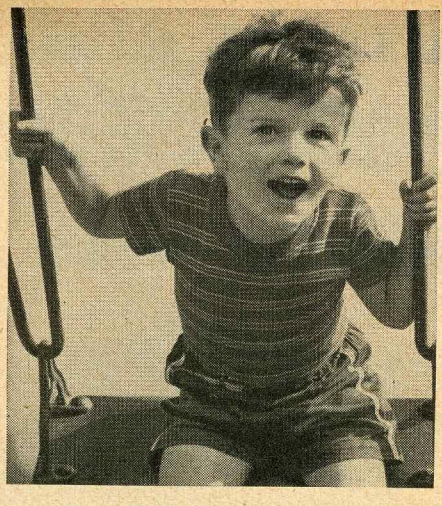
This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*—like so many unfortunates—to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel so tired and cranky you lose your sense of humor—this is nothing to joke about.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this purpose! Taken regularly thruout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such female distress.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Pinkham's Compound is also a splendid stomachic tonic. It is certainly *worth trying!* Any drugstore.



"Coming, Mother!"

"You don't have to call twice! *I* saw you makin' those keen rennet-custard desserts this mornin'—an' do I love 'em!"

Babies—children—grown-ups . . . the whole family enjoys milk that's made into delicious rennet-custards. They have all milk's food value because they aren't cooked, and the rennet enzyme makes them even easier to digest than milk itself. They're so quick and easy to make—give your youngsters *and* yourself a treat by serving rennet-custards today!

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Brand Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste; or "Junket" Rennet Powder —already sweetened, in six delicious flavors. Both at all grocers. For free sample of "Junket" Rennet Tablets, write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 183, Little Falls, N. Y.

WORTH WAITING FOR!

"JUNKET" BRAND FOODS

Freezing Mix
Quick Fudge Mix
Danish Dessert

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the U. S. and Canada.

MATERNITY STYLE BOOK FREE

LANE BRYANT Maternity clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of your maternity period—and after baby comes as well.

Designed to conceal your condition and to provide ample room for expansion.

Latest styles in Dresses and Corsets. Also apparel for baby. Send the coupon today for your FREE Book.

Lane Bryant
DEPT. 6-C · 752 E. MARKET ST.
INDIANAPOLIS 17, IND.

Mail FREE Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper. (6-C)

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....*State*.....

happily on the floor. As my arms went round her, I knew I was altogether on Maureen's side; and that I wanted her even more than she did.

My heart was pounding when Mrs. Collins came back and said that Peter wanted to see me. But I guess my eyes must have been shining with expectancy when I went to speak to him, for he smiled and said, "It would make you happy to have that baby, wouldn't it, honey?"

Afraid to speak, I just nodded before he replied, "I think it can be managed. Sheriff Putnam, who took charge of the case when the accident happened, has found that the baby's only near relative is the mother's brother, who has eight children of his own. The couple were on their way to visit him and help with his harvest when they died. Guess they were good folks just down on their luck."

■ THE GIRLS at the camp found the baby asleep in the jalopy. The sheriff had left her at the camp, because the girls begged to keep her, and he knew she would be cared for. Mrs. Collins said she'd never forget the look on Maureen's face when she told the girls that the baby's parents were dead, and that she had no home. For she had stepped forward quickly and said, "I'm sure Mummy and Daddy will take her, and I'd like to have her for a sister."

All I could say then was, "Of course I want the baby, Peter, but do you think you can support three women and educate two?"

"Sure I can, with my big girl to help me," he grinned.

Although it was nearly a year before the final adoption papers were put in our hands, and the law said that the baby was now Michele Bratney Briggs, Peter and I got a permit from the sheriff to take her home with us that day. The old nursery added another unforgettable memory to its store when we tucked Mickey into the old cradle that night, and Peter said, as he put his arm around me and kissed me, "It's great to have another tenant in it, isn't it, darling. Guess the good Lord must have known that she would need us more than we needed another of our own."

"And to make us appreciate the home and love He's granted us, Peter," I answered, as we prepared to rest after our strenuous trip. I'd always taken the fact that Peter and I were home-loving, law-abiding citizens for granted. I'd never realized how important it was, nor how many blessings it meant until the officer had begun questioning Peter and me before he allowed us to take Mickey. He asked us if we could prove that we were capable of caring for and bringing up another child in the right sort of home. I nearly burst with pride at the quiet way Peter had given our credentials as parents, and our reasons for wanting to adopt Mickey. The officer just looked at him sharply and said, "The world needs more husbands and fathers like you, Mr. Briggs."

But if Sheriff Putnam had had any doubts about the Briggs family's big reason for wanting the baby, I'm sure they would have disappeared when he came back to camp with us to turn her over to us officially, and Maureen rushed up to us with her eyes sparkling, saying, "Are you going to let my Mother and Father take Mickey home with them, Mr. Sheriff? You can't say no, because I love her so much."

His eyes twinkled as he replied, "No, I guess I can't after that speech, young lady. And I have a feeling that some day Mickey's going to know just what a lucky baby she was to have a mother like yours and a sister like you find her."

We all laughed, and I could see the love and pride in my heart reflected in Peter's eyes when Maureen answered slowly, "Mother and I are the lucky ones, sir, because we have the best Daddy in the world to share with her."

I started out of my reverie as I heard an old familiar voice say, "Will you please direct me to the Walnut Room. I have an appointment there to meet an old friend at tea, and I'm late."

■ AS I LOOKED up and saw Nan standing a few feet away speaking to a bell boy, I realized that I'd been so engrossed in my thoughts that I hadn't seen her come in. She hadn't recognized me because of my white hair. I went to greet her, laughing. "You haven't changed a bit, Nan."

There was a look of amazement in her eyes as I kissed her and said, "It's good to see you after all these years, darlin'." I laughed, saying, "Don't mourn over the demise of my black curls, honey. Peter loves my white plumes. Says they're the badge of a good mother, and I just got mine early."

That really broke the ice, and Nan began to bubble about all that had been and was to be, as we went in to tea. But I realized that she still didn't really believe me when I said I was supremely happy, until I looked up and saw Peter, with Maureen and Mickey, coming toward our table.

"Here comes my positive proof now, Nan," I smiled, waving to them.

Nan whispered softly, "I don't wonder you call Maureen the beat of your heart, she looks just like you. They're both bonnie belles, June. Peter still looks as though he had stepped fresh off Olympus. You must give me your recipe for keeping a husband in shape. Jim's like me, he's beginning to bulge in the wrong places."

HOW'S YOUR BEAUTY I. Q.?

1 **There's nothing new about bangs. We can trace this hair style back to a famous Egyptian queen who was an exotic beauty. Do you know her name?**

2 **Two Hollywood actresses, Betty Grable and Marlene Dietrich, are famous for the same reason. Since they are opposite types can you guess what it is?**

3 **Cosmetic names are confusing at times. For instance, what is the difference between: *make-up base, foundation,* and a *base coat*—which is which?**

1 Her name is Cleopatra. She was Queen of the Nile and lived in the time of Julius Caesar. She wore her dark hair in a page-boy bob with straight bangs.

2 These two much publicized Hollywood actresses are both blonde, blue-eyed and short. But they are most famous for their super-shapely legs.

3 The names may differ but the purpose is the same. All are used to create a flattering film on the face and to aid in blending your rouge and powder.

..."and it's no TRICK to make 'em"

THEY LOOK FANCY . . . they taste delicious! But they're sure-fire and easy. No practice needed . . . no sleight-of-hand. You'll do 'em quick—and right, the first time. Just be sure to have on hand some wonderful KARO* Syrup. It does more than sweeten. It adds *food-energy value* — and the finest flavor you ever struck!

Such "dressed-up" plain food disappears like magic, when the family gets a taste. How about trying the recipes tomorrow?

THE KARO KID

GLAZED HAM ROLLS

1 cup grated raw tart apple
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter
6 slices boiled ham, ⅛ inch thick

Thoroughly mix ingredients for stuffing. Spread by spoonfuls on ham slices and roll. Place in baking dish. Pour KARO Glaze over rolls. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes; baste frequently.

KARO GLAZE: Combine ¾ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label, 3 tablespoons water, ¼ cup vinegar, 6 cloves and 2-inch stick cinnamon. Simmer 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Sufficient Glaze for 6 Ham Rolls.

PARTY BAKED APPLES

½ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons sugar
4 baking apples, cored
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
14 almonds, blanched
4 maraschino cherries, chopped

Combine first six ingredients. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Pare upper half of apples. Place in baking dish. Pour syrup mixture over apples. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour or until tender, basting frequently. Remove from oven. Top apples with meringue made from egg white and 2 tablespoons sugar. Insert cherries and shredded almonds. Bake 15 minutes or until lightly browned. 4 servings.

* KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y.

© C. P. R. Co., 1947

What puts the go in the gals they go for?

● Those gals aren't always pretty. But they're always pretty *smart*—specially about their clothes. They know the knack of keeping everything they put on fresh, feminine and appealing.

Get the inside story on a popular gal. See some of the little things that make her a big hit.

beguiling freshness

She knows how to keep her undies dainty and attractive. Hers always get babied in Ivory Flakes suds. That helps guard against fraying and fading. Everybody knows *no soap gives clothes or colors gentler care.*

streamlined curves

She counts on her girdle to control 'em! And she counts on safe Ivory Flakes to help keep her girdle on the job. See *how much longer* your girdle keeps its fit and stretch with frequent sudsings in this fast flake form of baby's pure Ivory.

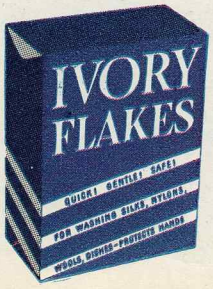
fun-loving clothes

She keeps 'em ready for fun! That eye-catching dress of Lanaset*-treated wool jersey gets sudsed in Ivory Flakes. It's one soap *fashion designers* and *fabric experts recommend* to help keep pet washables looking bright, fitting right. So take their tip and skip strong soaps—rough handling. Head for twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care.

eye-filling legs

Does she worry about needless runs in those flattering chiffons? No, ma'am! Her stockings get daily dunkings in baby-mild Ivory Flakes. No strong soaps for her. Not when strain tests prove regular, gentle Ivory Flakes care slows down runs up to 50%.

LANASET* Resin. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



if it's lovely to wear it's worth Ivory Flakes care

GRANDMOTHER STONE'S

■ Mrs. Stone and Mildred plan the family's meals together

YEARS AGO, Grandmother Stone ran a boarding house, where she built herself a reputation for being an excellent cook. Even today the telephone rings to inquire how she makes her delicious mustard sauce, or just how her clam fritter recipe reads. I wish you could see her recipe books. They look like children's copy books, and they are just filled with luscious sounding recipes, all written out in her careful script. Even more fun than browsing through her cookbooks, is talking to Mrs. Stone herself about food. She may have retired from most of the active cooking in her family, but she hasn't lost a bit of her enthusiasm or knowledge of how good cooking is done. We couldn't bring all of her recipes to you, so here are just a few:

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

4 pounds corned beef
6 medium potatoes, peeled
3 parsnips, cut lengthwise
1 yellow turnip, sliced
1 bunch carrots, cut lengthwise
1 small head cabbage, cut in wedges
1 bunch beets

(1) Wash meat well in cold water. (2) Place in a deep kettle, cover with cold water, bring to a boil and simmer about 3 hours or until tender. (3) About 40 minutes before meat is tender add potatoes, parsnips and turnips. Cook 20 minutes, then add carrots and cabbage, and cook 20 minutes longer or until vegetables are tender. (4) Cook beets separately about 1 hour or until tender. (5) Place meat on serving platter and arrange vegetables around meat. Serve with Mustard Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

HOMEMADE MUSTARD SAUCE

½ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
½ cup dry mustard
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1½ cups vinegar

(1) Mix sugar and egg yolks together; stir in mustard and butter. (2) Gradually pour in vinegar, stirring to mix with other ingredients. (3) Cook over hot water until mixture thickens slightly, about 10 minutes. Makes 1½ cups thin sauce.

RHODE ISLAND JOHNNY CAKE

2 cups white cornmeal
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
2 cups boiling water
½ cup milk

(1) Combine cornmeal with salt and sugar. (2) Add shortening and stir in boiling water. (Cornmeal should be thoroughly moistened.) (3) Stir in milk to make a thick batter. (4) Drop by tablespoonsful onto a hot greased griddle, and cook over medium heat until browned on both sides. Serve piping hot. Makes 16 small cakes. Serve plain or with maple syrup.

APPLE PAN DOWDY

6 medium apples
¼ cup molasses
3 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Dash salt
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Soft biscuit dough

(1) Peel and slice apples thin. Place in a baking dish. (2) Add molasses, sugar, spices and salt, and dot with butter. (3) Cover dish and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) 20 minutes. (4) Make up biscuit dough, and spread evenly over apples in casserole. (5) Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings. *Biscuit Dough:* Sift together *2 cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder* and *½ teaspoon salt.* Cut in *⅓ cup shortening,* and stir in about *1 cup milk* to make soft dough. Proceed as directed above.

RHODE ISLAND RECIPES

MILDRED TAYLOR lost her own mother when she was ten. Needing help with bringing her up, her father took her back to his old home to his mother, Grandmother Stone. There Mildred grew up, surrounded by the warmth and affection of her grandparents. In the course of time, like most girls, she grew interested in food and cooking. What better place could she find to learn about them than under the skillful eye and deft hands of her grandmother?

Now Mildred has a husband and child of her own. While they are back living with her grandparents, until they can find a place of their own, she assumes most of the responsibility for purchasing food and cooking the family's meals. When she said to me, "Walter would eat fish seven days a week if I'd cook it for him," I decided to look particularly for fish dishes among Grandmother Stone's recipes.

You may not be as close to the source of fresh fish as they are in Rhode Island, but I'm sure you'll find your own market can supply you with fish, canned, fresh, dried or frozen.

CREAMED SALT CODFISH

1 pound salt codfish*
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup enriched all-purpose flour
2 cups milk OR 1 cup evaporated milk and 1 cup water
1 egg yolk
Dash pepper

(1) Cover codfish with cold water; let stand at least 2 hours to freshen. Drain. (2) Cover with fresh water; bring to a boil and drain. (3) Cover again with fresh water; bring to a boil, and simmer 20 minutes, or until tender. Drain and flake fish. (4) Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan; add flour and blend. (5) Gradually stir in milk, and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. (6) Beat egg yolk and add to cream sauce, continuing to stir. (7) Add flaked fish to sauce, and heat until piping hot about 5 minutes. Season to taste with pepper. Serve plain or on toast. Makes 6 servings. Creamed codfish is also good when served over boiled or baked potatoes. *When using ready-prepared shredded codfish follow directions on the package for freshening fish.

CLAM FRITTERS

25 fresh clams
1 cup cooked mashed potatoes
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon clam juice
1 tablespoon milk
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
½ cup enriched all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
Fat for frying

(1) Chop clams fine and drain. (2) Combine mashed potatoes, eggs, clam juice, milk and seasonings, and stir until well mixed. (3) Stir in clams. (4) Sift together flour and baking powder and stir into potato clam mixture. (Batter should be stiff enough to drop from a spoon.) (5) Melt fat in a heavy skillet to a depth of about ½ inch. (6) Drop in batter by tablespoonsful, and fry until golden brown on both sides. Makes 12 fritters. (Note: When fat is plentiful drop batter by tablespoonsful into hot deep fat, 375 degrees F., and fry until browned. Drain on brown paper.)

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS

1½ cups cracker crumbs
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
Salt and pepper to taste
1½ pints oysters, drained
½ cup oyster liquor
1½ cups milk OR ¾ cup evaporated milk and 1 cup water

(1) Put a thin layer of crumbs in the bottom of a greased baking dish; dot with 1 tablespoon of the butter. (2) Top with half the oysters and sprinkle with salt and pepper. (3) Cover with crumbs and dot with 1 tablespoon of the butter. (4) Add half the oyster liquor and milk. (5) Repeat with remaining ingredients. (6) Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) about 20 minutes or until crumbs are browned. This recipe makes 6 servings.

The Homemaker

CONDUCTED BY
ESTHER KIMMEL

WANTED: A HOME OF OUR OWN

HERE IS A picture of Walter and Mildred Traylor of Providence, Rhode Island, with their four-year-old daughter, Sharon Lee. They look, and are, very much like many other young American couples who were brought together by the war. And like so many others, they are faced with the same discouraging problem: They want a home of their own! What's more, they can't help feeling that they deserve a little house, or an apartment even, where they can be alone. They want to be surrounded by their own furniture, and their own possessions; they want a place where they can entertain their friends, make their own decisions, and bring up their child without the inevitable complications of having many people always around.

For eight years Walter has moved from place to place, subject to the decision of the navy. During the war, his services were much in demand, for he was a skilled utility man, assigned to a naval air squadron. For the last five of those years, Mildred has been his wife, and moved with him whenever she could. They have had lots of fun together, but in many places, they found living conditions difficult. One place, where they had a pleasant apartment, they hated to leave; others they remember only with distaste. Through all their wanderings, however, they had the feeling that their problems were only temporary. "As soon as the war is over," they promised each other, "we'll settle down, buy our own furniture and put down a few roots."

Now the war is over. Walter has decided to turn his wartime skills to peacetime industry. Since Mildred's father has his own jewelry tool and finding company and has no son of his own, he is happy that Walter chose to learn the family trade. In the few months that Walter has worked for his father-in-law, he has done well and feels content with the progress he has made.

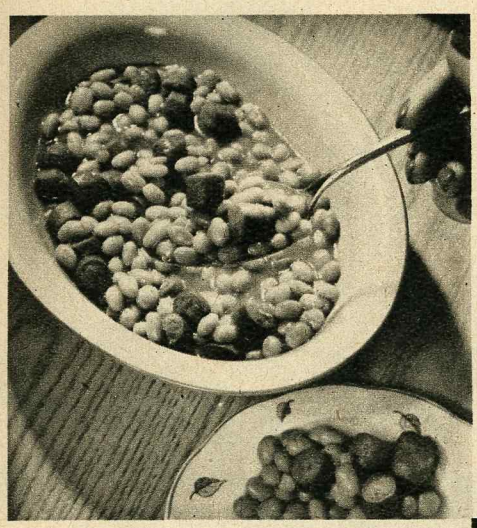
Everything would be just fine for the young Traylors now if only they could find a place of their own to live. At present they are staying with Mildred's grandparents, who brought her up after the death of her mother many years ago. Naturally, the older people are delighted to have them, especially curly-haired Sharon Lee; nevertheless, it means crowding and doubling up for them all. The apartment has only five rooms, which can provide very little privacy for the young family.

Perhaps in writing their story, I am making it sound as though Walter and Mildred are the complaining sort. Not at all! They have accepted their housing limitations with the best grace in the world. They are considerate and loyal to their grandparents; they cheerfully have assumed most of the cares of running the house. Mildred is a thorough and capable little housekeeper, taking pride in her cooking and cleaning. Still, they can't help hoping and believing that soon they can move for the last time, into a place of their own. They are eager to buy their own furniture, hang their own curtains, plan their meals to please themselves.

To the Traylors go our very best wishes for speedily finding a home of their own!

INTRODUCING THE TRAYLORS OF PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

NEWS IN FOOD!



INSTANT COFFEE . . . For between-meal snacks, or for the one member of the family who wants coffee when everyone else is drinking tea, have you investigated instant soluble coffee? It's quick; it's convenient; it's delicious. You may even come to prefer it for breakfast, when moments are precious and everyone's in a hurry. If you are one who insists that coffee keeps you awake at night, there is a caffeine-free variety.

The directions for preparing are these: *Place a teaspoonful of instant soluble coffee, more or less heaped, according to the strength you prefer, into a cup. Fill with freshly-boiling water and stir. Add sugar, cream or milk to taste.*

Use it as flavoring for dessert too.

BEANS AND FRANKFURTERS . . . What happens at your house when your husband comes snooping around the kitchen for a snack—and not just a light snack, but a good hearty stick-to-the-ribs kind? Have you discovered the new baked beans with sliced wieners ("hot dogs!") in tomato sauce that come in a jar? The flavor is excellent, the frankfurter slices tender and delicious. It takes but a minute to: *Open the jar, heat the contents in a saucepan, and serve.*

You mustn't consider them merely snack fare either. The whole family will like them for lunch or supper. Be sure to include a crisp green salad at the same meal for variety, chewiness and nutritive value. How about shredded cabbage, carrots and green peppers with French dressing?

APPLE PIE MIX . . . Can you imagine preparing an apple pie for the oven in just over ten minutes? It's now as easy as pie! Except for the sugar, the whole thing comes in a package, which can be stored until needed on the kitchen shelf. Not only the pie crust mix, but the apples, already sliced, and spices, are included. The apples and the pastry are packed in separate cartons, then both wrapped together in a package containing easy-to-follow directions on the wrapper.

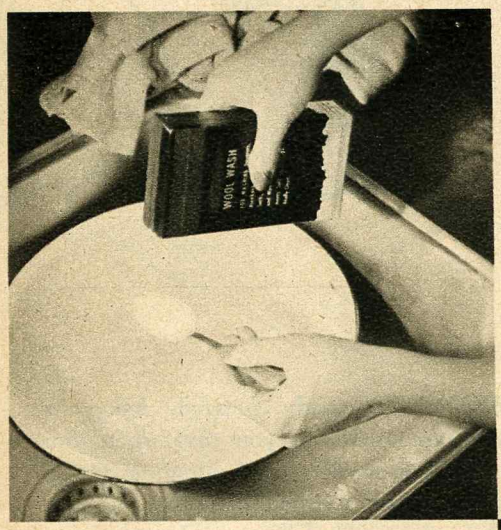
Here's how you do it: while the oven is heating, soak the dried apples in warm water and make the pastry. Line the pie pan, add the filling, and cover with top crust. Pop the whole thing in the oven and bake.

MUFFIN MIXES . . . Muffin mixes may be an old story to those of you who surprise your families often with toasty hot muffins for breakfast or supper, but have you learned how easy it is to change Plain Jane muffins into Belles-of-the-Ball?

Follow directions on the package for making the muffins. To add that festive note, try adding chopped *nut meats*, chopped *dates*, *apricots*, or *prunes* to the batter. For hearty muffins use chopped *cooked ham*, chopped *cooked bacon*, or *grated cheese*. Your family will decide you're the best cook in the neighborhood.

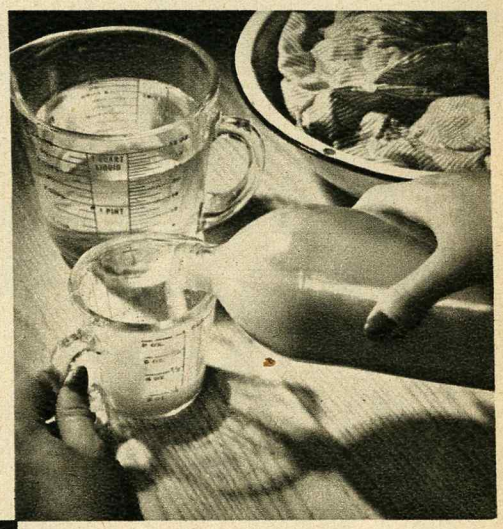
Easy

News In Cleaning Aids!



BLEMISH REMOVER . . . For those blemishes, burns, scratches, and white marks on your cherished furniture, there is now hope. How often we've all grieved over unsightly marks left by wet glasses or hot dishes. Scratches will happen in the best of families too, especially where there are children. While we know major accidents which remove the finish itself cannot be remedied short of an entirely new finish, there is now a blemish remover that can do much to restore your tables to their old shining beauty.

This remedy comes in a tube, and is dark brown in color. *Squeeze a little of the blemish remover directly onto the scratch. Rub around with a cloth. Do not touch for several minutes, then polish spot vigorously.*



WASHING WOOLENS . . . This is the season when your precious sweaters, woolen socks, mittens and gloves come in for their hardest wear. To keep them looking like new requires frequent careful laundering. Lighten your work and keep their colors fresh by using a new powdered product created especially for washing them. Blankets, babies' dainty garments, and all your fine woolens will respond to the same careful treatment.

Here are the instructions: *Pour a tablespoonful of the powder into a basin; run lukewarm or cold water over it with force. Dip the garment into the water, squeezing it with the hands gently for a few minutes, or until all the soil is loosened. Rinse twice, squeeze out moisture, dry in shade.*

LIQUID LAUNDRY STARCH . . . Wash day problems are steadily diminishing with all the new equipment and products now on the market designed to lighten the housewife's burdens. One of the newest, and certainly most welcome, is a new liquid ready-to-use laundry starch, which already contains bluing and which requires no mixing, cooking or boiling. It comes in a bottle for convenient storage. It should not sour, settle or separate.

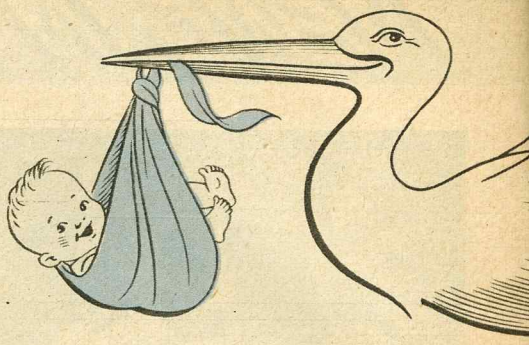
Whenever your garments are ready to starch, merely: *Add one part of the liquid starch to three parts of warm water. Stir until well mixed and dip the fabrics as usual.* If you are a working girl, or if you have many in-between-wash-days washings, you will be delighted with it.

Ways

DETERGENTS . . . There's no need to wait for old-fashioned housecleaning time to restore walls, woodwork, painted furniture, sinks and refrigerators to their natural shining beauty and newness. With the many new cleaning aids known in general as detergents now available, you can keep them spotless by day-to-day wiping up. Many of these cleaning aids come in powder form. Directions for their use vary somewhat, but here are the general instructions:

Dissolve about three heaping tablespoons of the cleaner in a gallon of hot water. Wring out a soft cloth in the solution until it is almost dry, then just wipe away the dirt.

Photographed at R. H. Macy & Co., New York

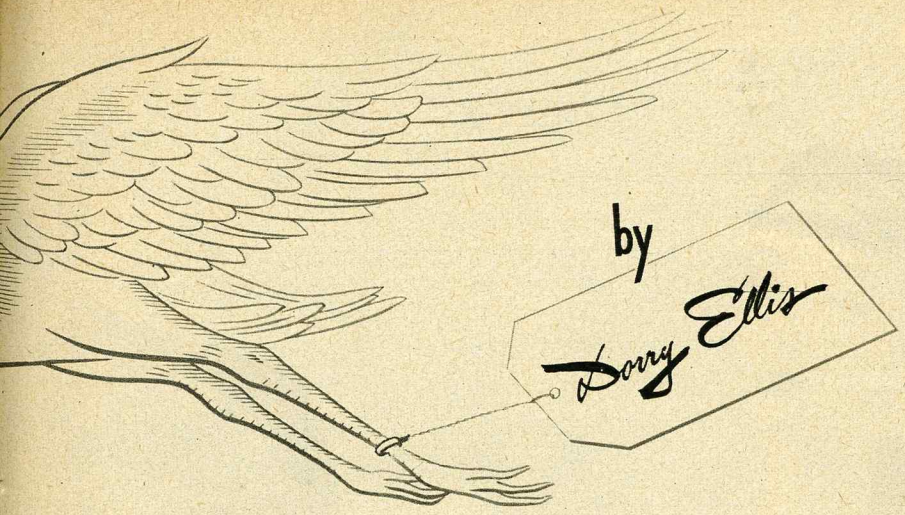


TIMES have certainly changed. Ask your mother and she'll tell you that when you were the reason she was shopping for a layette, her own wardrobe was very dreary • While she marked time, and your presence became more noticeable, she resigned herself to navy blue or black dresses—usually three sizes too large for her • Can you blame her for going into seclusion?

But, lucky you, this is 1947. At this very moment, thousands of busy hands are working away designing, cutting, stitching and finishing fashion-right dresses just for mothers-to-be • Imagine having your choice of the latest styles and in your favorite colors and fabrics! Call it a miracle if you wish, but our American designers have another explanation • They carefully studied your needs and skillfully adapted up-to-the-minute styles that are flattering to your figure and do wonders for your morale. Even though you're "infanticipating," you can easily keep it a secret, when you go out in public.

Here's a perfect example: The smart looking dress at the left comes from a house called Maternity Miracles • It is made of a Charbelle printed rayon and has a unique latchet adjustment. That's the miracle part of it! The dress grows with you, by means of three metal eyelets and hooks on either side, that can be adjusted to give you added fullness • It comes in sizes 10 to 20 and is under $15. You will find it in leading stores throughout the country.

While you're waiting.


by
Dorry Ellis

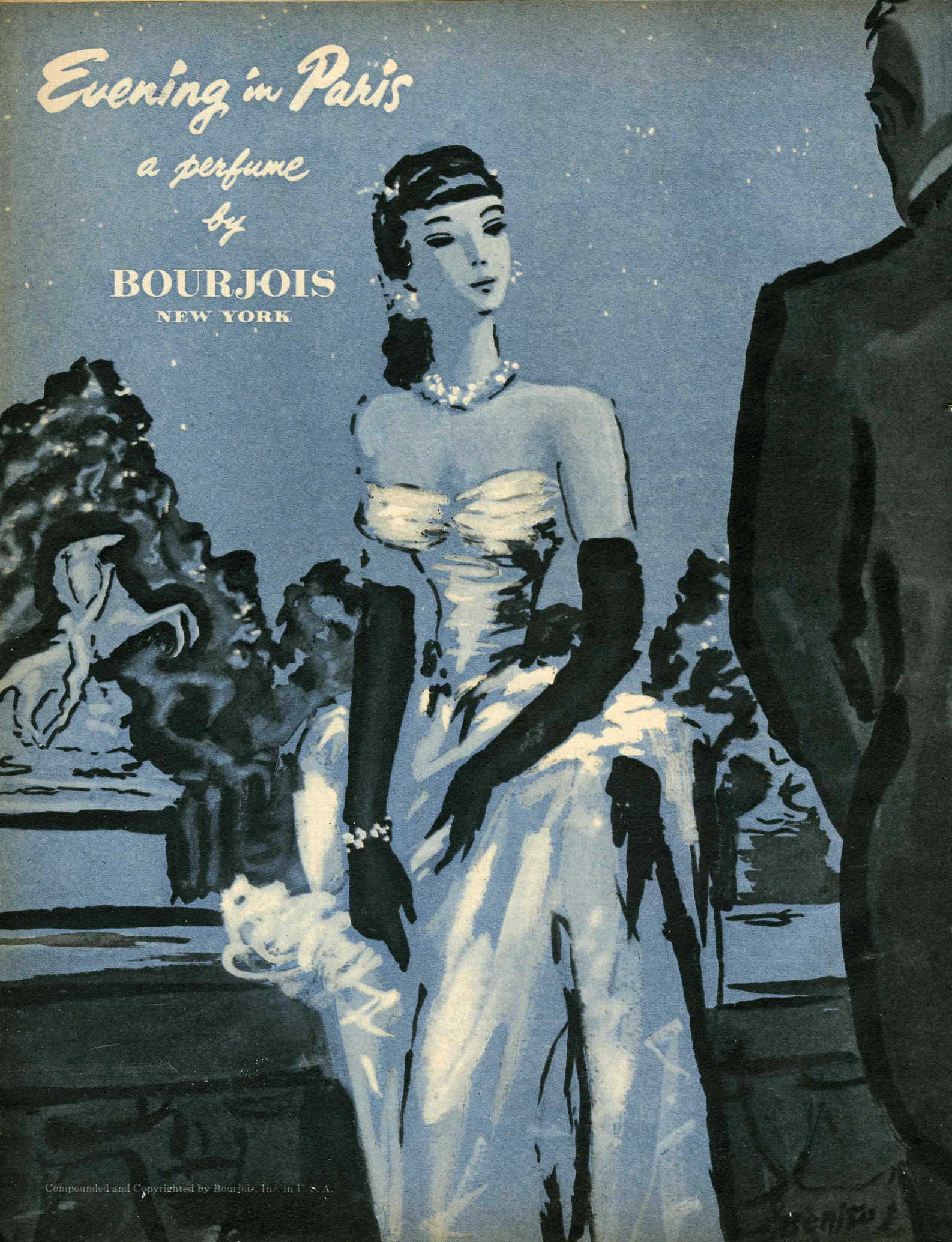
HAVING A BABY is like falling in love—your face takes on a radiance that makes you more beautiful than ever. Since nature is nice enough to provide you with this inner glow, you can cooperate by concentrating on your complexion. Proper cleansing of your face will make it clearer and smoother. Protect your skin by using a lanolin-rich lubricating cream regularly and don't neglect massage. Select a flattering make-up base and color-match it with a carefully blended powder.

IF YOU DON'T like the shape of your lips, the artist in you has a chance to shine. Invest in a lip brush and practice on your mouth until you determine the best shape for your lips. A steady hand with the brush can be acquired very simply. Just practice drawing symmetrical lip curves on your hand; you'll soon be an expert. Keep in mind that you are not supposed to distort your lips; you are only trying to skillfully retouch them. Always wear matching rouge and lipstick.

HIGHLIGHT YOUR make-up by wearing colorful costume jewelry. Select earrings that conform to the shape of your ears. If you have blue eyes, accent the shade by wearing blue jewelry. And don't be timid about combining several necklaces. A double strand of pearls worn with a gold or silver choker makes an exciting accessory. Utilize brooches or clips by attaching them to beads or a gold or silver chain to form an unusual pendant. Jewelry can be a clever eye-catcher.

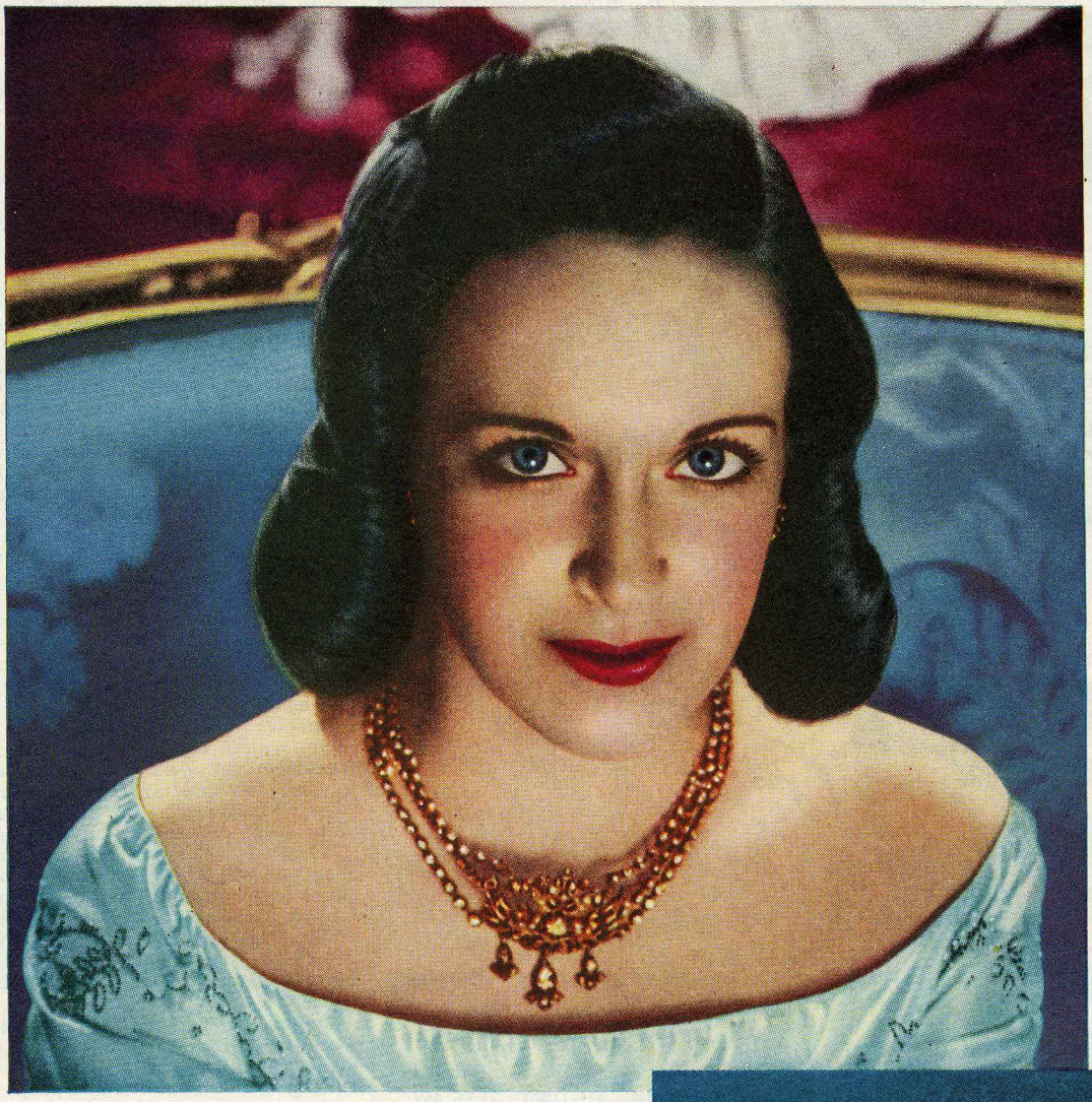
YES, YOU can let your expectant motherhood go to your head! It's a smart idea to change to a flattering new coiffure. Experiment at home or ask your hairdresser to create an original style for you. Treat yourself to hair conditioning treatments and follow with a good permanent wave. Frequent shampoos plus massage and the daily habit of one hundred strokes of the hairbrush will coax your hair to shine. Use lacquer if you have trouble keeping those short ends from getting wanderlust.

..be captivating!


Evening in Paris
a perfume
by
BOURJOIS
NEW YORK
Compounded and Copyrighted by Bourjois, Inc., in U. S. A.

Beautiful Edith Kingdon Gould

Gifted harpist and accomplished linguist . . . former lieutenant in the WAVES . . . daughter of one of our greatest families



Dramatic

Edith Gould accents the beauty of her own dramatic coloring with stunning new make-up colors by Pond's—

Pond's Make-Up Pat and Dreamflower Powder in new, delicate "Peach". . . radiant, soft-glowing.

Pond's "Lips" in blue-brilliant "Heart Throb."

There's a Pond's color ensemble with drama for you, too! "And a Pond's make-up has the most lovable way of *staying on!*" says Edith Kingdon Gould.

All lovely—Pond's cake make-up . . . powder . . . lipstick

a Pond's make-up stays on... and on... and on!

T S

HI, IDA! SAY, WHAT'S YOUR WASH GOT THAT MINE HASN'T?
OOOOOO- that OXYDOL SPARKLE!
OXYDOL
Yes, Oxydol washes SPARKLING WHITE! SPARKLING BRIGHT! SPARKLING CLEAN!

1. TESTS PROVE OXYDOL WASHES WHITER than lazy soaps ever can! *Sparkling* white without bleaching!

HOW DO YOU GET BILL'S WORK SHIRTS SO CLEAN?
WHY, OXYDOL LIFTS OUT THE LAST POSSIBLE SPECK OF DIRT- GETS MY WHOLE WASH SPARKLING CLEAN!

2. FOR THE EASIEST WASHDAY POSSIBLE —use Oxydol. See how quickly clothes come *sparkling* clean!

GIRL AT THE CARNIVAL

(*Continued from page* 28) tha's what he said. Gotta lay off the stuff, or you'll go out like a light. Better'f I did, Johnny. No good to anybody—not even myself. You'd ought to walk out on me, boy. You'd ought to take that money your Mom left you and go to college like she wanted."

"Fat chance, when I never even finished high!"

"'S my fault. Didn't do right by you. Letting you grow up in a carnival. 'S no place for a kid. Didn't do right by your Mom. That time down South when that feller offered me a steady job—I shoulda grabbed it. Itchy foot or no itchy foot, I shoulda settled down."

"Skip it, Pops." I said. "That was a long time ago."

A long time ago.

■ AFTER I'D got Pops undressed and made sure there weren't any bottles tucked around the trailer I went out into the soft June darkness, thinking about that time. Thinking how funny it was that you could remember back to the time when you were ten and see things just as plain as if they'd happened yesterday. Yes, and not only see, but hear and smell and taste and feel so that, standing under the Pennsylvania stars, all of a sudden I was back in a little town down South and I could hear water running in a bathtub and Mom's voice calling me—calling with a little lilt that was almost like a song.

"Johnny, time to clean up for supper!"

"Aw, gee, Mom, I had a bath yesterday!"

"And you're going to have one today and tomorrow and every day until we start to roll again."

Naked as a jaybird, skinny as a rail, and Mom, with a rubber apron tied over her fresh print dress, scrubbing pink soap onto a washcloth and digging it into my ears. "Gee whiz, Mom, lay off! I don't see why I gotta be so darn clean, anyway!"

"Because we're living respectable for a change, that's why! A roof over our heads, stairs to go up and down. A dining-room table to sit down to. Folks to talk to on the porch after supper. I don't know how long it will take to overhaul the cars and trailers, but we're going to make the most of it while it lasts!"

Funny. From the way Mom was all that week, you'd think she was sick of the carnival, that all she cared about was a roof and stairs and a bathtub and people to chat with on the porch in the evenings. And yet, on the last night, when the cars were finished and the carnival was ready to roll again and the man who owned the tourist place wanted Pops to stay and help him run it—

"I don't guess we'd better, hon," Ma said. "It might be fine for Johnny and me, but—no, I don't guess we'd better. You'd feel like a fish out of water. You'd be a square peg in a round hole."

Pennsylvania stars and the big trailer lot silent and dark. The double row of concessions dark and silent too, and the ferris wheel like a big spider web against the sky. You could see a wavery gleam of starlight on the canvas tank where Maizie did her high dive and down by the main gates where the animal cages were kept, the night air was heavy with a sharp, musky smell. I went through the gates and struck off up the highway, walking fast, walking off my mad at Pops. Because what was the good of being mad at him when he couldn't help being what he was? A little guy, a little guy with nothing much to tie to now that Mom was gone.

Me. He had me to tie to, but what good

was that, when all the time the feeling of guilt was nagging at him? My gimpy leg that I'd got out of the smash-up that first time I ever saw Pops get roaring drunk. It was the night after Mom's funeral that it happened. Thirteen I was, still skinny but beginning to be beanpole tall. Voice changing, frog croak one minute, rooster crow the next. That part stands out because I remember how the guys around the bar made fun of me when I tried to get Pops to lay off and come home to the trailer. That part, and the rain and the way the car kept slewing. "Pops, let me drive, huh? Look, maybe I haven't any license, but I'll get us back right side up."

"Maxwelton's braes are bonny—"

"Pops, pull up and let me take the wheel."

"Think I'm drunk, don't you? Think a squirt like you can handle a car better'n I can. I'll show you. Maxwelton's braes are bonny, where early falls the dew. And 'twas there that Annie Laurie—"

Lights glaring up over the hill and then the crash and then, after a long black while, Pops sitting beside me in the ambulance, cold sober. Cold sober, and scared so that his hands shook and his face looked as if his flesh was sagging off his bones. "I'm to blame. Gee, kid, I'll never touch another drop, so help me!"

Maybe the first time you hear something like that you believe it. Maybe you believe it the second time, or the twenty-second, but after seven years of it—

A guy grows up with a gimp and it does something to him. Oh, I don't mean you waste any time feeling sorry for yourself or blaming anybody. But you don't want anybody else feeling sorry for you either, so you get tough, get cagey. It's as if the gimp is a chip on your shoulder and you go around waiting for somebody to try to knock it off. Waiting for somebody to pull something, so you can let them have it. The gimp and Pops—all mixed up together, and every time I saw a bender coming on I had the same kind of crazy feeling that all of me was just a fist, hard and angry, wanting to smash into something.

There were lights up the highway—ERNIE'S ALL-NITE EATS scrawled in bright red neon across the dark—and all at once I felt hungry. When I got close I could smell hamburgers sizzling and I pushed open the door and went in. A couple of truck drivers were sitting at the long counter and the juke box was playing "My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time."

■ THERE WAS a girl behind the counter. Not a tomato or a slick chick, but just a girl—not very tall, sort of skinny, with eyes too big for her face and light hair tied back with a blue ribbon like the pictures of Alice in Wonderland in a book I had when I was a kid. She came over to me as I slid up onto one of the tall stools. "What'll it be?" she asked, and smiled. It was a nice friendly smile, only I didn't smile back. I didn't feel like smiling. "Hamburger, medium, and coffee," I told her and fumbled in my pocket for a cigarette.

She drew a cup of coffee and set it down before me, and pretty soon she brought the hamburger and I began to eat. The truck drivers finished and went out; the tune in the juke box ran down. The girl had her back to me, wiping up the shelves behind the counter, but I could see her in the mirror. I could see the little slanting hollows under her high cheekbones and the way her soft, light hair fell forward against the blue ribbon, slid forward, silky and fine, so you knew it wasn't bleached. Knew it would feel cool and smooth and slippery to the touch—and that was a dumb thing to think of, because what was it to me?

Our eyes met in the mirror, and a funny little tingle went through me, as if I'd really touched her, really felt the clean young softness of her hair. There was color in her

"ANOTHER HELPING, JIM? I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T HUNGRY"
"SO DID I—BUT I CAN'T RESIST FISH AND POTATOES FIXED YOUR WAY!"
"MORE FOR ME, TOO!"
Aunt Jenny's
LENTEN DINNER
—golden brown, crispy, delicate-tasting. Make a big hit with fish and potatoes!
SEE RECIPE BELOW

"They'll smack their lips over this better tasting Lenten Dinner"

says Aunt Jenny

Foods fried the Spry way are so digestible, too!

"CAN you make a *plain* meal taste like a company treat? That takes a real good cook—'specially when it's fried food.

"To be sure they're top-notch, fry 'em in pure all-vegetable Spry. Land sakes, it brings out all the *natural* flavory goodness. Foods fried the Spry way are SO easy to digest. Just you try 'em and see!"

Fried Fish Fillets

2 pounds fish fillets (*haddock, halibut, cod, whitefish, mackerel, whiting or herring*)
¼ cup Spry.

Try any *one* of these easy ways to prepare your fish for frying: Dip fillets in corn meal...or in salted evaporated milk, then in crumbs. Or dip fillets in seasoned flour, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs. Fry in hot Spry over low heat until golden-brown on both sides. No unpleasant smoke or smell when you fry the Spry way. Garnish with lemon. Serves 6.

Skillet French Fries

Cut 6 raw, pared potatoes into ½-inch cubes. Melt ⅓ cup Spry in heavy skillet over full heat. Add potatoes. Fry quickly, turning often until crisp and golden brown, about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with salt and serve immediately. Serves 4.

Have you discovered how easy it is to make superb cake with Spry and its One-Bowl Cake Method? Spry gives you a magic cake-making secret you don't get in any other type of shortening. Pastry success is child's play with Spry to help. Rely on Spry for ALL your baking and frying.

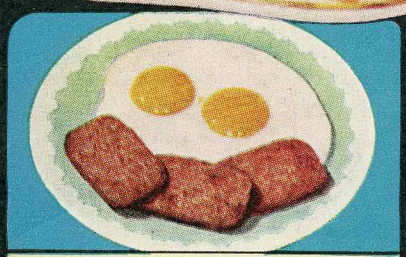
Spry is a Product of Lever Brothers Company

Spry
PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

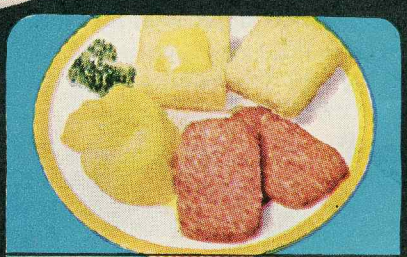
Aunt Jenny says:
"BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL BE A BETTER COOK WITH SPRY"

Dress up your dinner with SPAM*

(SEE BAKED SPAM RECIPE ON LABEL)



BREAKFAST—Sure fire hit: serve Spam 'n' fried eggs—or with eggs any style. Waffles, pancakes, hot breads with Spam are mighty good, too.



LUNCHEON—Crusty, fresh-baked corn bread with sizzling fried Spam and old fashioned apple sauce give the midday meal a real "Southern accent."

COLD OR HOT

SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

*"Spam" is a registered trademark. It identifies a pure pork product—packed only in 12-ounce tins—made exclusively by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

face as she turned around. "Another cup of coffee?"

"Why not?" While she was drawing it I went over to the juke box and put a nickel in and pushed the button, and grinned at her over my shoulder as Bing Crosby's voice came out, corny and sweet. "Every time you smell a rose, aren't you glad you've got a nose? And if the grass is wet with dew, aren't you glad you're you?"

"Easy pleased, isn't he?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know. I like that song."

"Yeah?"

She watched me come gimping back to the counter and her eyes were wide and sort of gentle. "The war?"

"Who wants to know?"

Her color deepened and her mouth trembled. "I—gee, I didn't mean to be nosey. I only thought—"

"Well, don't," I told her. "Thinking only gets you into trouble."

■ I DRANK my coffee and slapped my money down and went out. Back in the trailer, Pops was sleeping it off. I put out the light and got undressed in the dark and slid into the other bunk and lay there trying to go to sleep. But I couldn't, because I kept doing the very thing I'd told her not to do—thinking. Well, maybe you couldn't call it thinking, but just a cockeyed kind of wishing. Wishing I could have squared my shoulders and said "Sure, I was in the war!" Wishing I could have said, "I was at Guadalcanal—Leyte—Saipan."

She showed up at the carnival the next afternoon with two fellows and another girl. I saw them coming along the Midway, and if Pops had been on the job I'd have ducked out before they got to me. It was hot as all get-out, and she had on a short-sleeved dress of some cottony stuff and little flat white sandals and her hair was held back with a ribbon. She looked like a school kid. The fellow she was with was rather handsome and he wore flashy clothes that must of set him back plenty. I didn't even look at the other couple then. I just watched her go by the shooting gallery and then in a minute she was back. By herself this time, and sort of breathless and scared.

"Look, I—I didn't mean to speak out of turn last night," she said. "I mean about—about your limp. I—I'm sorry, honest."

"Forget it."

"Is this where you work? I wondered." I said abruptly, not meaning to, not even knowing I was going to until the words came out: "Who's the guy you're with?"

"Ernie—Ernie Schultz. He owns the diner where I work."

"Going steady?"

Quick as a flash she came back at me. "Who wants to know?"

I grinned. I couldn't help it. "Okay. So we're even. Johnny Carter wants to know. But you needn't bother to tell me. The show's going to be here a week, and I'll find out for myself."

A week! You'd think it would take longer than a week to fall in love, but it doesn't, not when two people belong the way Mary and I did. Not when there's that funny feeling of recognition between you, as if you'd known each other long before and lost each other and now were together again. Together, like two halves of a whole, so that you hardly needed to talk, but could just sit close with your fingers linked and know that as long as you lived you could never be lonesome again, never feel shut out and sore at all the world. Never even mind your gimp again, because what did it matter when Mary didn't care?

One night Pops took over the shooting gallery and Mary and I roamed around the carnival taking in the sights. We were gay as kids, riding the ferris wheel, winning silly prizes, collecting dreams.

You can pack a lot of dreaming into a week, and without a lot of words you can jell the dreaming into plans. I'd never thought much about the thousand bucks Mom had left me, but now I did. A guy could get a pretty good second-hand trailer for a thousand bucks. Put in a few days on a new paint job, and there we'd be, ready to roll, ready to follow the sun. Mary and Johnny, Johnny and Mary—for keeps. Gee, I thought about it all the time. Thought about the closeness, the quietness, the sureness. With Mary there to talk to when he got to feeling low, maybe Pop'd snap out of it. Maybe he'd lay off the bottle, straighten up, be like what he was before Mom died.

Half a dozen times that week, I started to talk to Mary about shopping for a trailer, but the first thing I knew the tiny gold flecks in her gray eyes would begin to dance and I'd be kissing her instead, holding her close and kissing her and saying the kind of things you say when you're in love. Saying, "Gosh, sweetheart—suppose we hadn't played this town! Suppose we'd just rolled past it and you and I'd never found each other!"

"We'd have found each other, Johnny. Somewhere, somehow."

"Gee, Mary—you're beautiful! You're the sweetest thing in all the world."

"You didn't think so that first night when you came into the diner. You didn't even like me. I could tell."

"Maybe I was blind that night. Maybe I was just plain sore."

"Sore about what, Johnny?"

"You know. You've seen Pops. Seen him tight and seen him sober. You know how it is with him, just like I do."

"Johnny—"

"Yeah?"

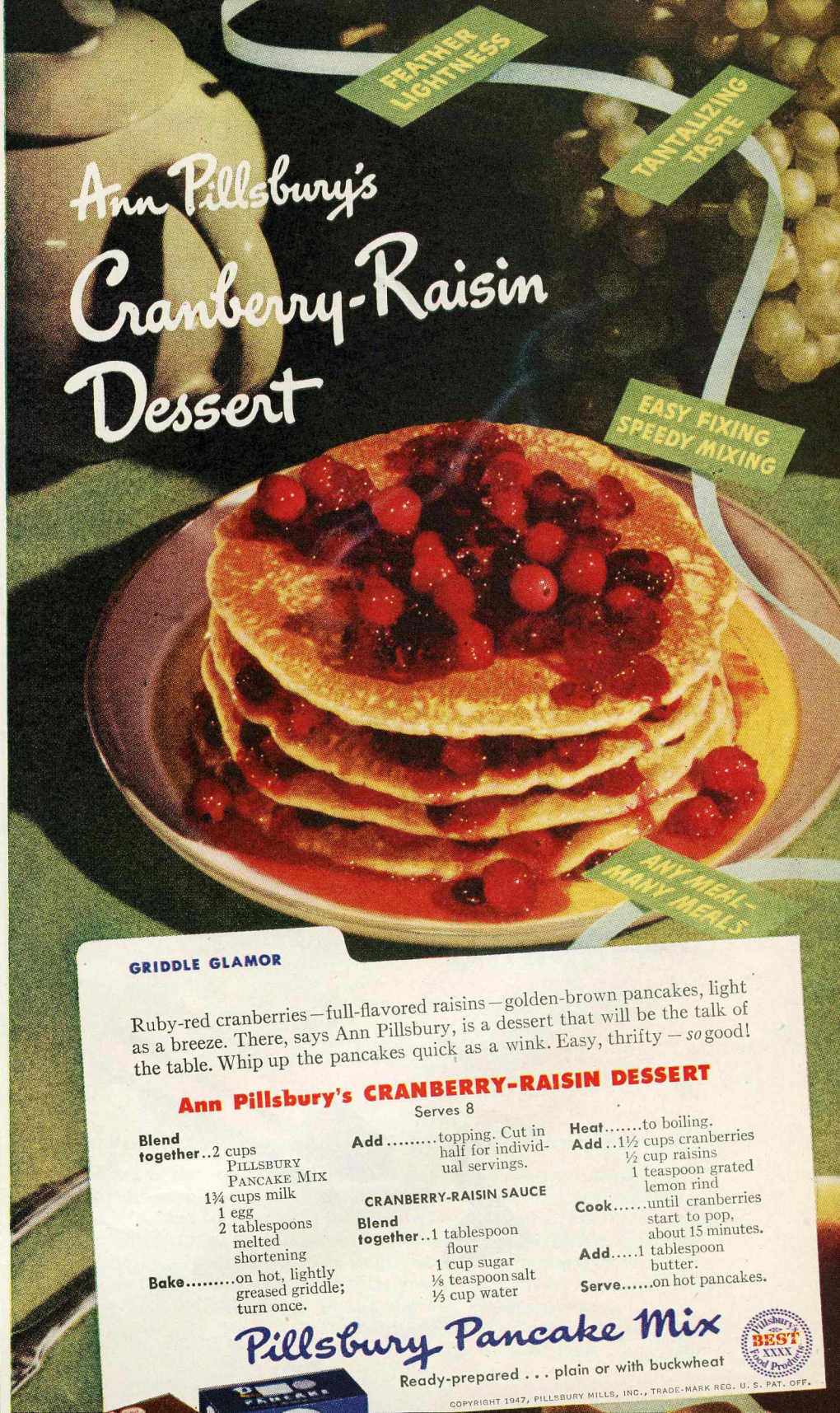
"You know what? Maybe after we're married, and he knows you're happy, he won't need to drink so much."

By that time, you see, I'd told her how I'd got my gimp. And she'd told me things, too. I knew that her folks had died when she was knee-high to a duck and until she was twelve years old she'd been farmed around from relative to relative until at last she'd been shoved into an orphanage. She'd stayed there until she was sixteen, hating it, hoping at first that maybe she'd be one of the lucky ones who got adopted. "Only I never did, because people don't want you when you're half grown up. They want you little, and with curls and dimples."

■ WELL, SHE HAD something better than curls and dimples, for my money. She had something deep inside her that made her different — something that made her see things that other people couldn't see. Under-the-surface stuff. I mean—well, take Pops, for instance. Anybody with half an eye would only have to take one look at Pops to know he was a souse; even between benders you could tell that, plain as day. It was in the way his hands shook; it was in the deep lines that went crisscross in his face. It was in the sheepish way his eyes would meet yours and then sort of slide away.

And yet, fifteen minutes after I brought Mary around to the trailer where Pops and Maizie were playing gin rummy on Sunday afternoon, you'd have thought Mary was the one that belonged there and I was the outsider. Mary and Pops—Mary and Maizie—it wasn't so much what they had to say to each other, but just a feeling that they clicked. And for Mary and Maizie to click—that was one for the book because Maizie was strictly a ten-minute egg and she'd been doing high diving in spangled tights a good ten years before Mary was even born! Bleached blonde, tough and salty—that was Maizie. Always ready to do somebody a good turn, sure; but always ready to slap their ears down, too.

And yet, afterwards, driving along the



GRIDDLE GLAMOR

Ruby-red cranberries—full-flavored raisins—golden-brown pancakes, light as a breeze. There, says Ann Pillsbury, is a dessert that will be the talk of the table. Whip up the pancakes quick as a wink. Easy, thrifty — *so* good!

Ann Pillsbury's CRANBERRY-RAISIN DESSERT

Serves 8

Blend together..2 cups PILLSBURY PANCAKE MIX, 1¾ cups milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted shortening

Bake.....on hot, lightly greased griddle; turn once.

Add.....topping. Cut in half for individual servings.

CRANBERRY-RAISIN SAUCE

Blend together..1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ⅓ cup water

Heat.....to boiling.

Add..1½ cups cranberries, ½ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Cook.....until cranberries start to pop, about 15 minutes.

Add.....1 tablespoon butter.

Serve.....on hot pancakes.

Pillsbury Pancake Mix

Ready-prepared . . . plain or with buckwheat

BEST XXXX Flour Products

COPYRIGHT 1947, PILLSBURY MILLS, INC., TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

You've waited a long time for this Kiss of Fashion

PEGGY SAGE'S

Shimmer Lipstick

to match the magic of her Shimmer Sheen Nail Polish

This amazing lipstick adds a new, very special lustrous dimension to make-up beauty. **Shimmer Lipstick** has an unbelievably beautiful high lustre, a flattering moist texture and remarkable stay-on quality. Paired with Shimmer Sheen Nail Polish, the effect of lustrous lips and shimmering fingertips is electric, ecstatic... **Shimmer Lipstick** comes in eight smart shades to harmonize with Miss Sage's Shimmer Sheen and Regular Nail Polish.

Shimmer Lipstick, $1.00*
Shimmer Sheen Nail Polish, .60*
Peggy Sage Lipstick Brush, $1.00
Shimmer Set • Peggy Sage's Shimmer Lipstick and harmonizing Shimmer Sheen Nail Polish, $1.50*

New York Salon: 50 East 57th Street • Salons also in Paris and London

*PLUS FED. TAX. ©1947 BY PEGGY SAGE, INC.

winding, hilly roads in Pop's little car that we'd unhooked from the trailer, Mary said, "Maizie's sweet! You know something, Johnny? She likes your Pops."

"So what? Heck, travel in the same carnival for five or six years and people get to like each other."

"I don't mean like that. I mean—well, more like us."

I laughed at her, sitting there so small and sweet and serious beside me, with her eyes big and round and the wind whipping through her soft, light hair. "Hey, don't you go getting any romantic ideas!" I told her. "Just because we're in love, doesn't mean it's catching."

"No, but look, Johnny. He needs somebody like that, your Pops does. He—he's like a little kid who got lost in the dark, and he's scared stiff and ashamed of being scared."

"All Pops is scared of," I said, "is that some day a bender'll hit him in a dry state and he won't be able to find a bottle."

■ "OKAY. BE tough, if you want to be. But you're not fooling me. If anybody else said a thing like that about your Pops, you'd tangle with him plenty!"

Well, that was true, and I knew it as well as she did. Because, in a cockeyed sort of way, things had got mixed up between Pops and me a long time back. The time of the smash-up, when I got my gimp. And every year that had passed since then only made things worse so that by now it was like Pops was my kid instead of my father. Somebody weak and helpless to be looked after. Somebody I had to ride herd on and take care of. Watching him like a hawk; waiting for the signs that a bender was on its way and trying to kid him out of it, bully him out of it, shame him out of it.

A week!

You try to tell about a week, try to whip the remembering of it into some kind of shape so you can say, This happened on a Monday, This on a Tuesday, This on a Wednesday. Only you can't do it. Because afterwards, stuff sort of runs together in your mind and all that stands out is the one sharp hour of loss. You can put the finger on that, all right. You can say it happened on Friday, the seventh of June, at half past three.

The carnival was due to pull out on Sunday night, and on Friday morning I'd taken the car and gone up to Altoona to buy a ring for Mary. Nothing fancy—just a good, plain, gold wedding ring, like the kind Pops had given Mom. It was one of those blue and gold days, with little, high-up, hurrying clouds and dancing leaves and buttercups and daisies bending in the fields along the road. I'd have liked it if Mary could have gone along, but she'd said, "Johnny, a girl's got to sleep sometime!"

And that made sense because she worked all night at the diner. But I was calling for her at two, and when I pulled up in front of the rooming-house where she stayed, there she was out in front, waiting. She had on a little checked gingham that just matched the sky and under her arm there was a big, flat box tied up with blue string.

I kidded her about it as she got into the car. "Hey, we aren't eloping, are we? What you got in that big box?"

"You'll see. Wait till we get to the Falls. Oh, Johnny, drive fast! I can't wait to show you!"

The ring was burning a hole in my pocket as I drove. I remembered how Maizie had told me it was bad luck to try on a wedding ring ahead of time, but just the same, I knew that the minute we got to our own special place down by the Falls, I'd have that ring on her finger so fast it'd make her blink. Because look, how could bad luck touch us now, when we already had our marriage license and the spot for

our too brief honeymoon all picked out.

We came to the wide place in the state highway where you turned off to go to the Falls. There'd been a little service station and lunchroom there once, but now it was boarded up and there was a For Sale sign slanting over into the tall, tangled grass. I parked the car under a big elm and we got out and cut across a field that was thick with daisies and Indian paintbrush, and climbed down the narrow winding path that ended up beside the Falls. And all the time Mary hung onto that box, wouldn't let me carry it for her, wouldn't even let me touch it, but that didn't bother me any, because I could tell by the way she carried it that it was light.

We came to the plunge of white water and the roar was like music and there were violets in the grass. Mary put her box down and gathered a tight little cluster and, standing on tiptoe, stuck them into my buttonhole.

She flushed when I grabbed her and kissed her—kissed her soft mouth that had no lipstick on it—kissed her eyelids that were smooth and moist—kissed the tilted tip of her silly little nose—kissed her cheeks, her small firm chin, her throat. She pressed her hands against my chest, then. "Johnny, don't. I—oh, Johnny, I love you so! I love you so! Look, let's sit down here on the grass. I—my heart's going like crazy!"

"Mine, too," I told her. I lay down beside her and put my head in her lap and laughed at the way her face looked, upside down above me. Or maybe the reason I laughed was just that I was happy enough to bust. "Sunday morning at ten, you'll be Mrs. Johnny Carter!" I said. "How does that sound to you?"

"Swell." And then, all of a sudden, her face went solemn and there was a kind of shimmer in her eyes and then—plop—down fell a warm tear on my face.

I sat up and put my arm around her shoulders, gave her a little shake. "Hey, what gives? You're crying!"

"Because I'm happy, Johnny."

"A fine thing!" I hooted. "Crying because you're happy!"

"Girls are like that, darling."

"Girls are pretty dumb. I don't know why a guy would want to marry one. If you cry when you're happy, what do you do when you're sad?"

She looked at me under her long eyelashes and her eyes began to dance. "I wouldn't know. It's been a whole week since I felt sad, and I don't guess I ever will, any more!"

■ I REACHED UP and caught hold of her soft hair and drew her face down close to mine. Looking up into her eyes was like—like looking straight into heaven. And far back in their brightness, I could see two tiny images and I said, "Gee, I'm there in your eyes!"

"You're here in my heart, too, Johnny. Forever and ever!"

I let her go then, and sat a little away from her, because I wanted her so much. The wanting was sharp and sudden, so that my heart was pounding and it was hard to keep my voice light and easy as I said, "Come on—quit stalling. Let's see what's in the box."

"Promise you won't laugh at me, Johnny?"

"How do I know whether I will or not? Here, let me untie the string for you."

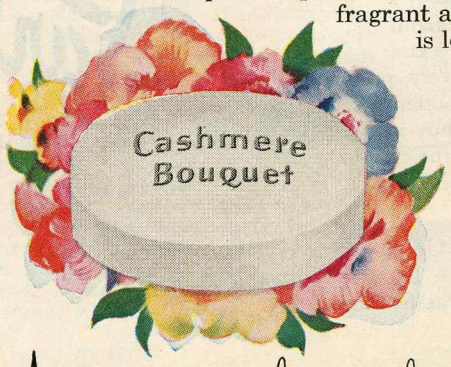
"No."

I watched her fingers working at the knot, and I remembered how I'd taken the size of her finger with a piece of string and I thought, "Gosh, what if her wedding ring doesn't fit?" And then I thought of Sunday morning, when we'd stand up before the preacher with Pops and Maizie, and my heart stopped (*Continued on page* 113)

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Do you want the fragrant appeal of popular girls?

What *is* the fragrance that gives a girl such sweet appeal—and quickens the beat of a man's heart? It's the *fragrance men love,* imparted to your skin by Cashmere Bouquet Soap. This exquisite fragrance comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Do, as popular girls have done for seventy-eight romantic years, bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. That's the way to accentuate your fragrant appeal. Cashmere Bouquet Soap is lovely, too, for your complexion.

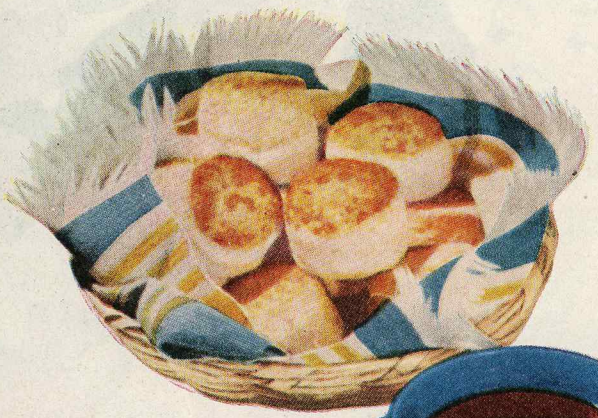


Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love.

T S

TWO easy tricks to make biscuits better!



1st trick

Add grated cheese to the mix

Simply follow your regular biscuit recipe, or use prepared biscuit mix. To 2 cups of either mix, add ¾ cup Kraft Grated to the dry ingredients. Add 1 cup milk (approximately), mix, roll out, cut into biscuits and bake as usual. (For a top-quality flavor shortening, thousands of good cooks prefer Parkay Margarine.)

That's how to *make* luscious Cheese Biscuits. There's a trick in *serving* them, too, so they'll taste extra good.

2nd trick

Serve with delicious, country-sweet Parkay!

Not "just any" spread will do! Millions *prefer* Parkay Margarine's delicate, country-sweet flavor—it makes hot biscuits, toast, pancakes and waffles taste so good. *Naturally* it's a favorite—because Parkay's made of extra-choice products from American farms. And to make it extra good for you, Kraft fortifies every pound with 15,000 (U. S. P. XII) units of important Vitamin A.

Parkay is pure white when you buy it. To make it an appetizing yellow, simply add the certified coloring you get with each package. KRAFT FOODS COMPANY, Chicago 90, Illinois.

★★★★ Tune in The Great Gildersleeve every Wednesday on NBC—8:30 P.M. Eastern Time. Broadcast again at 8:30 P.M. Pacific Time.

T
S

look first for PARKAY!

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!

EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?
YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Having your hands full is no excuse for unshined shoes. There is no good excuse for bad grooming. So remember—stock up on Shinola. Shining your shoes is so simple, and really takes very little time.

It pays to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility, and that means longer wear.

SHINOLA
PASTE OR LIQUID
All Colors

IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1

CORN NIP?
Here's a tip!

BLUE-JAY with Nupercaine* RELIEVES 3 WAYS:

Soft Dura-felt pad stops shoe pressure instantly! Blue-Jay's exclusive anesthetic Nupercaine curbs surface pain! Gentle medication loosens hard core—you just lift it out in a few days! Ask for Blue-Jay—"*America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster.*"

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by Ciba

BLUE JAY Corn Plasters

NOW IN 2 SIZES: STANDARD AND LITTLE TOE

BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company
Chicago 16

INDISCRETION

(*Continued from page 26*)

so true, but less absurd. Less dangerous.

"I'd like to see you, Lily. You and Ned. I'm only in town for a few days."

No, Lily. Be careful here. What if you were in love with this man once? He never loved you. That was pretty plain. Keep it buried now.

I let vagueness trickle through it: "It would be nice, Chris, but this is Ned's busiest time. I—I try not to plan things until I've checked with him—"

"Would you have to check with him about lunch?"

"Ned's never sure about luncheon. Takes it when he can—on the run mostly."

His laughter again. Infuriating, because I knew he was laughing at me. "What I mean, my dear Lily, in very basic English is: How about *you* having lunch with *me*?"

■ I DON'T know why I thought of it just then. It was lanterned suddenly across the wall like a colored slide. It was Ned and it was me. We were in the catboat again, the little boat we'd sailed every day on our honeymoon. Long Island Sound was quiet and blue all around us, the sail limp and lifeless against the mast. Ned was squinting down at me through the sun—

"I'm glad I married you, Mrs. Varden."

"Call me that again, will you, darling?"

"Mrs. Varden?"

"Uh-huh. I love it. Makes me feel terribly important."

"You are important, Lily. You're the most important thing in my life."

I let my hand slide over the narrow deck, trail in the water. "We'll always be that way to each other, won't we, Ned? Important, I mean."

"Were any other men ever important to you, Lily?" He wasn't looking at me.

"What do you mean, Ned?" I don't know what made me be the one to ask it: "Do you mean was I ever in love with another man?"

"Yeah."

"Yes, Ned. I was." Strange, how easily it could be said. Strange, because I'd never said it before—not to anyone.

"Who was he?" He leaned his head back, half closed his eyes. "Do I know him?"

"Yes, Ned. Chris Clement."

He was quiet for a long minute, then: "Was he in love with you?"

"I don't think so, Ned." I looked over at him. "No, he wasn't in love with me."

He pushed his fingers through his thick hair. "I don't like thinking about it, Lily. I don't like thinking of you with another man. I don't like thinking of his being near you. Touching you. Wanting you."

I hadn't ever heard Ned speak that way before. It was almost a little frightening. "It's finished, darling! It's all over! It's nothing that doesn't happen to—to any girl."

Sunlight raked tenseness through his eyes. "Can you get over being in love like that, Lily? Really get over it, I mean? Be sure there isn't any of it left, somewhere down inside?"

I put out my hand, held his face to mine. "I love you, Ned. I'm terribly in love with you. It's more than anything I ever felt for Chris. I believe in you. In your love for me. I believe in everything you are, or ever will be. If I have that for you—well, there isn't any room for leftovers, is there?"

He put my fingers against his lips. "I want to believe that, Lily. I'll always want to be sure of that." Only a whisper, his kiss warm on my hand.

Quickly as it had flashed across the wall, it fell away now. It left only the square mirror again. Lily Varden watching Lily Varden, her hand white and rigid on the black telephone. And there was Chris's laughter again—

"Where'd you go, Lily? Did the idea of lunching with me terrify you?"

"Of course not, Chris. It's—"

"It's done, you know. Men and women do it every day! A very proper, highly civilized little ritual!"

I knew what I *should* do. I should say: "Better than that, Chris—dinner tonight, here at the apartment. Ned would like seeing you." But Ned's face picked itself out of sunlight again, and it said the words very clearly: "I wouldn't like seeing him again, Lily. I don't like even thinking about Chris Clement. I don't like thinking about you with him. I won't want to see you with him."

"What about it, Lily? Twelve-thirty? Maurere's? We'll get Otto to do cherries jubilee for us again. Remember?"

Yes, I remembered. I remembered going there a lot with Chris. I remembered Chris across the table, liking being there with him. Liking the rightness of the way he ordered. His easy smile, his easy talk. I remembered knowing that being Mrs. Christopher Clement would be a lovely, gracious thing.

I remembered too, the way Ned had stood behind my chair this morning at the breakfast table just before he'd left. The way he'd held my shoulders, leaned his face down next to mine. "A little something special, Lily. For my wife. Have to celebrate the new job." He'd slipped the folded check under my plate. "Spend all of it, Mrs. Varden. Make yourself more beautiful, if you can. I dare you!" And he'd tilted my face back and looked at me upside down. I loved what I'd seen in his eyes. "Get something reckless and daring, Lily. We can be sensible the rest of the year."

"*Hey!*" Chris's voice brought me racing back. "Stop running away, Lily! I'm not inviting an empty telephone to lunch!"

Running away! Odd that he should say that. I didn't have anything to run away from! Ned knew I was going shopping. Lunch with Chris couldn't do any harm. It would be fun. It would put me in the right mood for buying a reckless dress.

Indiscretion? I put the word out of my mind, and laughed gaily as I answered: "Why, I'd love to meet you for lunch, Chris. Maurere's, then?"

"I'll be early. I'll get our old table."

■ I DROPPED the phone back on its cradle, leaned in to the mirror. I took my hair away from my shoulders, pushed it up on top of my head. I twisted, looked at it over my shoulder. Chris liked it that way.

Ned liked it best down. He'd pushed his hands into it once, rumpled it. "Let it just fly away, Lily. I think you're loveliest in the wind."

I smoothed the back of my neck. The gray suit? No—the black. The black with the chartreuse blouse. The black was Lily before she was Lily Varden. It was Chris Clement, too. It was Maurere's. Yes, the black—and furs, and the feathered hat. The round jade earrings, if I wore my hair up.

I took the breakfast dishes into the little kitchen. Time for them later, before Ned came home. I saw Ned's check on the cloth. *What's the matter, Lily? What's that little catch doing in your throat? You're not doing anything wrong! Good heavens, you're acting as if you were deceiving your husband! That's ridiculous! Lunch with Chris? Lily, don't be absurd! Women do that every day! You're not living in the prim eighties. You're fresh and modern and*

(*Continued from page* 111) its crazy lurching and began to beat strong and even, and a peaceful feeling spread over me. A quiet kind of joy.

I could see Mary and me driving off after the wedding. I could see the way it would be when we got to the little inn where we were going to stay until the carnival caught up with us. Just outside Philadelphia it was, and one of the fellows had put me wise to a place where they had almost brand-new trailers for sale and I could picture Mary and me shopping around for one together. I could see the two of us working over it every chance we got, so that by the time the carnival turned up we'd be ready to hook on. A fresh paint job, inside and out, curtains at the windows, maybe even window-boxes with flowers and stuff, because even though we'd never found time to talk about it, I had a hunch that wherever Mary lived she'd want everything to look just so.

■ THE STRING was untied now and Mary's eyes were little-girl wide and star-shiny. She said solemnly, as she lifted the lid and set it aside, "Johnny, nobody else in all the world has ever seen what's in this box! Oh, I guess I'm dopey but—it holds all the dreams I ever had!"

At first, I didn't catch on. I just sat there staring down at the mess of colored pictures all scrabbled together in the box. Old, some of them stained, brittle; some of them bright and new. And I remembered how Maizie's little niece had spent a season travelling with the carnival while her mother was down in Arizona at a sanatorium, and how the kid had gone around pestering everybody for old magazines so she could cut out paper dolls.

Well, this was like that, only the pictures weren't paper dolls. They'd been cut out of magazines, you could tell that right away, but they were pictures of tables, of chairs, of beds, of dishes, of refrigerators, of stoves, of fancy sinks, of ways to set a table if you were going to give a party. The way she handled the little pictures was gentle, was tender, and all at once there was a tightness in my chest and I knew we'd struck a snag. I reached out and took one of her hands, lifted it and pressed my cheek against her palm. "Mary!"

She turned and smiled and there were tears in her eyes. "I—I guess I knew all the time you wouldn't laugh. I guess I knew you'd see. If a girl's never had anything at all—anything that's her own—if she's never had a place where she could settle down and stay—"

"Honey, look," I said. "Places don't count. It's having someone you belong to. Someone that belongs to you. Someone you trust. Like it is with us, sweetheart. Loving and trusting—that's the thing that matters, Mary."

"Yes, but it's making a home together too, Johnny. It's knowing that the two of us'll have a roof over our heads and that we can stay put!"

"A trailer's got a roof," I told her. And then, after a minute of silence: "Gosh, Mary, maybe we should've talked this over before, but—"

She said in a small, flat voice, "Maybe we should have, Johnny."

"Okay. But we didn't. You don't talk much when you're first in love, I guess. And it wouldn't have helped if we had, because I'm with the carnival and I've got to stick!"

"Why? Who says so? Who says you've got to be a—a roustabout all the rest of your life?" she cried. "Oh, Johnny, don't you see? It's not just for me—it's for you, too! It's to have something solid, that'll last—a place where we can work together. Oh, I wouldn't care how small it was! I wouldn't care if it was a one-room shack, just as long as it was ours! That place up by the road that's for sale—think what we

could do with a place like that! We're young, Johnny, and we're strong, and we're not afraid of work. You could run the service station and I could run the lunch room and—"

"And where would that leave Pops?"

She drew her hand away, began to put the pictures back into the box. Her fingers trembled as she tied the string. I said, "Listen, Mary, maybe you've got the wrong idea about the carnival. All you've seen is the crowds and the noise, but there's another side to it, too. It's like a big family, honey. Let somebody get hurt, let somebody get sick, and everybody turns out to do what he can to help. Let somebody have a kid and right away it's everybody's kid—all the women on the lot sewing stuff for it, knitting stuff, taking turns at minding it. Like a family, Mary. Wait—you'll see."

"No!" Her voice was stubborn, tense. "No! I don't want my babies to be everybody's. I want them to be just ours! Growing up in a house that's ours—not in a trailer. I want them to go to school—not just by fits and starts like you did, but all the time, until they're through high—even through college, maybe! Oh, Johnny, I want us to be somebody! I want us to stay put. I—I want *security!*"

"What do you call it when you love somebody and you know they love you? Trusting somebody—that's what security is! Do you think I wouldn't take good care of you? Do my best to make you happy?"

"Oh, Johnny, you don't understand! You just don't get it! How can you talk about security, when you don't know one week where you'll be sleeping the next? Why, you—you might as well be a—a gypsy or something, as to live the way you do!"

■ I SAID, "My Mom wanted to stay put, too. But she made out okay without it, because she loved my Pops and me."

She flushed. "Maybe I'm different from your Mom."

"Maybe you are, at that! Maybe all along it's been *things* you wanted, instead of me."

She got up without a word and started to walk away from me, holding the box tight. And then I was gimping after her—feeling the gimp, feeling the hitch and falter of it, in a way I hadn't felt it all that week.

We came to the tall elm that shaded the little service station and I helped Mary into the car, and when I reached in my pocket for the ignition key, my fingers closed on the ring instead. I pulled it out and dropped it on the flat lid of her box and it lay there, glittering and new, against the shabby cardboard. I didn't say anything, and neither did she, but after a while she put out the tip of one finger and pushed it back toward me. So then I knew.

I stepped on the starter, and all the way back to the place where Mary roomed, it was like something inside of me was dead. The earth, the sky, the trees, the fields with flowers blowing in them, were all one shade of dirty gray. I didn't try to talk. I couldn't. What was there to say? The thing she wanted, I couldn't give her. The thing I had to give, she didn't want. It was just as simple as that, and all the words in the dictionary couldn't change it.

Johnny's dreams have come tumbling down around him. What will he do now? Will he leave Mary or will he change his mind and do as she wants him to? And what about Mary? Can she see things Johnny's way? Look for the exciting end of this two-part serial in

APRIL TRUE STORY
On Sale Everywhere March 15

What does a man like about a girl's hair?

Do you know the secret, girls? Do you know how to catch a man's eye and bring it *straight* to you? It's easy —JUST GIVE YOUR HAIR

Lovely color

Men love hair that gleams with rich, warm color. Yes, whatever the color of your hair, Nestle Colorinse will enhance its beauty.

Sparkling highlights

Wait 'til he sees the glamorous highlights Nestle Colorinse rinses into your hair . . . sparkling highlights that make your hair seem alluringly "alive"!

Silken sheen

A man loves to caress hair that's soft and shining. You'll be thrilled when you see the beautiful silken sheen that Nestle Colorinse gives your hair.

Nestle COLORINSE

RINSES TINTS GLORIFIES YOUR HAIR

GET NESTLE COLORINSE TODAY!
In 9 colors to glorify every shade of hair.
10c and 25c at beauty counters everywhere.

young! You'll meet Chris and it will be altogether delightful, and tonight, when Ned comes home, you'll tell him about it.

I liked walking in the heavy glass doors at Maurere's. I liked the feel of the soft carpet inside, the soft lights, the hum of conversation. I liked the music from the small piano, the sound of ice in a shaker. I liked seeing Chris—coming over to me from the bar.

"Lily!" Both of his hands were out. He took mine, turned me all the way round. He held me out from him. "The oh-so-beautiful Mrs. Varden! Lily—it's good to see you!"

"You too, Chris."

I loved walking just ahead of him between the tables. I loved knowing that heads were turning. I loved having Chris slip back my furs, pull his chair in across from me. The waiter put two thin wine glasses in front of us.

It was good to hear his laugh again, deep and close. He was touching his glass to mine. "I toasted you in champagne when you were a bride, Lily. Now, after a year, I think something more earthy is in order! To a very lovely wife."

Why did you say it just that way, Chris? I'd have given anything to have heard you say it once, but now—yes, I know. It's all over. And yet how can something be over when it wasn't ever really there?

"You're looking well, Chris. Life's agreeing with you."

He snapped his lighter for our cigarettes. "Investment brokers have to look well. Can't tell people what to do with their money if you don't look like you knew what to do with it yourself!"

You always did know, didn't you, Chris? You always knew what was right for you. You were never happy with anything unless it was perfect.

Suddenly, and quite unexplainably, Chris Clement was very clear to me. He never had been before. From the moment I'd met him, selling him Christmas perfume in Drake's, to the last time I'd seen him alone—the night I'd told him I was going to marry Ned—I knew I'd never understood him.

Cool, quiet perfection, that was Chris's idol. In everything. I knew, as if the words were printed in front of me, that I could have made him love me. And I knew that I'd been too young; too breathless and too eager to know how. *Now—now, Lily—you know how to do it!* The rest of it came at me with a force that was almost swamping: *And do you know why you know how? Because of Ned, Lily! Because you're married to him, and whether you admit it or not, he's taught you to be a woman! A lovely, worldly woman!*

"What's the matter, Lily?" Chris had his hands locked under his chin.

I twisted my cigarette in the ash tray. "I was just thinking how different we are now, Chris. How we've changed. We were two other people when we used to come here. We're two new people now."

"The miracle of growth, Lily. Maturity. Wisdom. Living. There are a lot of words for it. They all add up to moving ahead. And they're all very special little miracles in themselves."

Moving ahead. The miracle of Chris moving ahead was very sure. Like some strong, bright comet, secure in its course. I wondered what it would be for Ned. No streaking, brilliant way for him, I knew. From wrapping packages in Drake's basement to selling clocks, then furniture, then rugs—then to assistant buyer—that was eight years' plodding for Ned. No, for Ned it would never be a miracle. For Ned it would be the slow race—but he'd finish.

Somehow, quite suddenly, there were three of us at that luncheon table. Chris, myself—and Ned. His hair was mussed; Chris's, sleek and close, a touch of gray at the sides. Ned's collar stood out a little at the neck; he kept hiking at it. Chris's hands were deft and sure and right. With the menu, the check, with the tip.

Little things—painfully ridiculous little things. But eternally sweet little things because they were saying to me all in a rush: *Be glad you came today, Lily. Be glad you had this chance to hold your husband up to another man. Be glad, because now you know you're more in love with Ned than you ever thought you could be! Good knowing that, isn't it, Lily? Good to be safe and sure—and happy!*

"You never used to do that, Lily." Chris filled the small coffee cups again.

"Do what?"

"Roam off into another world when you were with me."

The words came easily: "I'm sorry, Chris. Was I rude?"

"More—intriguing, I'd say. Where were you?"

I smiled at Chris. "I was on a magic carpet, Chris. A very special one."

Maurere's was nearly deserted now. It was after three o'clock.

"I'll have to run, Chris. It's been a beautiful lunch."

"When will I see you again, Lily? Maybe you and Ned will have dinner with me?"

"That's good of you, Chris. Where can I reach you?"

"The Gifford. Ned'll remember. He had his bachelor dinner there."

I laughed. "*I* remember, too! You kept him out all night!"

"Man's last defiant fling before his willing bondage. You don't hold it against me, do you, Lily?"

I picked up my furs. "I couldn't ever

The Flavor's All Yours...
when you smoke PHILIP MORRIS
CLEAN, FRESH, PURE...
America's FINEST Cigarette!
Of course the flavor's ALL yours—and here's why...
There's an important difference in PHILIP MORRIS manufacture that lets the Full Flavor of the world's finest tobaccos come through for your complete enjoyment —clean, fresh, pure!
That's why PHILIP MORRIS taste better—smoke better—all day long!
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd. Inc.
MADE IN U.S.A.
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
ALWAYS BETTER...BETTER ALL WAYS

Why I love my husband
"Darling," he said, "buy a CADILLAC VACUUM CLEANER!"
AND AM I EVER GLAD I DID
HIGH SPEED for extracting embedded dirt—LOW for daily surface pickup...
CADILLAC
Revolving Brush and Cylinder
VACUUM CLEANERS
FOR DEALER'S NAME
Write CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
6603 S. NARRAGANSETT AVE. • CHICAGO 38, ILL.

hold anything against you, Chris. In fact, I've a lot to be grateful to you for."

He stood up. "Grateful thanks accepted if you let me take you home."

"Thank you, Chris—but I—I've an appointment. I'll call you if I can arrange an evening with Ned. Good-by. It's been good seeing you."

I could hear Ned singing in the shower. I turned the sauterne bottle in the ice box. I ought to be singing, too. I ought to be calling foolish things back and forth to the bathroom. I knew why I wasn't.

The dress, Lily. The reckless dress you were supposed to buy. You forgot it, Lily. Ned will ask you. What are you going to tell him? What's the matter, Lily? It's perfectly simple. You said so yourself. You had it figured out this morning. You knew how you were going to tell him. What are you afraid of?

Yes, I knew what I was afraid of. I'd tried them all. The one that went: "Darling, who do you think I bumped into today? Chris Clement, of all people! He took me to lunch!" No, that wasn't the way to do it. Ned would wonder why Chris hadn't called him. Well, then: "Ned—I was in Maurere's for lunch today, and who do you think was at the next table? Chris Clement!" No! For heaven's sake, no! I never went to Maurere's alone. Ned knew better than that. Well, I was there with Margo. *No!* That would mean letting Margo in on it, and the two things Margo Winslow enjoyed most in the world, were broken engagements—and reputations.

■ THEY'D come and gone while I'd fixed dinner. An endless, taunting little stream of ideas. Each one looked at, and each one thrown away. Finally: *Nothing, Lily. Just don't say anything. Chris is only in town for a few days, then he goes back to Chicago. It's finished for all time now, you're sure of that. You were a fool, Lily, ever to tell Ned you were in love with Chris. You wouldn't have to give it a second thought now, if you hadn't. All right, make the best of it. Don't say anything. Don't take foolish chances with the man you do love.*

It happened after dinner. One minute Ned was smiling at me over candlelight, and in what seemed like the next, everything that had ever been between us was a smoldering heap of ashes.

"Have a good day?"

"Yes, darling. Fine."

"What did you do?"

The desperate try for lightness: "All the thousands of things that don't show, but make me a loving wife!"

"Go downtown?"

"Yes. Yes—I went shopping."

"Oh?" Just that; nothing more.

Somehow, it rattled me more than anything he could have said. I heard myself talking before I had time to think. "Darling, I don't think there's a shop I missed. I tried on everything in the city! There was one—a sort of royal purple thing, with a lot of gold around here—" My hand stopped at my throat.

"What did you buy?" Flat, toneless. I hated the stupid fright I felt.

"I—I wanted to be sure, Ned. I want it to be just right. I—I didn't get anything."

"Why the party then? I thought the new dress would be the celebration."

"You wouldn't want me to grab up the first thing I saw simply because it was new, would you? Really, Ned, you're being a little ridiculous! I didn't get the dress today and I made it a party anyway! Is there anything wrong in that?" I snapped.

This time I knew what it was I saw in his eyes. It was hurt. For just an instant it was starkly there. "No, Lily," he said very slowly. "I don't suppose there is." The hurt was veiled now, nearly gone, but it was veiled with something I never thought I'd see in his eyes. Suspicion.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" It came out before I could stop it. "Don't you believe me?"

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

My chair scraped over the floor as I stood up. The anger blazed now, there was no checking it. "If there is, then you must know that, too! Really, Ned, I've never seen you like this! I plan a party for you, and all you do is accuse me of—"

He leaned back in his chair. He seemed to measure the words with a ruler: "Accuse you, Lily? I don't remember accusing you of anything."

I turned and ran into the bedroom. I stood at the window, trembling, staring down into the street. *He'll come to you, Lily. He knows his suspicion hurt you. He'll come any minute now, and beg you to forgive him.* I don't know how long I stood there. He didn't come. A long time later, I opened the living-room door. He was stretched out on the couch, one arm across his eyes. I closed the door quietly. This time the tears came.

The next days were like vicious little darts, each moving closer to the center of the target with dreadful little pings. Ned was thoughtful, kind, polite, but something was gone away. Gone away from his kiss, from his touch—from all of him. He didn't say anything more about the dress until that night at nearly the end of the week. Like the other time, it happened with just a quiet question.

"Did you try down at the store, Lily, when you went for your dress?"

My fingers tightened on my knitting needles. "No, Ned. I couldn't get every place in one day." I didn't look up.

There was a little throbbing silence, then: "Just where did you try, Lily?"

"I went to—" I put the knitting down in my lap. "Ned, what *is* this? You're behaving like a lawyer in court about this. Do I have to be cross-examined just because I didn't find the dress I was looking for?"

It was careful, strained and very low. "Just what were you looking for, Lily?"

The fear was sudden and huge again. Suddenly, it was fact. *He knows Lily. He knows where you went that day, what you did and who you were with. Somehow, he knows. It's out now, Lily. It only needs to be said. You be the one to say it. At least, you do that!*

I heard my own voice, quite calmly, but with a tiredness in it: "I wasn't looking for anything, Ned. I had lunch with Chris Clement. It was too late to do any shopping. I wanted to get home and—and have a party for you." The words seemed to hang between us like bright lanterns.

■ FINALLY, he broke their dead weight: "Why didn't you tell me, Lily? Why didn't you tell me that night?"

"There was nothing to tell. It was simply—luncheon." The flare again, prodding at me: "Is having lunch with an old friend so vital that I have to make out a report?"

He leaned forward in his chair, picked up the newspaper. "Apparently it was so vital, Lily, that you couldn't."

I had never known such fury. "What are you trying to say to me, Ned? Put it in words. Words I'll understand!"

"I'm not saying anything. I'm asking one very simple, very straight question. If this luncheon was only—luncheon, why was it necessary to lie to me?"

I was up now, my nails dug into my palms. "You *are* trying to say something to me, Ned! Something horrible! Something you have no right to say—or think!"

He stood up, his hands loose at his sides For long minutes he looked down at me, then: "I think I've every right, Lily, until you tell me why you lied."

"Lie! Lie! That's all you say! What

kind of marriage will we ever have if you don't believe me when I tell you something?" The bitterness in me was galling. Yes, I'd lied to him! But how could I tell him that I lied because that very day I'd found out the truth for all time? The truth that I could never love anyone else in this world but him? That I'd lied because it was his happiness I wanted? That I wanted to put even Chris Clement's name out of my life forever? There were no words that would make him believe that!

He pushed the knot of his tie up under his collar. "What kind of marriage have we got—if you're seeing another man?"

"*Seeing* him?" My voice was shrill in the room. "I had lunch with him! Can't you *hear* me, Ned? Is that *seeing* a man? Is that something to be ashamed of?"

He reached over the back of his chair, picked up his jacket. "I wouldn't know, Lily. Only you know that. I don't know what to believe—what not to believe."

"And you choose *not* to believe me?"

His mouth was a taut line. "You lied to me, Lily."

"And now, when I tell you the truth, you *won't* believe me!"

It came from his lips on a lost sigh: "How will I know what's truth and what isn't—now?"

"You mean you'll only know truth—only admit it—if you have *proof?*"

He was getting into his jacket. He didn't look at me. "Truth can always stand substantiation. Yes, Lily, I'll believe proof."

My teeth came sharply together. Every instinct in me recoiled as if lashed with a whip. "If I *had* proof, Ned Varden, I wouldn't give it to you. I'd die before I'd *prove* anything I had to say to you!"

He looked over at me, two sharp lines cut down from his mouth. "I'm sorry you said that, Lily. I won't build my marriage on lies." He buttoned his jacket, moved toward the closet.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going out, Lily. I—I'm leaving you."

How long does it take to bring any sort of order out of chaos? I don't know. Hours, minutes, days—forever? It might have been. Time stopped for me that night. It was just endless hours of darkness, Ned's face in every shadow. It was chill, gray dawn driving the shadows away with prying fingers. It was suddenly another day. It was the day Lily Varden's husband left her.

Pride was pieced together first. Flimsily, but pride that meant phone calls to friends: "Yes, Margo, I think we did rather well to make it last this long! No, darling, I'm leaving him. No, I don't know what I'll do. There's no rush. Yes, Margo, tell them, will you? It's no secret any more."

The call to Jacob Hickson, the lawyer. Yes, he knew Miss Winslow. He'd be glad to represent me. Let him know when I decided, and meanwhile he'd send formal notification to my husband.

How will Ned look when he reads that letter, Lily? What will happen to his face? He wouldn't have believed you'd take it this far. He'll come back to you, Lily. He'll come back begging, a little scared. He'll tell you he must have gone crazy. He loves you, Lily. He'll come back.

■ BUT HE didn't. More dark hours piling up into nights. More hours, nearly as dark, making days. Days grouping themselves into weeks. The frantic little jump when the phone rang, or the doorbell. The hideous let-down when it wasn't ever Ned.

You're still in love with him, Lily! I'm not! I'm not! *Oh, yes, you are!* I'm not, I tell you! I wouldn't have him if he came crawling! *You lied to him, Lily! You drove him away!* If he can't trust me without proof, I never want to see him again! *But you lied!* Because I *did* love him then! Because—Oh, stop it, stop it, *stop it!*

It was Margo who first told me: "Angel, it's not pretty news, but I thought you ought to know."

"Know what, Margo?"

"Ned's lost his job at Drake's."

I gripped the phone. I fought to keep my voice even. "Has he? Well, of course, he can't influence me one way or the other."

"I didn't think it would influence you, darling. I just thought you ought to know. You'd better tell Jake Hickson, too. It's bound to affect your spoils of war."

"I—I don't want any alimony, Margo. Thanks for calling."

I held the phone a long time before I hung it up. *He needs you, Lily. He's gone off the deep end since he walked out on you! He couldn't even hold his job. Now, he'll come back to you. He's got to!*

But weeks arranged themselves into months, and he didn't. Almost at random, one month picked out a day; a day that said to me: "Face it, Lily. It's over. Ned doesn't need you. He doesn't want you. He's not coming back. All he's waiting for is for you to divorce him. Well, go ahead and do it, Lily. Don't waste your life wading in sentiment! You're smart, Lily Varden. You're beautiful. There's a man in Chicago who knows it. He loves you, too. At least he will if you manage it properly. You know how to do it now, Lily. Ned, at least, taught you that.

"No, *you* can't write to Chris! See? That's what you'd have done before! But you're smarter now. Let Margo do it. Margo's adept at little jobs like that. You were in love with Chris once; you can have him again. You can make him love you. Tell Margo to write him, Lily. She's an artist at that sort of thing."

ADVERTISEMENT

T
S

"Now this would be fine for your wife, daughter, girl-friend or mother-in-law. It's Pepsi-Cola."

All modern conveniences

Ever have to scrub a toilet bowl just before guests arrive? Conveniences today include Sani-Flush, the disinfecting toilet bowl cleaner that's as modern as this minute. Sani-Flush cleans your toilet bowl chemically, removes stains and germ-laden film, ensures a toilet bowl that's really clean and, therefore, odorless. There's no work.

Absolutely safe for all toilet systems. Works in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

USE TWICE A WEEK

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

BLONDES

New Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights — keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

I remember the letter that came from Chris, word for word:

Lily, my dear—

It was not the news I wanted to hear of you but to be truthful, it does not make me sad. Certainly, the day we had lunch, you were the radiant and happy wife. Now, Lily—the real thing I want to say to you. It is odd, and seldom does a man get a chance to rectify it, but too often he does not see what is clearly before his eyes when it is there for the asking. I mean you, my dear Lily. With each passing day since our luncheon, I've known I was more and more in love with you. I've known I was, without realizing it, long before your marriage to Ned. Such was my stupidity, and I never dared to hope there might ever be a chance for me. The last thing I would ever do, would be in any way to come between you and Ned, but since this move on your part seems now final, I feel free to speak. I love you, Lily. Deeply, whole-heartedly. If, when your divorce is final, you will do me the honor of becoming my wife, I will know all the happiness there can be for one man. I want terribly to see you, Lily. To tell you myself what's in my heart, but after the divorce is best for that. Enclosed, you will find a check. It will please me if you'll use it in any way you see fit. All my love to you, Lily, and believe me I mean just that, all of it.

Chris

I read it over and over again, then I let it fall to the floor. I stood there, my fingers pressed to my mouth. *What's the matter, Lily? Here's what you wanted! It couldn't have worked better! You see? He does love you! He wants you. You can be Mrs. Christopher Clement now!*

■ "I DON'T want to be! I don't!" The tears were biting salt on my cheeks. The check was still in my hand. "I'm *not* in love with him! It was all over the day I saw him!"

The phone ringing put a sharp end to it.

"Hello?"

"Lily?"

"Y—yes?"

"This is Ned, Lily."

Just like that. Quiet, steady. He might have been calling from the store. I put a hand out to the wall. It still held the check. "Yes? Yes, Ned?"

"I—I didn't want to do this through a lawyer, Lily. I've some money I want to give you. You'll need it for the div—for the lawyers. I'm mailing a check to you."

A check? Chris's check in my hand! I couldn't stop crying.

"Did you hear me, Lily? I wanted you to expect it in the mail."

"No, Ned!" It broke through my lips.

"What? I can't hear you, Lily."

"I—I mean d—don't mail it, Ned. Bring it to me."

"What?"

Somewhere, deep inside me, it was beginning to take a kind of shape. "I said please bring it to me, Ned." Chris's check crumpled a little in my hand. "C—could you come tonight?"

A long pause, then: "If you'd rather have it that way."

"Yes, Ned, I would. Thank you." I hung up quickly.

What are you doing, Lily? What are you trying to do now?

"Let me alone! I know what I'm doing!" I said it aloud. I ran over, picked up Chris's letter, put the check back in it. I swung around, looked at the smart Lily Varden in the mirror. My hand went up quickly; dark hair came spilling from the top of my head down around my shoulders. I shook it loose and free—like the wind. I looked at myself defiantly. "You can't ever touch me again! I *know* what I'm doing now!"

I tried to sit quietly, waiting for Ned. I couldn't. I walked up and down the rug, making the turns carefully. I heard the bell. It rang before I could move to open the door. I saw Ned's hat first, held stiffly against his chest.

"Hello, Lily." His hair was tumbled on his forehead.

"Hello, Ned. Will you come in?"

He stood just inside the door. His hand twisted his hat. "I—I have it with me."

"What, Ned?"

"The check. The one I—"

"Oh, yes. The check." I moved into the living-room. "Come in, won't you, Ned?"

He took a few steps forward. "Might as well give it to you now." He fumbled inside a pocket, held out the check.

It wasn't the way I'd planned it. I think seeing the envelope in his hand did it. I picked up Chris's letter from the desk. I whirled, held it out to him. "I have an envelope too, Ned. I never thought I'd lower myself to the point where I'd offer the proof you asked for, but here it is. All in this letter. I give it to you now, Ned. I want you to read it."

He stared at it in my hand. "Proof?"

"You asked for it once and I wouldn't give it to you. I do now. Here—take it and read it."

He looked at it a long time. He shook his head very slowly. "I can't accept your proof now, Lily. I—I don't want it." He dropped his envelope on a chair. His fingers went up, raked through his hair, pressed against his eyes. "You made a mistake, Lily—and I—well, I went crazy. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to. We—we've done this to each other." Suddenly, he reached out, took the letter. In a quick movement, he snapped his lighter, lit the corner of the paper. "I can't take your proof now. It's too late. We haven't any marriage left to save."

In a kind of fascination, I watched the flame curl the envelope. As the last flame died, and smoke spiralled up, I remembered. "Ned! Ned—there was a check in that letter!"

"A—a check?"

"Yes. It was from Chris."

"Chris?"

"Yes, Ned." I moved over, stood in front of him. "Ned, if I told you what was in that letter—would you believe me?"

"What was the check for, Lily?"

I said it dead levelly: "Would you believe me, Ned?"

His eyes searched into mine. Finally, he said: "Yes, Lily. I would."

■ A LONG TIME later, he pulled his head up from my lap, looked at me in the lamplight. "Lily." It was all he said. I couldn't have wanted anything more. Everything in his soul was in it. The agony he had been through. The newer, sweeter agony of a love re-born. His arms went around me, held me to him. "Lily! Lily, darling! I've learned it for good now, I think. About faith and trust I mean. About believing. It—it's like a miracle. Like all miracles. All the great ones have been performed before people really needed them, knew what they meant; what they were supposed to mean. Now, when I didn't need your proof—or want it—I had it. I'm glad I destroyed it, Lily, because with it went all the unbelief there was in me. That's a miracle too, isn't it, Lily? There's only you now. Loving you, believing you. That's all I want, Lily. May I have it back?"

I put my fingers up over his lips. "Someone told me once, Ned, that almost everything is a miracle. Growth. Maturity. Wisdom. Living itself. I believe that, Ned. Do you?"

"Who was wise enough to tell you that?"

My arms slid up around him. I smiled. "I won't lie to you again, Ned. Ever. It was Chris."

It was only a whisper, but it was all of Lily Varden made whole again: "I believe him too, Lily. I believe him, too."

LOVE'S TRIANGLE

(*Continued from page* 56) city with Aunt Hester, and the finding of an apartment.

And, finally, there was the night of Judge Treadwill's party, two weeks before the date set for our wedding.

Driving over to the Judge's house, Alan teased me about my new hair-do which, he insisted, made me look like a little girl playing grown-up and not sophisticated at all. I was laughing as we went up the steps into the brightly lighted house. I'll always remember that, for it was a long time before I laughed again.

The big upstairs bedroom that had been set aside as a powder room for the Judge's feminine guests had only one occupant when I entered it with my wrap. Sheila was standing before the mirror that hung over the old-fashioned bureau, brightening her wide mouth that was already bright enough as it was. She turned as I came through the doorway, put away her lipstick. "Hello, Mary. Gee, honey, you look swell—that dress is a knockout!"

I said, laying my coat on the bed, "Hello, Sheila—thanks! And you've a new dress, too! Turn around, let me see!"

"Like it?" she queried happily, turning for my inspection. "I'm nuts about it myself, but you know me—I always go for clothes like this. What do you think, Mary? Is it O.K.?"

I looked at the dress, noticing the tight fit and its daring cut which exposed a good deal too much of Sheila's firm white flesh, and as I looked it was as if I were seeing it through Alan's eyes, and I thought in rueful dismay: *How awful!* Then my eyes lifted to her face that was as pleased as a child's and my heart smote me. I said, as warmly as I could, "It's really lovely, darling, but you're so pretty it never really matters what you wear. Let's go down, shall we?"

It was not a gay party. It was conservative and restrained and a little stuffy. There was a three-piece orchestra playing little tinkling tunes; and there was a sprinkling of older people sitting along the sidelines of the room that had been cleared for dancing, watching the young people, lifting eyebrows from time to time, whispering behind their hands, their eyes following Sheila.

I watched her, too, with a kind of nervous apprehension as the evening wore on. If only Sheila had just a little more dignity, a little less exuberance, I thought worriedly. And if only Alan could see her as she really was, understand her true worth, her sterling character.

The music ended and I looked up into his face anxiously, and then, at the expression I saw there, my heart gave a startled leap and my eyes followed his. Sheila and a black-haired boy named Paul Russell were standing at one end of the room, twirling the dials of the Judge's radio.

Sheila was tapping her foot, rolling her eyes and shaking her hips in time to the spurts of music blaring out from first one band and then another as Paul experimented with various stations. Finally, finding what he wanted, he straightened, held out his arms to Sheila and they swung out onto the floor together in an exaggerated version of jitterbugging.

I stood frozen in fascinated horror, my eyes glued to those swirling figures.

Beside me, Alan gave a sharp, muttered exclamation, strode across the room to the radio, switched it off abruptly. In the center of the room, Sheila and Paul Russell, their faces comical with startled amazement, stopped dead in their tracks. Suddenly, Sheila began to laugh. Her laughter was neither brazen nor defiant; it was rich and gurgling and infectious, the laughter of someone highly entertained, and it had the effect of turning the tables on Alan, of making him appear a little ridiculous.

It lasted only a second or two, then the musicians struck up another tune, tension broke, and couples began moving out onto the floor again. Paul and Sheila resumed their dancing, and I saw Alan making his way toward me.

I watched him with a detachment that was as complete as it was surprising, for it was the first time in all the months I'd known him that I had ever been able to regard him impersonally. I thought with cool, sharp clarity, *Alan and I will never make a go of things unless he learns to be more tolerant.*

He stood before me. He said a little formally, "Shall we dance this one, Mary?"

I said, "Yes, I suppose it would look better if we did—" We had been dancing for several minutes before he spoke. "Mary, I hope you understand why—"

I broke in hurriedly, "Please, Alan, let's not discuss it here."

Finally, the evening was over. Driving home, we barely spoke, but as he unlocked the front door of Aunt Hester's house and stood aside for me to enter, I said a little jerkily, "Come in, please, Alan. I—I want to talk to you."

Inside the musty old front parlor, I turned to him, "Alan—"

He broke in quickly, urgently, "Mary, let's not quarrel. She isn't worth it—that girl—even if she is your friend—"

I stared at him. I said stonily, "She's my *best* friend, Alan—you know that."

"I wish you wouldn't say that. She's not your sort—everyone knows it. You've got this blind, fanatical loyalty to her that's utterly misplaced." I listened quietly.

So you think you're good at the sink?

Then test this better way to clean pots and pans

IT'S ALL YOU NEED! You can prove S.O.S. is the one cleanser you need to shine pots and pans. Handy, too —with soap right in the pad!

DIP the edge of an S.O.S. pad in water. It's ready to go to work for you.

RUB briskly over scorches, stains or crusted food. Good-bye all! Hello, shine!

RINSE—and the job's done —the shine is there. Easily —quickly! Try S.O.S.

The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.
S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Look for the YELLOW and RED package

MOTHER, I'M DELIGHTED WITH THE WAY CLOROX REMOVES STAINS FROM PATSY'S DRESSES!
AND YOU CAN DEPEND ON CLOROX TO MAKE WHITE LINENS SNOWY-WHITE, SANITARY!
CLOROX ALSO LESSENS RUBBING, CONSERVING FABRICS. IT'S FREE FROM CAUSTIC... EXTRA-GENTLE!
CLOROX

MOTHERS welcome the way Clorox makes everyday household tasks easier! For Clorox removes stubborn stains . . . such as fruit, beverage, grass, blood, many ink, dye and medicine stains—even scorch, mildew—from white and color-fast cottons and linens. Clorox bleaches white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors), makes laundry sanitary. Clorox lessens rubbing, conserving fabrics. In household cleaning, Clorox disinfects, deodorizes, makes home a more healthful place. Directions on label.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

CLOROX

FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Years of unsurpassed quality and performance have made Clorox the choice of millions . . . it's always uniform . . . it's always dependable!

Copr. 1947, Clorox Chemical Co.

BLAME YOUR LAZY BILE IF-

CONSTIPATION with its headaches, mental dullness and that "half-alive" feeling may often result if bile doesn't flow *every day* into your intestines. So you see how important it is to keep bile flowing freely! And what finer aid could one desire than Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for over 25 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for treating his patients for constipation and sluggish bile.

Olive Tablets are unsurpassed in effectiveness because they pep up lazy bile secretion to help digest fatty foods, at the same time help keep you regular. Being *purely vegetable*, Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are wonderful! Test their supreme goodness TONIGHT without fail! Follow label directions. 15¢, 30¢. All drugstores.

He went on stubbornly, "I'd be a hypocrite if I kept to myself how I feel about it, Mary. I don't know what on earth my family are going to think of her when they come on for the wedding. They're not used to performances like the one she pulled tonight." He hesitated a moment, then said bluntly, "Mary, I don't want her in our wedding. Make some excuse—anything, but get out of having her in it, somehow or other. Do that for me, please!"

"Not have Sheila in my wedding! *Not have Sheila!*" And then, as the full import of his words sank into my brain, anger poured through me. I said in a cold, tight voice, "I don't think either Sheila or I had better come to your wedding, Alan!"

"You don't mean that, Mary!" He took a step toward me, but I put up my hand as a barrier.

"I do mean it, Alan. It isn't just because you don't like Sheila. It's—it's because you try to *dominate* me in every way—"

"That isn't true," he denied hotly. "You're being unfair."

"It *is* true, and you know it. Our getting married would be a terrible mistake, Alan. It seems we don't even think alike about anything at all. It's a good thing we found it out in time."

■ WE STOOD there, looking at each other steadily for a moment, and then slowly, I began pulling off his ring on my left hand. I held it out to him. "I'm sorry, Alan."

He took it from me, pocketed it indifferently. His jaw was set in a stubborn, familiar line. He would not beg or plead with me to change my mind, for that was not Alan's way. He said evenly, "All right, Mary, if that's the way you want it." He turned and walked out of the room.

It's all over, I told myself dazedly. *He's gone, and he won't be back. Nothing will ever happen to me again that's warm and breathless and exciting. I'll live and die in this house, an old maid like Aunt Hester, and when I die I'll know at the end that I've never really lived at all.*

I had no way of knowing that night that years were to pass, that the whole world was to be torn and changed before Alan and I were to meet again—and then as totally different people.

I went up the stairs finally, moving slowly and stiffly like someone grown old. I saw a thin blade of light streaming out into the hallway from beneath Aunt Hester's door. I hesitated a moment, and then knocked softly.

She called out, "Is that you, Mary? Come in, won't you?"

I opened the door. She was propped up in bed, pillows behind her back, a book in her hand. She smiled at me. "Was it a nice party, Mary? And did Alan like your dress and your new hair-do?"

I stood at the foot of her bed, and said steadily, "Aunt Hester, Alan and I are not going to be married, after all. Please don't ask me why tonight. I—it is not easy for me to talk about it right now—"

Suddenly, a sense of desolation more terrible than anything I had ever known swept over me like a storm. Blindly, I stumbled toward Aunt Hester's outstretched arms, and clung there, crying heartbrokenly.

She held me close to her thin old chest, crooning over me, smoothing my hair. "There, lamb, don't you cry—we'll take a little trip somewhere—we'll go away where it's warm and green—it'll be all right, child—sometimes, these things happen for the best—there's the Lord's own hand in them, you know— Just trust in Him—"

So two days later Aunt Hester and I went away. We went to Florida—not to one of the fashionable, crowded resorts, but to a little town unfrequented by tourists. All day long I lay upon the warm sands, and thought of Alan. I thought of him achingly, but without bitterness and without hope, knowing as I did that the differences between us could never be reconciled in words.

The days passed slowly, uneventfully. Sheila was the only person in Hartdale to whom I wrote or who wrote to me. It was not Sheila's fault, I always told myself loyally, and she must never know that Alan and I had quarreled because of her.

The leaves of the calendar turned steadily, October and November slid past, December came in; and, finally, upon a shocked world there dawned that fateful Sunday of December seventh.

Alan! My heart contracted that afternoon as I listened to the reports pouring over the radio. *Alan will go, of course!*

"We must go home, Mary," Aunt Hester said firmly that night. "There will be work for everyone—sewing, knitting, Red Cross duties. This is no time to dawdle."

The click of the train wheels bearing us north seemed to be clicking out the letters of his name. *Alan, Alan, Alan!* I wanted to see Alan again before he went away to war—even if only to say good-by.

But when we reached Hartdale, it was too late. Alan was gone. He had enlisted the day after Pearl Harbor and had gone to his family in Virginia to await his orders. When I remember 1942, I remember it best not for its bloody trail across the pages of history, but because it was the year that Sheila was married.

She married Frank Dornan, a foreman at one of the war plants located on the outskirts of Hartdale.

Watching her radiant face during the ceremony, I knew a kind of heartsick envy, coupled with a sense of loneliness, too. Sheila had been different with me since she had fallen in love, more remote, less inclined to confidences, as though she were living in some bright, enchanted world that belonged to her and Frank alone. Well, that was as it should be, I supposed. I remembered with a little stab of pain that once I, too, had walked enchanted ways, shared a dream with someone—

■ ALAN. DID he ever think of me, far off in his training camp in the south? Did he remember that brief, bright idyll that he and I had known together, or had he, absorbed in his man's affairs, put all remembrance of our lost love from him? I did not know, I had no way of knowing, for in all the four years that he was gone, Alan never wrote me a single line at all.

1943. That was the year that Muffy was born. Muffy was Sheila's little girl, and from the very first moment I ever held her in my arms I felt that she belonged to me, too. Her name was Mary—for me—but no one ever called her that. "She's a little Miss Muffet, that's what she is!" Frank had boomed out proudly looking down at her as she lay in her crib one day when she was about two weeks old. And Sheila, standing beside him, shining-eyed, had murmured, "Muffet—that's a cute name. Let's call her Muffy for short so's we won't get her mixed up with Mary!"

1944. A year that was full of a strangeness, full of sadness both for Sheila and me. In the spring of that year Aunt Hester died quietly one night in her sleep. She had been failing steadily for some months, so the end was not unexpected, but saddening nonetheless. I did not know how much I had loved her, leaned on her sure strength that was like the strength of the pines, until the day I lost her. Standing beside her grave on that chilly March afternoon she was buried, I thought, *Now I am truly alone.* I felt Sheila's arms going around me, heard her comforting voice in my ear. "You're coming home to stay with Frank and me, Mary, honey. We won't hear of anything else—"

So I was not alone, after all. I still had Sheila to lean on, as I had had for most of the years of my life.

(Continued on page 137)

A LETTER TO GRANDMA

(Continued from page 33)

if I had not yet admitted it to myself, that I wasn't going back at all. I'd done my share, I'd done my best, and I meant to live as I liked for my remaining years.

Tom had always been a solemn child. He'd been ill for nearly a year when he was four, with a glandular infection, and when he was well again, he had to learn all over how to walk, how to play.

I'll never forget the first day they let him try to walk. His father and I sat in the hospital's sun pavilion, and a nurse brought Tom in and set him down on his feet. She held his hand, smiling down at him, then said, "There's your Mummy and Daddy over there, Tommy. Walk over to them."

He let go her hand. He took two steps, his small face alight with happiness. Then his legs went out from under him, and he fell to the floor.

He wasn't hurt. He just sat there, on the floor, looking at his legs. Then he looked up at me and, his voice trembling with the effort not to cry, he said, "They won't go, Mommy. My legs won't go any more!"

■ THEN THERE were the long, weary months of exercises, massage, encouragement while little Tom learned to walk, to run a little, to recover the coordination of his weakened muscles. At each failure, he used to look up at me, and I'd say, "Try it again, Tom! You did it better that time."

He'd try again, his face solemn and determined. Patience, perseverance, care—he learned them the hard way.

He was never a bright student, but he never forgot the hard lessons he'd learned as a child. When he failed, he tried again and again, until he made it.

He met Dorothy when he was twenty. He was working with his father, doing well.

Dorothy was like a dream of beauty to him—radiant, and unattainable.

Tom told me about her, as he told me about everything important that happened to him. And the way he spoke of her made me ask, "Are you in love with her, Tom?"

He laughed. "In love with *her?* That'd be pretty foolish, wouldn't it, for me? I'm not the kind for a girl like Dorothy. Hal might be—he knows how to talk to girls, he's in college, he's smart. But she's not for me, Mom."

I looked at him, and he added, "Yes. I guess I'm in love with her. Not that she'll ever know it."

I saw that she did know it, the time he brought her home to dinner. Hal was home on vacation from college, and he did most of the talking. Dorothy laughed at Hal's clever nonsense, listened seriously to his opinions—and watched Tom, a small, secret smile in her eyes.

She'd be good for him, I decided. I tried to hint to Tom.

"You know," I said, airily, "I shouldn't be surprised if Hal fell in love with Dorothy."

Tom nodded. "They'd be a grand pair."

"Oh, don't be like that!" I snapped. "Go after her if you want her!"

Later he told me, "She said 'yes,' Mom! Can you imagine it? Dorothy said 'yes!'"

And she was good for him. When his father died, Tom felt sure he could never run the business alone. He begged me to stay in it, actively, as I'd done during the early years. And it was Dorothy who made him see that her pride in him depended on his going it alone. I think Tom would have died, inside him, if Dorothy ever lost her pride in him.

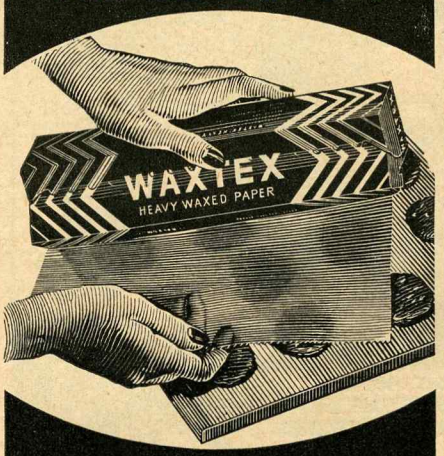
"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dull soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves your hair shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away completely!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

ROLL CAN'T FALL OUT



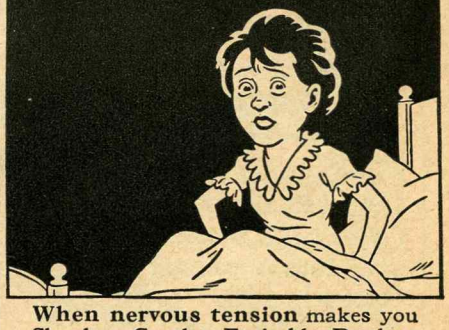
WAXTEX

HEAVY WAXED PAPER

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MARATHON CORPORATION, MENASHA, WISCONSIN

SOMEHOW I JUST CAN'T GET TO SLEEP, MY NERVES ARE STRUNG UP TIGHT I BET I GET SOME MILES NERVINE BEFORE ANOTHER NIGHT.



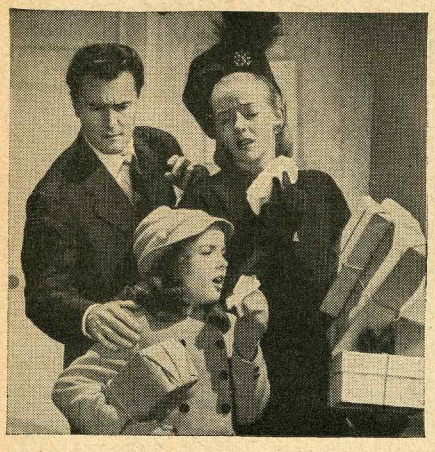
When nervous tension makes you Sleepless, Cranky, Excitable, Restless, or results in Nervous Headache, try

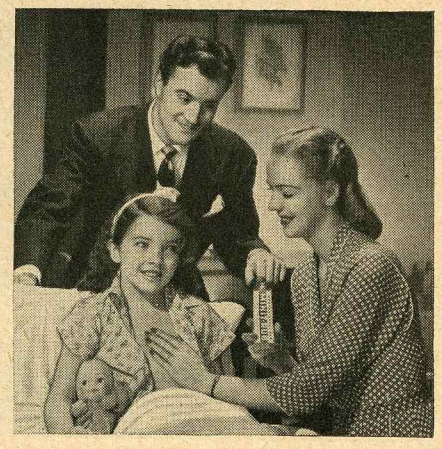
MILES NERVINE

Get it from your drug store today. It may save you needless distress. CAUTION: Take only as directed. Liquid 25c and $1.00. Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

MILES NERVINE

In a minute!...





Cold discomfort begins to change to warm smiles

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1 In a minute, Minit-Rub begins to stimulate circulation, begins to bring a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2 In a minute, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3 In a minute, Minit-Rub's *active menthol vapors* begin to ease that nasal "stuffiness" feeling.

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens. Get Minit-Rub—today!

MINIT-RUB

The Modern Chest Rub

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

AMAZING THING! By Cooper

AN AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFICALLY COMPOUNDED TREATMENT FOR **PIMPLES** CALLED **TING**... WORKS WHILE IT HELPS HIDE THEM!

WITH **PIMPLES ALL GONE** LOVE FLIES IN THE WINDOW

APPLY **TING** TO PIMPLES, LET IT DRY— AND WHISK OFF EXCESS POWDER. **TING** IS BOTH FUNGICIDAL AND GERMICIDAL— REALLY WORKS WONDERS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED **PIMPLES!**

IN LAB TESTS **TING** HAS PROVEN EFFECTIVE IN KILLING ON 60 SECOND CONTACT SPECIFIC TYPES OF FUNGI THAT SOMETIMES CAUSE SKIN BLOTCHES

EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED, TRY AMAZING **TING** TODAY! ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY **50¢**

But what happened since then? How had it come about that Tom and Dorothy and even their kids still depended so on me?

Not that it was Tom alone. I seemed to have made a baby of Patsy, too. She ran to me for the least little thing.

As for Hal, of course he'd be independent all his life. He always had been. Yet he knew where to go when he wanted someone to mind the baby, or help with a dinner party, or do some shopping for Irene!

Yes, they all turned to Mom when they wanted something, whether it was advice or a helping hand. Well, Mom had done her share and then some! And Mom wasn't doing any more!

■ SO I TENDED my garden, walked in the village and talked with the storekeepers, went to church on Sundays. I met the people who had the farm next to my little place and visited with them. I wrote to Tom and Hal and Patsy and sent cards to my grandchildren. May passed into June.

Tom wrote:

"We've been talking things over, and we're all worried. You've been away nearly two months now, and you haven't said anything about coming back. Dorothy is lost without you, and I guess you know I am, too. If I could talk things over with you, I'd feel better. We're planning expansion of the plant, and I don't want to go ahead without your ideas on it. We all need you, Mom. We don't know what to do without you. Will you come home soon?"

I'll admit I weakened. I thought of five-year-old Tom looking up at me with worried eyes, I remembered his unbelieving happiness when Dorothy had promised her love. I thought of what would happen to him if Dorothy found out now that he couldn't stand without me.

He'd have to stand. He was a grown man, they were none of them children, they should stand by themselves.

I wrote:

"You'll get along fine without me, Tom. I expect to stay here through the summer and fall, anyway. Maybe through the winter. I've no definite plans yet."

June was mild, but July brought the real summer heat. I didn't mind it. I'd never dreamed life could be so peaceful, so quiet.

I was reading by the window that sultry day in July when I heard the hardware man's pick-up truck coughing to a stop outside the cottage. I looked out and my heart almost stopped when I saw Irene coming up the walk.

I hurried to the door to let her in.

"Hello," she said. "You certainly picked an out-of-the-way place to hide."

To hide? I felt my temper rise, as it always did every time I saw Irene. I kept it in check as I asked her in and got her a glass of iced tea, but I was thinking, *Just let her make one of her smart cracks and I'll tell her off as I've wanted to do ever since Hal first brought her home! She always brings out the cat in me,* I thought, and hastened to add, "How is Hal? And the baby?"

She waved a limp hand. "Hal's disgustingly well, as usual, and Maryann's growing like a weed."

She looked at me and seemed to lose just a bit of her cool self-assurance.

"The clan is quite curious to know what you're up to," she said, "so I thought I'd run out here and see if you were all right."

That was another of her expressions I hated. She liked to refer to us as "the clan," in a tone that suggested it was just too quaint for words for children to live in the same city with their mother after they'd grown up, and have family dinners and all meet for Christmas.

"I'm quite all right, thank you," I said, and at the same time I was wondering why she *had* come. That Hal had asked her to was simply impossible. Hal would never

beg me to come home if his life depended on it. Why *had* she come?

She was twisting her handkerchief and eyeing me strangely. "Well," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders, "I suppose I may as well come out with it. I came to ask you to come home again."

I sat up straight in my chair. "*Hal* sent you?" I said, unbelievingly.

She shook her head. "No, of course not. He—well, you know Hal. No, it was my idea."

I just looked at her. I couldn't call the girl a liar to her face. Besides, there had to be *some* explanation.

She flushed under my stare. "I know we haven't been the best of friends," she began. That was a classic understatement, certainly! "The fact is, you and I just don't look at things the same way, and we may as well not go through a lot of sentimental nonsense neither of us would mean a word of."

"Well, Irene," I said, "that's straight enough!" To tell the truth, I almost liked her just then. I liked honest folk.

"So I won't pretend. I'll just say what I came to say. You're needed back home. They all need you, and Hal most of all."

I smiled and shook my head. "No, Irene. The rest of them think they need me, but Hal doesn't even think so."

She leaned forward, her cool and casual manner falling away. "That's just why he does need you! Let me try to tell you. You know something of my background—family and all that. You know how I've always felt about Hal and his family."

I knew very well. I remembered the sinking feeling that came over me the time I asked Hal about Irene's family, and he told me she hadn't any to speak of, that her parents had been divorced when she was a child, both had remarried and both had shared her except when they could send her away to school.

I remembered Irene's flippant remarks—jokes with a cutting edge—about mid-Victorian families. And how hard she'd tried to get Hal to move out of town—to Chicago or to the coast—after they'd married. If Hal hadn't been given such a good position with a big legal firm, he'd have done it, too.

Clever, quick and independent—that was Hal. And Irene was just the kind of girl he'd choose. She was pretty, but not in a soft, doll-like way. You knew there was character behind her lovely gray eyes, even if you weren't sure what kind of character. She had a job, and a good one, writing copy for an advertising firm. She'd kept her job until Maryann was well on the way.

Now she was saying, "You know how I've always felt about Hal and his family."

"I guess I do," I answered her drily. "You liked Hal well enough, but you hadn't much use for his family."

■ SHE SHOOK her head impatiently. "Not *his* family. *Any* family! I wanted him to be independent. I didn't want him tied down by—by—"

"A possessive, interfering mother," I supplied, and she flushed.

"Well, I got what I wanted. Hal doesn't need anybody."

She said it defiantly, and I wondered for a moment, shocked, if she'd come just to gloat. Then, to my amazement, I saw tears in her eyes. Tears, in *Irene's* eyes!

"He doesn't need anybody," she repeated in a low voice. "Not—even—me, I'm afraid."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said.

"No, not nonsense. You see—he loves me, yes. But he doesn't *need* me. If he did when we first married, I cured him of it. I cured him with my sneers at family ties and the family hearth."

She tossed her head back with a proud gesture that dared me to notice the tears.

"I've had a baby now. And every time I look at my baby—every time I hold her in

SCALP ODOR IS OFFENSIVE!

The Scalp Perspires . . . your hair collects and holds odors and dirt. Don't risk offending either in public, or personal "close-ups."

Remove Scalp Odors by using Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This efficient cleanser "suds-up" into "mountains" of lather that float away dirt and scalp odors. Leaves your hair with a light, fresh scent, radiantly clean, soft and easy to arrange into your personal hair style.

Patented Rinsing Agent contained right in this shampoo eliminates need for special after rinses. No dull film remains on your hair. At drug counters or have professional applications at beauty shops.

Fitch's

SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

American School, Dept. H-357, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW and SENSATIONAL in **EVERYDAY CARDS**

Greetings

Gorgeous Satin and Velour Designs

Show rich new Satin and Velour Greeting Cards. Astounding value, 15 for $1. Get easy orders FAST! Pays up to 100% cash profit. 14 other assortments retail 60c to $1. SAMPLES on Approval. Write today.

PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 725-C5t. Louis 3, Mo.

Make Money Easily

LOOK 3 TIMES AS EASY TO READ

BY stopwatch test, a Taylor Binoc Thermometer is 3 times easier to read than ordinary fever thermometers. Tells you accurately when fever warns of sickness. Should be in every medicine cabinet. Triple lens construction makes mercury stand out clearly. Special flat shape is easy to grip in natural reading position. Easier to shake down, can't roll, less apt to break. In both oral and rectal types at $2.00 and $2.50. At your drug store, or write Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada. *Taylor Instruments Mean Accuracy First.*

TAYLOR BINOC FEVER THERMOMETER TELLS WHEN TO CALL THE DOCTOR

Ginger-puffs made with DUFF'S

Bake gingerbread in muffin tins. When cool, cut cones from top of cakes, fill with your favorite custard and replace cones.

Try these delicious serving suggestions

- **Gingerbread squares topped with fresh apple sauce.**
- **Gingerbread served as a hot bread with baked beans.**
- **Soft ginger cookies filled with raisins, nuts, or candied fruits.**

Just add WATER-*that's all!*

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS

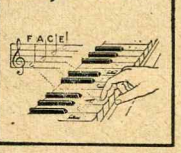
BE A NURSE STUDY AT HOME

HIGH SCHOOL NOT NECESSARY

Prepare for experience as a **Trained Practical Nurse.** Ages 18 to 55. Many earn while learning. **Easy payment plan.** Write for facts and fascinating **free** sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, Inc.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. E-25, Chicago 14, Illinois

Easy as A-B-C



Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME THIS QUICK MONEY-SAVING WAY

Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections instead of tiresome exercise. You read real notes—no "numbers" or trick music. Some of our 850,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you may become an excellent musician. Mail coupon for our illustrated Free Book and Print and Picture Sample. Mention your favorite instrument. **U. S. School of Music, 4393 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y.10, N.Y.**

FREE BOOKLET

U. S. School of Music, 4393 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

my arms—every time she smiles at me—I realize what I was deprived of as a child, and I swear I'll never inflict that unspeakable cruelty on *my* child! I want her to know she can depend on my love. But I can't be her whole family. She needs her father, too. The three of us—that's what makes the home. And I'm afraid I've weaned Hal away from believing in a home."

"What can I do?" I asked.

"Come home, please! You're the one that means 'home' to them—to Tom and Patsy and Hal, too. If you come home, Hal will have you to look at when the time comes for him to doubt the value of a family. He'll have you to see as proof. And the time will come. It comes to most couples, I guess, but when it comes to us, I'll be afraid, unless you're there!"

I got up and walked across the room and back. Finally I said, "Can you stay for the night? I've a cot."

She shook her head. "I'd better go back tonight. But—will you think about it?"

"Of course I will," I said, and I bent and kissed her. Both of us were surprised, but she gave me a shaky, warm smile.

I thought about it, when she was gone. I was glad she had come. I felt sure Irene and I would get along, after this. Irene knew what a home meant now. A family. But she was wrong in thinking I was still needed. I'd given my children all I could. I'd made a home for them, and kept them, bound together with ties of love until they were grown and left to start their own homes. I'd done my share. Hal would come through by himself.

Patsy's telegram came at the end of August. It read, "Am going to have a baby. Please come, I need you. I'm scared. Love. Patsy."

I was packing my bag before sense came back to me and I stopped to think.

So Patsy was going to have a baby. Well, what of it? I'd had three, and only one of them in a hospital. Patsy's Bob would have a room reserved and the best doctor he could find. Why did she need me?

To tell her what to do and not to do? Her doctor would do that much better than I could. To hold her hand and tell her not to be afraid? That was Bob's job.

I sat down and began to cry angrily. There was no use arguing with myself. Who was supposed to be fooled by those silly arguments? I was kidding myself.

Hang it all, a girl does need her mother when she's having a baby! No use talking about it, she does, and that's that! If she can't have her mother, she has to do without—but it's natural and right for a girl to want her mother!

And I wanted to go. I wanted to be with Patsy. Only how could I go without throwing away the hard-won independence I had? If I gave in now, I was lost for good.

I wired Patsy: "Lots of luck. I'll come to the christening. Congratulations to you both. Love, Mother."

The strange letter came on the first of September. I didn't recognize the handwriting on the envelope. My name and address slanted in wavy lines across the whole envelope.

I opened it and glanced at the signature. It was "Dot." I laughed, thinking how nice it was for little Dot to write me a letter. What a task it must have been for her six-year-old hand! I read the letter.

"Dear Grandma,

"Nobuddy noes I am riting to you, I copyed the address from Mummy's address book. Grandma please come home again because I don't noe what is going to happen to me if you dont.

"You always herd my prayers at nite and now nobuddy hears them, I dont think Mummy noes how to hear prayers. And I dont noe if God is still lisening now youre away so long.

"Grandma please come home and hear my prayers so God dosnt forget all about me. Please.

Youre loving Dot."

I walked into the house the next day just at dinner time. Tom got up from the table and stared at me while Mike and Dot ran to be kissed. Then Tom smiled and hugged me and Dorothy said, "You're really home to stay, aren't you?"

"I guess I am," I said. "Don't ask me why, but I am."

I phoned Patsy, told her I'd be around when she wanted me, and listened to her recital of what the doctor had said, how pleased Bob was and how well she felt.

Then I called Irene, and told her I'd come home. She said, "I—I wonder if we could all have Thanksgiving dinner together this year? The whole family, I mean."

"I think we can manage that," I said, and smiled to myself. Maybe she was right about Hal, maybe I knew him better. But between us, we'd keep him reminded of the fact that as old-fashioned as families might be, they still went with love, and babies, and other such modern things.

Then I went upstairs to hear Dot's prayers. I listened to the sweet, high voice lifted to God, and I thought, smiling to myself, "*I'm a sucker for an inside curve.*" But over Dot's bowed head I whispered a prayer of my own.

"Please, God," I prayed, "don't let me ever be anything else!"

Tune in "PHILCO RADIO TIME"

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th

Gala Reunion Program

honoring

BING CROSBY

WINNER OF THE 1946

PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARD

As America's most popular actor

Don't miss it! Hear Bing Crosby and the great stars of screen and radio who have appeared with him in a Gala Reunion Program. Wednesday, February 19th, 10 p.m. in the East, 9 p.m. everywhere else; ABC Network and many additional stations.

HIDDEN ENEMY

(*Continued from page* 36) pride and loyalty and team spirit—all the things that I didn't understand when I joined up. That's what makes it tough, now, to know that I've got to quit, that I don't deserve—"

For the second time, in the weeks I'd known him, that softness one saw so seldom was in Bill's hard eyes and he said quietly:

"I'm glad to hear you say that, son."

"It's true. I've never hated anything so much as what I have to do. But I've got to quit. You can't be a cop and be yellow. And I've got a million fears. That's what makes it so bad about the publicity. The newspapers have made me something I'm not. A rookie hero."

I babbled on. About the guy I pulled out of the river—the payroll stick-up—the run-in with Spinelli. I described the scared feeling that would grip me so that I wasn't even aware of my actions until everything was over.

■ BILL NODDED wisely. "Scared, huh? The hairs stand up at the back of your neck? They tickle? Sweat run down your sides near the back of your armpits? Did you stop breathing? Did all your senses magnify and time seem to stop?"

"How do you know?" I asked him wonderingly.

"Because I've felt it." He went on gently. "But, with the chips down, in every action, it was you, not your fear, that won out. And, from what you tell me, and from what you've done since joining the Force, it's always been that way. Don't you get it, Frank? Fear is a protective instinct in a normal man. Some of us are more sensitive to it than others. But it's the very thing that makes us weigh our chances and find the most minute advantage in our favor and act.

"I've only known two men in all my life, Frank, who were absolutely fearless. One was a gangster—Vincent Coll. One was a cop. They both died young—the cop busting in a door to get at three bank robbers. Got two of them and they got him. That wasn't bright and it wasn't brave. He just didn't *feel* fear. Not feeling it, he failed to guard against the danger that should have caused it. You go right on being scared."

He got up and came over carrying his coffee cup and picked up mine and grinned.

"But stop being scared of being scared, if you get what I mean."

He went out into the kitchen.

I felt like a millstone had been lifted from my chest. Bill didn't consider me a coward. The more I thought of his words, the more sense they made. It *was* true. Scared as I'd been, at every crisis, large or small in my life, I'd always come through at the moment when the chips were down. I felt elated over my discovery—I felt like a new man.

Bill came back with more coffee.

"Look, Bill," I told him, "I get it all. But why should I fear a thing like the dark? Absolutely silly and childish. Afraid to go into a dark room. That's worried me. I've often wondered what would happen if I were patrolling a beat at night and had to go into a dark alleyway after someone—"

"You'd go," said Bill, taking a sip of his coffee. "I've had to, a number of times. And I've hated it worse than poison. Perfectly good reason for it. You don't know what the odds are against you in the dark. But you go. And you find the odds aren't too bad because the man you're going after can't see you, either."

I nodded. I wondered whether I should tell Bill about the dream. I was too excited about finding I was not a coward to realize—for a moment—that Bill

Beautiful kitchen – but QUICK!

• In minutes, you add glorious color and banish that "bare-shelf" look, using wonderful Royledge. It's shelving paper and edging all-in-one—just fold edge down.

• Only Royledge has long-lasting doubl-edge, such wide choice of patterns, colors. Inexpensive—less than a penny a day to change pattern monthly. Ask for Royledge at 5-and-10's, neighborhood, hardware and dept. stores.

Royledge
SHELVING
9 FT.-7¢

VETO Colgate's Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant, Checks Perspiration, Stops Odor—Yet is **Doubly Safe!**

Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant...Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar—never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard your daintiness and to check perspiration, stop odor *safely.*

SPECIAL TESTED by BETTER FABRICS BUREAU LABORATORIES

DOUBLY PREFERRED! Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau

JUDY CLARK

Featured in Monogram's "In High Gear," a Jan Grippo Production.

So Easy to Have Lovely Hair

The undertones of beautiful hair glow with rich, radiant color; fleeting, brilliant flashes shimmer in the high lights. Its tresses are soft, silky, snarless and easily arranged. People say, "Oh! What *lovely* hair! Isn't it beautiful!"

If that's the kind of hair you want, *you can have it—today!* But you will have to do something more than just wishing and shampooing to get it.

The right shade of Golden Glint will set free the true beauty of your hair as silver polish reveals the true luster of silver or as bluing brings out the true whiteness of linen. Golden Glint rinses come in 12 shades. They are harmless, quick and easily removed. Why not have beautiful hair today? Get a 10c or 25c package now from variety or drug store.

GOLDEN GLINT

T S

You'll Prefer This Old-Time NEW ENGLAND GOODNESS

Baked as New Englanders have always liked 'em best (not steamed) *all day long* with pork and spicy sauces . . . "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Burnham & Morrill Company.

"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN

Lovely solid sterling silver cushion shape set ring in your own **Birthstone Color** given for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each remitting the $1.00 to us. Send No Money. **Order 4 Rosebud Salve** by one cent postcard. (Will mail ring and 4 salve now, if you send $1.00 with order.)

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 77, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

Relieve Paroxysms of ASTHMA THE Vapo-Cresolene WAY!

WORKS AT NIGHT—QUICKLY!

● Tonight, discover the relief of Vapo-Cresolene . . . its soothing, harmless, medicated vapors help your breathing, let you enjoy restful sleep. Easy to use, non-irritating, Vapo-Cresolene has been successfully helping bronchial asthma sufferers for 64 years. Also lessens the severity of whooping cough paroxysms, spasmodic croup and coughs due to colds. Electric or Lamp type Vaporizer, directions enclosed. At all drugstores.

For Free Descriptive Booklet, write to
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York

was speaking to me, saying cautiously:

"It took a lot of courage, Frank, to come here and say what you've said. You were going to tell Helen about it, weren't you?"

"Yes. And I suppose I still—"

"And what makes you suppose that?"

"You don't think I should?"

"I don't. Women don't understand these things like men. She thinks *I'm* fearless. I've let her think that. Know why?"

I shook my head.

"If you tell anyone—" He grinned wryly. "Particularly a woman, a secret about yourself, your feelings, you plant a seed. Sooner or later that seed grows, blooms. Maybe it turns out to be a rank, ugly weed.

"You see, if she knows you feel fear, she's going to feel fear for you every time you get in a tight place. She'll get apprehensive about your safety, first of all. Then—it's human nature—she'll go from there to wondering if perhaps you're not just a trifle—well, cowardly. Because—after all—you *do* feel fear. You've told her as much. No, Frank. Don't tell Helen. Don't tell anyone. It's human nature to wonder, to doubt, to be suspicious. Don't plant any seeds in anyone's mind. Keep this thing between us. We know about fear because it's part of our trade."

■ I NODDED again. I started to tell Bill how grateful I was to him, how much I appreciated what he had done for me. That made him uncomfortable.

"Drink your coffee and get out of here," he said. "I need sleep."

I went home. When I got into bed it occurred to me that with all the talking, I still hadn't brought myself to tell Bill about the dream. The dream seemed singularly unimportant now. I knew a peace, a freedom from worry such as I'd not known in years. I fell into a deep, exhausted sleep. It was dreamless.

A couple of days later, I was transferred to the midnight to 8 A.M. shift, the early shift that begins the day for the Police Department. And the dark hours. I had a hunch that switch was Bill's doing. He was giving me some dark alleys to walk into. They didn't bother me.

Nothing bothered me any more—except Helen. Or, rather, my conscience when I was with Helen. I'd look up to find her eyes on me. She had the loveliest eyes I've ever seen, anyway. And there'd be admiration in them. She'd try to cover it up. She'd say: "Nothing for the scrapbook? You're slipping."

Somehow, it didn't seem right. It seemed like I was holding out on her. I wanted to sit down with her and say: "Look, honey, I'm no hero. I'm just another guy named Joe with all the normal fears and—"

I wanted to tell her, to share with her, all the things I'd told Bill. I loved her. And, loving her, wanted her to accept me for what I was.

The advice Bill had given me always held me back. He was older, wiser, so he must be right. If you create a suspicion in a person's mind, that suspicion may grow, no matter how much they care for you.

So I didn't tell her.

I was pretty happy in those next weeks. The talk with Bill had—and I mean this literally—made a new man of me. The talk I didn't have with Helen, bothered my conscience less as time went on. She thought me a hero and I wasn't a hero, but I could make up for that by trying to be what she thought I was. My fears? I'd learned what I'd never learned before—to live with them.

There wasn't a time, walking down the steps of the precinct station to begin my tour of duty, that I didn't have that moment of tenseness in the pit of my stomach, that tingling sensation as though all my nerve ends were suddenly exposed and raw and sensitive. I didn't dread it any more.

I came to look for it—and approve of it. It meant I was alert, tensed up—but not too tense to be ready for anything that might happen.

Nothing much happened—except routine. When I'd come to a pitch black alley, I'd take a few steps in, just to prove that I could. There were long, dark alleys down in the warehouse district that I used for practice.

I think I was happier than at any time of my life. I had my job and I loved it. I had Bill—and I ran second only to Helen in my adoration for the man, a man who had become a father to me, was imparting to me all the tricks of a trade at which he was a master. His caution was almost funny. He wouldn't admit—by gesture, implication or in any other way—that he was grooming me to be a detective. He'd have denied it, probably, had I put it to him. Yet he was sponsoring me, watching over me, getting ready to have me out of a beat-pounder's uniform into plain clothes, more exciting and better paid work.

Helen and I? Well, it was just one of those things that was perfect. From the time when—with my beginner's luck still running strong—I'd saved her father, it was just the two of us. She had tremendous loyalty. And that loyalty was now mine. I suppose the fact that Bill approved of me had something to do with it. Anyway, a lot of hopeful young men who had been braving Bill's frowns for occasional dates with Helen, gave up cold.

We went everywhere together. One night I hauled her halfway across the city to my old neighborhood into a shabby, but clean little restaurant. We put our elbows on checked tablecloths and I watched her open her menu, watched dismay come into her pretty face. She said, wistfully:

"Don't they have it in English?"

"Nope."

She studied the menu some more, frowning. Then she brightened.

■ "I CAN'T read a word of it, but it looks perfectly fascinating."

Papa Demeter spotted me and hurried to our table just then, grinning with his pink, chubby face and blue eyes.

"Frankie!" he boomed. "Is years since I see you, no?" He turned excitedly to Helen, still pumping my hand as I stood beside him. With his other hand he patted me happily on the back. To Helen, he said: "I remember when he is so high." He stopped patting my back to show her. "Short pants he wore."

"I'm sure he must have looked lovely," Helen said graciously.

"Well, well, well!" said Papa Demeter. He said it again: "Well, well, well. Now, in the newspapers I read about you, Frankie. A big-shot with the police, the coppers, no? Always, Mama and I know you amount to something fine some day."

There wasn't much I could do about it. He had his mind made up. I was a success, a hero, a big shot. It would take too much time to get him straightened out to make it worth while.

"How's Mama?" I asked weakly.

"Fine. Fat and sassy like always. Just to think. Little Frankie a big-shot." He beamed approvingly at Helen. "And a nice, pretty wife, no? Maybe some little ones, too—yes? Wait, I find Mama."

Halfway to the kitchen he roared: "Mama!"

I heard sounds of slow strangulation. Helen was making them into a handkerchief, her face red and her eyes merry.

"I don't see what's so funny," I growled. "It'll take all night to get him straightened out. The guy thinks we're married."

Mama came waddling over, an immense, placid-faced woman with happiness in her eyes, drying her hands on her apron. I put an arm around her and kissed her on the cheek as I used to years ago when I was a kid.

"Frankie!" she said happily and dabbed with the apron at her eyes. She studied Helen. "Such a nice, healthy girl. Is pretty, too. You come out in the kitchen, yes? You and your wife." To be invited to the kitchen was a singular honor and I noted, gratefully, that Helen seemed to sense that. Mama Demeter took her arm. "I show you where Frankie used to wash dishes."

"He never washes dishes for me," Helen said brightly.

Mama turned and glared at me.

"With the dishes you should help her, a big fellow like you." She turned to Helen. "Papa say maybe you have little ones, no?"

Helen batted her eyes coyly. She shook her head.

"Oh!" said Mama. "Not yet. But soon maybe. Papa!" She shrugged. "Everything he gets backwards."

"Look, Mama," I said. "We're not even—"

■ "CHAMPAGNE!" Papa boomed. He was holding the bottle. "We make—how you say it?"

"Celebration," said Mama, herding us into the kitchen.

The great, gleaming kitchen with its bubbling copper pots and fragrant ovens simply hypnotized Helen.

"Ooh!" she exclaimed rapturously, "such nice smells." Mama led Helen to the stove, taking lids off steaming pots, explaining what was in them. Never had she had a more delighted audience. Mama's pride swelled. Helen took individual sniffs over each copper pot. She had the wild look of a little boy locked up overnight in a candy store and when Mama Demeter invited her to make a choice she got into a perfect dither of indecision.

"A little of everything she should try," Papa said expansively. Helen gave him a warm glance compounded of sheer adoration and he added, "Then what she likes best she have more."

Helen seemed too excited to sit at the table with Papa Demeter and me, so I took her glass of champagne over to her.

"You're going to be sick," I warned her.

"Oh, please!" she said. "Please, Frank. It's like a nice dream. Let me get sick, just this once."

"Okay, honey," I said. "Anything to humor the little mother."

She blushed and grinned at me.

"They're lovely, your friends. Even if they think we— Oh, my, doesn't that look marvelous?"

Mama Demeter had just put some of her stuffed peppers on a plate and Helen went over, following her as happily as a dog that's just learned to heel. I went back to the table and sat down with Papa. I was running a poor second. Mama finally lured Helen to the table with a platter loaded with food. Mama had a plate of stuffed peppers for me. They watched appreciatively as Helen ate, beamed at her compliments.

"Was like that with me, too," Mama observed with an air of profound shrewdness, "when I was going to have little Rudolph, my first. Enough to eat I couldn't get."

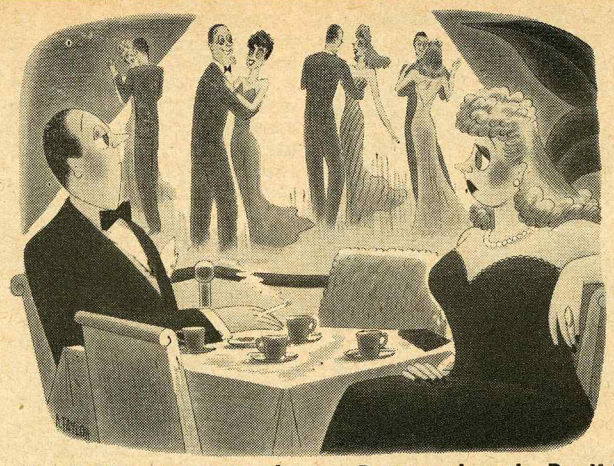
There had to be an end to it.

"Mama," I said quietly. "No little ones. We're not even married."

Embarrassment colored her broad, maternal face.

"But Papa said—" She turned angrily to Papa and loosed a tirade of Hungarian under which he shrugged helplessly. She finished it off in English. "You dope!"

I leaned over and patted Mama's arm.



When the rhumba's not your number . . . Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

No romancing in dancing? Don't let "too-fat" spoil your fun! Get the Ry-Krisp Plan . . . a simple way for those in normal health but overweight to lose fat . . . yet choose delicious meals from long lists of foods (in portions given) . . . with Ry-Krisp as bread.

Ry-Krisp is delicious! Crisp, golden, whole-grain bread with a rich rye flavor. Has vitamin B_1 and minerals to help tone you up. Helps cut calories (only 23 per double-square wafer).

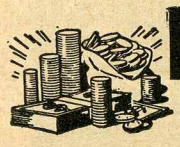
HAPPY REDUCING! Roast pork, mashed sweet potato, broccoli, salad of shredded cabbage on spinach leaves, Ry-Krisp, fresh apple, coffee.

FREE! **"DESIGN FOR REDUCING," GIVES COMPLETE REDUCING PLANS FOR MEN AND WOMEN. WRITE RY-KRISP, 200 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI.**

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When diamond-dazzling Zircons from the mines of far-away mystic Siam are so ***effective*** *and* ***inexpensive?*** Thrilling beauty, stand acid, true backs, full of FIRE! Exquisite mountings. See before you buy. Write for **FREE** catalog. **National Zircon Co., Dept. 7 Wheeling, W. Va.**

Catalog FREE!



MAKE MONEY

with Everyday Greeting Cards

Make extra money, full or part time! — Show friends, neighbors, glorious new Wallace Brown Everyday Greeting Cards! 16-Card All-Occasion Ass't includes Birthday, Get-Well, Baby-Birth, Sympathy, Friendship, Anniversary, for only $1 — profit up to 50c! Many more fast-selling ass'ts — Gift-Wrapping, Easter, Personal Notes, Floral Stationery, others. Name-Imprinted Stationery. Samples sent on approval. **WALLACE BROWN, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, Dept. M-113, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.**

I GOT RID OF BLACKHEADS

NADINOLA'S 4-WAY ACTION HELPS AMAZINGLY TO COMBAT UGLY BLACKHEADS, EXTERNALLY-CAUSED PIMPLES, DARK DULL SKIN

One *glance* may kill *romance*—if your skin is dark, dull or needlessly blemished! That's why thousands of girls and women trust to Nadinola Cream, the clinically-proved *4-way treatment cream.* Quickly, gently, Nadinola helps to loosen and remove ugly blackheads—to clear up externally caused pimples—to fade freckles—to lighten, brighten and freshen your skin to creamier loveliness. See for yourself what Nadinola can do in *days*—what wonders it works in *weeks!* Full treatment-size jar of Nadinola Cream just 60c, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10c.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BEAUTY BOOKLET—richly printed in full color, with photographs and sworn proof of wonderful results from just *one jar* of Nadinola. Write NADINOLA, Dept. 60, Paris, Tenn.

Earn $35 a week AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

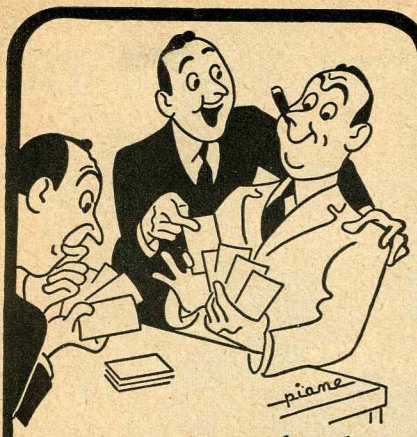
Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. Trial plan. 48th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 393, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____

City_____ State_____

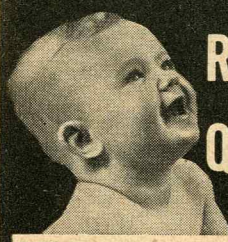


TWO are better than ONE!

● TWO delicious old-time flavors combine to give you a new, lip-smacking taste-sensation in Best Foods MUSTARD spiked with HORSERADISH. Not too strong... not too mild ... it's an exciting, savory combination! Get a jar today!

BEST FOODS MUSTARD with HORSERADISH

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

"Don't mind," I told her gently. "It's all right, Mama." I had an idea. I turned to Papa. "You think I should marry her?"

"Why not? A fine girl. Strong. She eats like—" He cast about mentally for a comparison and I shouldn't have been surprised had he said "horse."

Mama said sharply: "Shut up, Papa. Already you talk too—"

"You shut up, Mama," he said placidly. "She eats like everything," he said, pleased. "Is good. She is very, very lovely."

"Thank you," Helen said in a weak voice. Her face was flushed, her eyes on the table. She looked adorable. Her sweet face, those disturbingly long lashes, set my heart to pounding. I turned from looking at her reluctantly.

"Mama?" I inquired.

Mama flushed, but said doggedly:

"You love her, Frankie. Is in the way you look at her, yes?"

■ "YES," I agreed. "The first time I ever saw her, I fell in love with her. I've loved her ever since." I got up and walked around the table to where Helen sat.

Mama said: "Frankie is a good boy, Helen."

I put my arms around Helen.

"You heard what the lady said, honey. Will you marry me?"

Helen grabbed me and hung on, trembling and crying a little.

"You're crazy," she said huskily. "You'll probably think we ought to get married in a store window. But it was nice, somehow, this way. Yes, I'll marry you, Frank."

I was still kissing her when Papa shoved his chair back.

"I get more champagne. Now," he thundered happily, "is one heck of a—of a—"

"Celebration," said Mama.

It was a celebration, all right. The customers, tired of beating their knives against their water glasses, came out to the kitchen to see what was wrong. They got their own dishes and helped themselves to what they wanted and more tables were carried out to the kitchen. The party swelled and everybody drank wine and sang and we didn't get out of there until nearly eleven. I was carrying a gallon cardboard container filled with Mama's fine food she had insisted we take with us.

"It's been such a lovely evening," Helen said.

"One thing wrong with it," I said, yanking her into a dark doorway. I put down the container. She came into my arms then, and her lips were soft as velvet and warm and eager and trusting against mine. I held her youthful loveliness tight against me.

People passed unseeing on the sidewalk a few feet from us, with that rapt unobservance of big city dwellers.

Suddenly I released her.

"Holy Mike!" I exclaimed. "Come on. He'll be closed."

"Who'll be closed, darling?"

"Jake," I said, retrieving the food container.

"We can't have that happen," Helen said vehemently. "We can't have Jake close. Not good old Jake. If you spill any of that nice food, I won't marry you."

"Hurry it, will you?" I said.

"This is what comes," she panted, clutching my arm and trying to keep up with me, "of not reading my horoscope before I go around offering to marry people. This isn't just girlish curiosity, but who is Jake?"

"You have to have one to be engaged."

"Haven't I got one?" she inquired sorrowfully.

"Of course not. Come on, we're almost there."

"Oh, well," she gasped. "I have my health and my appetite is good and Papa says I'm pretty. You'll get used to it, won't you, if I turn out stupid?"

"Oh, sure," I said grinning.

"You needn't be so agreeable about it," said Helen.

Jake was glad to see me, too, after all these years. He was a little man with a goatee and, though he had been closing up his jewelry store, he began to get out all the engagement rings in the place for us. He beamed upon Helen and said I was a lucky man and wished us happiness. He got some of his special merchandise from the back room and told Helen:

"You select what you like. I'll tell you if you should have it. All right?"

He went into the back room again and I explained to Helen. Jake had all of the conventional new merchandise. But he also had some exquisite stuff sold to him by people from across the Park, half a mile away. Quite wealthy people who, for one reason or another, needed money. They found that Jake was fair with them.

"If you'd rather wait and go to one of the Fifth Avenue—"

"If you think," said Helen, "I'm going to have another footrace with you— Oh, Frank, I love this one. Do you think it would cost too much?"

I was a little surprised by her choice. It was a clear stone held delicately in a quite simple setting.

"Don't you think something a little larger—?"

■ SHE WAS shaking her lovely head as Jake came up. He looked sharply at her, at the ring in her fingers.

"You know diamonds?" he inquired.

"No," said Helen. "But this one seems so clear, so—"

"It is the finest stone of its size in all my shop. Blue white, no yellow in it. Perfect, not the tiniest flaw." He told us, without naming names, something of the previous owner. And of the internationally famous store it had come from. Helen paled.

"If it's that nice, it'll cost too much. I'd better—"

It didn't cost too much and I wrote Jake out a check and he said:

"If you don't like it, you bring it back. For you, Frankie, I give just what you paid for it."

He turned to Helen and made a grave little speech in broken English and presented her with a tiny and quite old porcelain miniature.

We were having coffee in an all night cafeteria half an hour later and I was trying to decide which sparkled nicer—Helen's eyes or her diamond. It came out Helen's eyes, of course. Helen was saying, "I love Jake. I love Mama and Papa Demeter. I love you. I love everybody."

"Don't overdo it," I told her.

"Why is it?" she asked.

"Why is what?"

"Why is it I trust you so?" Her hand trembled slightly. "Why is it? With you, there's no suspicion. I'd never think of doubting you. I'm even going to marry you. I don't really know much about you. Yet I trust you."

"That's because you love me and I love you, silly."

"Gee, you know everything."

A few minutes later I led her into a dark doorway.

"The masterful type. We'll never get home. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Nope," I said, holding the door open for her. "This way."

"I guess that'll teach me not to be so forward. Where are we?"

"I used to live here," I told her. "Come on."

We climbed six flights of stairs. The hallways had (*Continued on page* 130)

OH, MOM, THE BRIDGE CLUB WENT WILD

ABOUT THAT TUNA SOUFFLE YOU SUGGESTED I SERVE!

I KNEW THEY WOULD LIKE IT SUE—

IT'S ONE OF THE PARTY-EST DISHES I KNOW OF!

That's the wonderful thing about these famous brands of tuna... you can use them both for dainty "party" luncheons for "the girls" and for hearty, he-man "main dishes" for your hungry family!

These tunas are always delicate and delicious, for only the tender light meat is packed. Economical, too... every can chuck full of quality tuna ... no bones... no waste!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

THE BRANDS

THAT MADE

TUNA famous!

Buy EITHER Brand... the quality is the same

(*Continued from page* 128) the same chipped, scuffed paint, the same smells of cabbage and what looked like the same baby carriages. On the top landing I opened a door and it seemed nice to step out into fresh air.

There was a man in his undershirt snoring on a mattress and a young couple talking low on one corner of the roof. I led Helen to another corner. Below and about us were identical roofs, softened in moonlight so that they looked neither as dirty nor as drab as they did by day. The spires of the city slumbered majestically in the distance. You could see the stars that you didn't see down below on the lighted streets and the sounds were muffled. The river gleamed placidly to the East, winking its white and red and green winks. I pointed.

■ "MOST OF my life, Helen, was lived within a mile of here. See that brownstone? I was born there. My father was a bookkeeper. He never had much money. He and my mother were killed in an accident when I was two. I don't remember either of them.

"See *that* building? That's the orphanage. Over there is the school I—P. S. Number— I'll be darned, I forget the number. Down there—well, that's where we ate tonight. Where I had my first job. Papa and Mama Demeter. Nearest thing I had to real parents until Bill. Over there, high school. Building with the slate roof."

"Was it bad at the orphanage, Frank?"

"They didn't beat me or starve me. I guess any place is bad if it's a place where no one loves you."

"No relatives?"

"Yeah," I said, growing furious and bitter at the memory. "Yes. An uncle. John Albert Hickson. He and his wife had a run-down farm upstate at Brigman. They took me out of the orphanage at ten."

"Brigman," said Helen. "It's lovely country."

"You can have the country," I told her. "I was glad to get back to the orphanage."

"Why, Frank? Why didn't you like the country?"

It was a long story. One just as well forgotten.

"I'm just a city boy, I guess. I get sick if I can't smell asphalt and hear riveting machines."

My light dismissal of it didn't fool her. Not Helen.

"Perhaps," she said, "you'll feel like telling me some other time. Do you know, you've come far? Alone."

"Because I wrote a check? Honey, I've been working at one thing or another since I was sixteen. What kind of an apartment are we going to need—if we can find one—when we get married?"

"Just a little place."

"What of Bill? Won't you want your Dad with us? I mean—it's hard to say, Helen, but he's been like a father to me, he's helped me and I'd be happy if—"

She put a hand on my arm.

"You're kind, Frank. And good. To begin with, Dad wouldn't hear of it. Certainly I'll miss him. Yet, even if he would come with us I wouldn't have it. I don't have to tell you how much I love and admire Dad. And he'll probably be a little helpless without me at first. He never can find anything around the place—a detective, too. But, Frank, when I marry you my first loyalty will be to you. I want so very much to be a good wife."

I leaned over and kissed her serious face.

"It's one o'clock. Don't keep sweet-talking me up here, or Bill will treat us to a shot-gun wedding tonight."

"All right," Helen said resignedly. "Why can't I trap men like other girls and have lots and lots of fun?" she teased.

"We're going to have all the fun there is to have in the world," I promised her.

Three nights later, the first of the trouble began.

I was patrolling my beat and everything was calm. I was thinking of Helen—and that night off I'd spent with her uptown. And of Bill, looking not at all surprised, when we came home with the news of our engagement. He hated to show that anything surprised him. But I think he was a little pleased about Helen and me. We hadn't decided when we'd be married.

Thinking of her, now, and her sweet, young loveliness, I hoped it would be soon.

Claridge Street, down by the docks, was dark. There'd been an epidemic of warehouse burglaries in other precincts. Claridge Street had several warehouses. I turned into a pitch-black areaway and walked down it to have a look at the back door of Martin Brothers' Warehouse. Strangely—perhaps it was because I was thinking of Helen—the darkness didn't bother me. And then, halfway down the inky alley, I heard it: a regular thud, thud, thud.

Automatically my revolver was in my hands, my eyes straining against the darkness. I ran, softly, toward the noise. It came from inside the back office. The back door, when I threw light from my pocket flash on it, had been jimmied.

The night watchman, tied and gagged, was kicking the wall when I got to him. I took the gag out of his mouth. The three masked men who had tied him up had not been gone more than two minutes, he said. With a truckload of stolen furs. I got on the office phone, but it was too late.

I took it pretty hard.

It wasn't that I minded not being a hero for a change. I never had cared for that stuff. It had all been beginner's luck anyhow. But I had a pride in my beat. I liked to think that I offered a service, a measure of protection to the streets I patrolled.

I guess I was pretty much of a mess the next few days. I took the newspaper accounts of the warehouse robbery as a personal reflection upon myself.

"Paste that in your scrapbook," I told Helen bitterly.

Even Bill felt sorry for me.

"It's the breaks," he said quietly. "They can't all be good. Take it easy, son, you'll live longer. This gang has to be cracked, though."

■ I THINK I palmed every doorknob on every building on my beat during the next four nights. I didn't even let myself think of Helen, when I could help it. I tried to observe everything. Nightly I shifted my plan of patrol so I wouldn't be at the same place at the same time.

When your luck runs good, it runs good. When it runs sour, it runs sour. Mine was curdling.

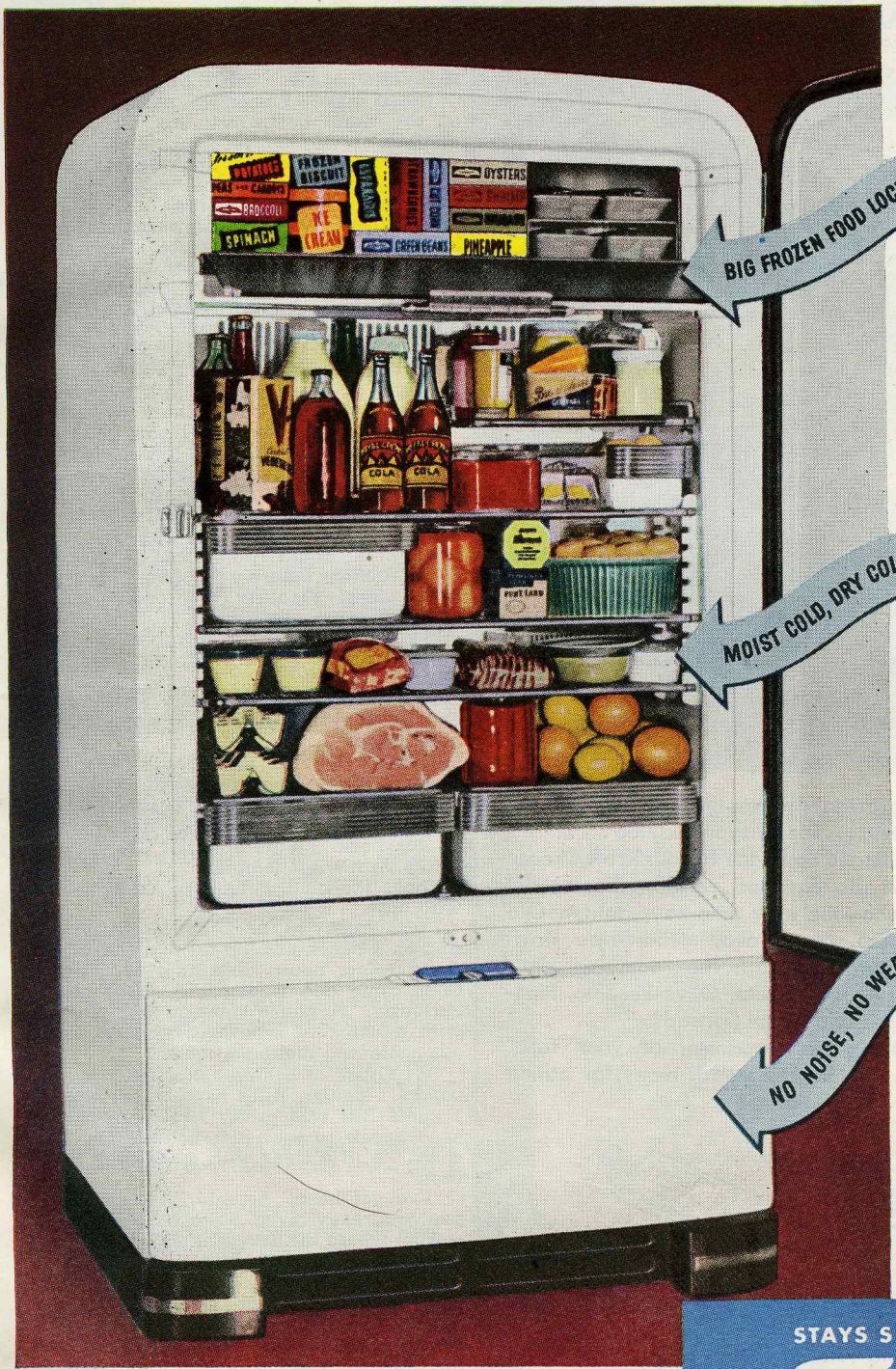
They pulled another warehouse job. Right under my nose. I missed them, this time, by split seconds.

I was walking up Devon Street and I saw, from a block away, a man move. He was on the opposite side. It happened so fast, I could have been mistaken. One minute the street was empty—except for me. The next, I thought I saw this fellow—in a black suit, tall—ease out of a doorway and slide into the alley beside the warehouse.

I wasn't even sure, but I lit out for him, gun in hand. I took the corner of the dark alleyway fast and close, hugging the building and keeping to the shadows. Down the alley, I saw a hulking truck turn toward Nestor Street. I fired my gun at it, too late. I gave my whistle a couple of blasts. It was the same business—a tied-up watchman. They'd only got half a truckload of stuff. Cigarettes— (*Continued on page* 132)

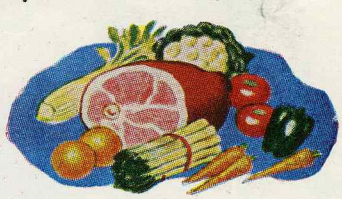
A Great New Servel for 1947

HOLDS A BUSHEL BASKET OF FROZEN FOODS...STAYS SILENT, LASTS LONGER



Now, the finest Servel Gas Refrigerator ever built! The best in frozen food storage—in moist and dry cold for fresh foods. PLUS Servel's famous freezing system with no moving parts!

Yes, a bushel basketful of frozen foods (meats, vegetables, fruits, even pies!) can be kept in Servel's big Frozen Food Locker. You'll save hours of marketing time. And Servel's large ice trays hold plenty of ice cubes—easy to get at.



Fresh meats keep tender in the convenient Servel meat keeper. Garden vegetables crisp up in the two dew-action fresheners. There's extra roominess, too, because shelves adjust to eleven positions. And Servel's special Plastic Coating keeps shelves rust- and scratch-free.

Most important—it stays silent. You won't hear a whisper from your Servel Gas Refrigerator. In the freezing system there isn't a single moving part. No machinery to wear or cause noise. A tiny gas flame does the work. No wonder more than 2,000,000 happy owners report, "Servel stays silent, lasts longer."

Your Gas Company and neighborhood dealer *are headquarters for the new 1947 Servel Gas Refrigerators. See them today. (For farm and country homes, Servel runs also on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene.) For information, write Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Indiana . . . Or if you live in Canada, write Servel Ltd., 457 King St., W., Toronto 1, Ontario.*

STAYS SILENT . . . LASTS LONGER

Servel

The GAS Refrigerator

"Another date? Gosh, Sis—what that Singer Sewing Center did for you!"

No doubt about it—a girl's clothes are important to her happiness. And *you* can learn to make your own lovely things—so inexpensively—with the help of your Singer Sewing Center.

Friendly Singer experts teach you how to plan, cut out, fit. How to remodel dated dresses into gay, new styles. We do finish-up tasks, too—cover buttons and belts, picot, hemstitch. We've smooth accessories and smart trims, at reasonable prices.

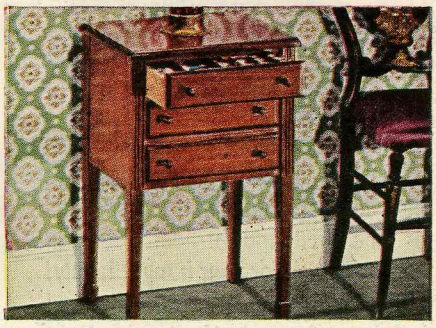
We'll be looking for you at your Singer Sewing Center!

• **Sparkle up your simplest frock** with our enchanting accessories. Let a fresh costume flower, a bright scarf, or a frilly jabot make a glamour change between daytime and date-time.

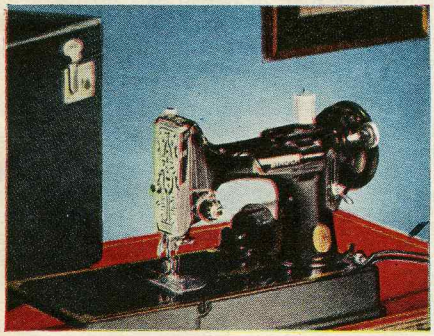
• **Delight a dainty lady** with one of these charming Singer gifts. Sachets delicately scented as spring blossoms, satin-covered hangers and boxes keep frocks, hose, and hankies leading a charmed life.

• **Singer forms save tedious try-ons.** And it takes us only 30 minutes to mold it to your figure! This "stand-in" is a wonderful help, too, for anyone who sews for a daughter away at school.

• **Easiest notion-shopping in town!** Wealth of notions well displayed so you choose what you need without effort. Threads, zippers, shoulder pads, buttons, and novelty trims—for mighty little money.



• **This lovely incidental table** holds all your sewing needs. Period lines. Mahogany or walnut finish. Ample drawer space and sliding spool tray. One of many handsome models fitted and unfitted.

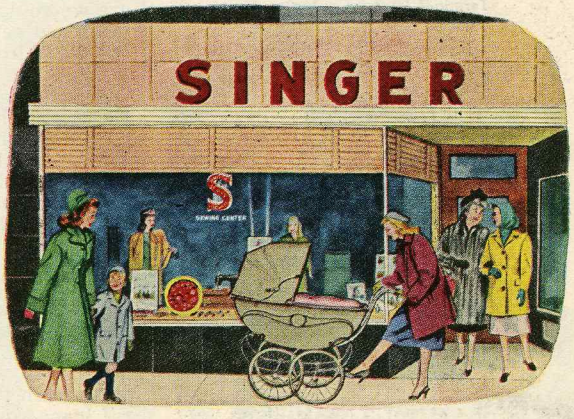


• **This bantam-weight** (11-pound) Singer Portable is efficient out of all proportion to its size. Sews perfect lockstitch, backwards or forwards. Carrying case holds attachments and accessories.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION!

Singer sells its machines only through Singer Sewing Centers identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

Check address of your local Singer Shop in phone book. Singer Sewing Machine Company.



Here's the Singer Sewing Center at 911 Central Avenue, Fort Dodge, Iowa. Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one near you!

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

Copyright, U.S.A., 1947, by The Singer Manufacturing Company. All rights reserved for all countries.

Now... a NEW favorite among Kraft Cheese Spreads

"SMO-KAY is Okay!" You'll agree when you taste the tantalizing blend of hickory smoke and cheddar flavors

For fast sandwiches that are hearty good eating ... for fancy snacks, too ... there's nothing to equal the famous Kraft Cheese Spreads. *Eight* of 'em now: For zestful flavor—the new Smo-kay, golden Old English, racy Roka, mellow-ripe Kraft Limburger Spreads. The creamy-rich kinds are Kraft Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Pineapple and Relish Spreads.

Keep an *assortment* of your folks' favorite Kraft Spreads *ready* for eating fun all the time.

Copr. 1947 by Kraft Foods Company

BACK AGAIN—golden Old English Spread in the half-pound packages. Also get Philadelphia Brand—the cream cheese that's *guaranteed fresh*. And rich, deliciously mild Velveeta that always melts perfectly. It's the cheese food that's digestible as milk.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY **KRAFT**

(*Continued from page* 130) But just getting that close to them—and missing—made me feel worse than ever. It was two in a week!

I worried about what Bill would say. Things happened too fast for worrying. The newspapers were riding the Department. Bill's friend, the Commissioner, demanded results. Bill was on the board of strategy. That's how I came into it.

Special precautions, including shifting of personnel, were taking place in all warehouse districts. In a squad room of a precinct station miles from my regular beat, Bill explained it to three of us.

Patrolman James Flaherty, the regular patrolman on the beat we would cover that night, would restrict his attention entirely to a round of check-ups of the warehouses. He would work in uniform.

■ PATROLMAN MICHAEL Kozalsky would take Flaherty's normal patrol of the same beat, including all routine matters.

I, a strange face in the district, would circulate in and around the warehouse district—but *in civilian clothes.*

Bill's theory was that the warehouse gang hadn't hit Flaherty's beat yet, soon would. I'd come as close as anyone, so far, to the gang. I'd seen one of their lookouts. He'd seen me, in my uniform—and had tipped off the gang. In civvies, I might either close in on him and summon aid or summon aid first at my own discretion. I was to contact Flaherty at precisely one in the morning at Kane's Warehouse to check notes.

Here was my chance! I was getting a workout in plain clothes. If I made good on this one, it meant a detective's job and more pay. It was, in a sense, a wedding present from Bill to me. I was determined not to muff it. With luck, Flaherty and I might both get out of uniform. We listened to instructions before going home for a few hours' sleep. Flaherty came over, grinning warmly:

"I've read about you, Granger," he said. "Hope you bring your luck over here with you."

I can still remember that warm smile and those nice words. They seem a little horrible, now.

Because the next time I was to see Patrolman James Flaherty was at one o'clock in the morning. In the dark passageway beside Kane's Warehouse. Lying in the gravel on his back. With a bullet hole drilled neatly in his left temple.

That's the kind of luck I'd brought over with me.

I was groggy at three that afternoon, sitting on a bench outside the squad room of the precinct house, this time in uniform. Cops came and went—and looked at me curiously. A police stenographer went in with a batch of typewritten sheets, came out again and motioned me in.

Bill Flynn sat behind a desk littered with papers. Mahler, Bill's partner, sat nearby. I guess Bill was pretty tired. He didn't even speak to me—just nodded me to a chair. He lit a cigar with maddening slowness.

"I've got here," he said, "the statement you've already given. Take it up—in detail—from where the Sergeant gave you a see."

"Sure, Bill," I said. "I hope you'll find something in it that will help. I was walking south of Flexner, on the west side, when the radio car came by travelling north on the east side. I almost saluted the sergeant, then remembered I was in civvies. Just after he passed me, I checked my watch. I was in front of the Wayside Diner. Time was exactly 12:53. Normal walking would bring me to the warehouse where I was to meet Flaherty in exactly five minutes. So I figured I was two minutes ahead of schedule," I explained.

Bill shuffled papers on the desk before him, found one, studied it blankly. He leaned back in his chair.

"Go on," he said flatly. "Lieutenant Shayne and his partner pass you at 12:53, you're two minutes ahead of schedule, normal walking. Go on."

I felt a shiver of dread. There was something suddenly cold, ruthlessly efficient about Bill.

"I used up one of those minutes, Bill, at Stevens and Company. I went back in the alley and palmed their rear door and inspected the used door locks and checked windows. When I came out in the street where it was light I checked by watch for the last time. It was 12:56. I had just four minutes to go the rest of the way and it would take only three to do it. I decided I'd make no more stops, that I'd go directly on and be one minute ahead."

I smiled sourly.

"After all, I'd been just too late twice last week."

"Yes," said Bill quietly.

I stared at him sharply. His "yes" didn't tell me anything one way or another.

"I continued down Flexner toward Third—"

■ "FRANK," BILL interrupted quietly, "let's get this part straight. You are on Third, just outside Kane's near the front office adjoining the alleyway. You hear the shots. How long would you say it was from the moment you heard them until you ducked into the alleyway and came on Flaherty?"

"About—" I began. And frowned. "Wait a moment, Bill. You've got it wrong. I didn't say anything in that statement to the Inspector about standing in front of Kane's. I didn't. I heard the shots when I was still on Flexner. I ran three quarters of a block to Third, turned Third to the warehouse and ran down the alley."

"Before you went into the alley," said Bill, "did you stand in the doorway waiting for Flaherty? The doorway on Third?"

"Of course not. I was to meet Flaherty at the *rear* of the warehouse. I'd run a block and a half. I had to enter that alley not later than one minute to one. They were gone and when I found Flaherty and flashed a light on him it hit my wrist watch and I noticed it was one o'clock. I remember thinking, the way you think silly things at a time like that, how the poor guy would never know, now, I'd been on time."

"Take you a full minute to find him?"

"Yes, Bill. He'd ducked behind some empty packing cases to do his firing. I only had a pencil-type flash with me and it was mighty black in that alley."

Bill snapped forward so hard in his swivel chair that I jumped. He leaned his elbows on the desk and this time his blank eyes didn't avoid me.

"Yeah," he rasped. "It was mighty black in that alley. And you don't like going in dark alleys, do you? I remember, once, you said something to me—"

I couldn't help it. It was so utterly ghastly, so completely incredible, that I wanted to laugh.

Because *he didn't believe me!*

This was a dream, I told myself. A dream far worse than the one about falling into the black pit. I'd looked upon Bill as a kid looks upon his favorite hero. I'd respected and admired—yes, and loved him. And now? He'd even tried to trick me, to trap me with a statement I hadn't made about being in front of the warehouse when the shots were fired. When I'd been nearly two blocks away.

I felt sleepless and jumpy, my nerves shredded. I had to ignore all this. I had to hang onto myself. I had to match his deadly calm. Or I'd come all apart. I ignored that crack about my not liking

"Easiest-made cookies ever put in your oven!"

So *simple* you'll be glad to make them whenever the children ask! Or, if dessert's on the skimpy side—you can whip up a batch in no time flat! And how wonderful these cookies taste! Light and luscious with the *mellower* flavor of Grandma's Old Fashioned Molasses—the *finer* table molasses that gives a smoother, more delicate flavor to all your baking.

COOKIES

GRANDMA'S PEANUT BUTTER-MOLASSES COOKIES

½ cup each, peanut butter and shortening
½ cup each, sugar and Grandma's Molasses
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons milk
peanuts

Cream shortening and peanut butter together. Add sugar and then molasses and vanilla, mixing well. Add egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients together. Add to molasses mixture. Add milk. Mix well. Drop on greased cookie sheet. Flatten with bottom of glass covered with a damp cloth. Decorate with peanut halves. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 10 minutes. Yield: about 50 cookies.

There's just one trick to remember when you make these cookies—and you'll be making them often! Never use anything but Grandma's Old Fashioned Molasses . . . for only *this* molasses has the *finer* flavor and *delicate* sweetness (1 cup equals a cup of sugar in sweetness) that successful baking demands. And Grandma's is the only nationally sold brand that does not contain sulphur dioxide—you'll like it better for cooking and table use, too.

1 cup Grandma's Molasses equals 1 cup Sugar in sweetness

GRANDMA'S OLD FASHIONED MOLASSES

NEW COOK BOOK — FREE!

American Molasses Company, Dept. TS-3
120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me FREE, Grandma's famous cook book, "101 Molasses Recipes."
(Please Print Plainly)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____
or County

MAKE *YOUR* HAIR A 'VISION OF LOVELINESS' *like Powers Models!*

Miss Carolyn Cross, a tantalizingly beautiful Powers redhead, always uses Kreml Shampoo to keep her hair radiant with natural lustre

Let this amazingly beautifying shampoo uncover the natural glossy highlights in *your* hair

When you have an important date and want your hair to look a 'vision of loveliness'—*glamour-bathe* it with Kreml Shampoo!

Even after your *first* Kreml Shampoo—notice how your hair shines with natural glossy brilliance—how much softer and silkier it is.

You see Kreml Shampoo has been especially developed so that its rich *active* foam actually 'glamour-bathes' each tiny strand of hair and keeps it gleaming-bright for days afterwards.

Works like magic even in the hardest water

This famous hard-water shampoo works wonderfully in *every* type of water. It penetrates right to the scalp and removes all loose dandruff as well as the dirt. It NEVER leaves any excess dull soapy film. Kreml Shampoo even has a beneficial OIL base which helps keep hair from becoming dry.

Buy a bottle at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store. Make *your* hair a 'vision of loveliness' TONIGHT!

Wonderful for shampooing kiddies' hair

Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. It never dries the hair. Mothers are simply delighted with Kreml Shampoo because it rinses out so easily and is so *mild* and *gentle* for children's hair.

KREML *Shampoo*

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

dark alleys—a secret I'd confided in him.

"I've told it to you the way it was, Bill," I said. "Like me to make up something fancier for you?"

"The truth will do. And according to you, Flaherty was killed about two minutes to one when you were a minute's running distance from where they got him."

"Right."

"Is it?" he asked sharply. He picked up a paper from his desk. "This," he said casually, "is the statement of one William Archer, thirty-five, clerk in Fawcett's Drug Store. Lives at Ninety-five Third Street, top floor front, directly across from Kane's Warehouse. Reputation for character and truthfulness good.

"This guy Archer was getting ready for bed. He took up the alarm clock to wind it. He walked over to the window to raise it, winding the alarm clock on the way. Just as he raised the window, he heard the gunfire. Saw a couple flashes. He's the excitable kind. He automatically reached out to put the alarm down on the dresser. He put it on the edge and it fell off, hit the floor. It fell and broke."

Bill yanked open a desk drawer. He put the alarm clock on his desk, its face to me. The glass was shattered. The alarm clock's hands stood at three minutes *after* one, the exact time at which it had stopped.

"According to you," said Bill, "the shots were fired at about two minutes *before* one o'clock while you were still a minute away from meeting Flaherty."

He looked at me with almost indifferent inquiry. I bit my lip. I had to hang onto myself.

"Ever occur to you most people keep their alarm clocks set a little fast? Or that it could have run several moments *after* it fell and broke?"

"Sure," said Bill with maddening calm. "Could have been either way. Let me finish about this guy Archer. The minute he heard the shots, he saw some guy move out of the front doorway of the warehouse. This guy acted like any guy who was scared and trying to think fast might have acted. He lit off about twenty feet down Third towards Flexner. Then he turned, ran about the same distance towards Maple, past the alleyway. Then he turned again, ducked into the alley. Whole performance, Archer figures, might have taken a quarter to half a minute."

"That would be the lookout!" I said.

"Could be," agreed Bill glumly, his face hard, his eyes cold and angry as he studied his cigar.

"This witness, Archer, says it was too dark to see the guy's face, but he was big—about six-one, wore a dark suit and moved like a young guy."

"That *was* the lookout!"

"Was it?" Bill's eyes left his cigar. They traveled almost insolently over me. Over all six-feet-one of me.

■ BILL WROTE something on a slip of paper and handed it to Mahler, who got up and left the room.

I couldn't take any more of it. I sat tense and angry on the edge of my chair.

"Why the devil don't you say it?" I sneered. "Why don't you say you think it was me? Why don't you say you think I'm lying? That I was late to meet Flaherty? That when I got there I hung in the doorway, afraid to go into a dark alley? That when I heard the shots I started to run? That it took me half a minute after the shooting to get up nerve enough to go into the alley? Why," I said, my voice a loud half-sob, "don't you say it?"

He got up and came over and stood looking down at me, almost contemptuously. His right hand was flat at his side. The kind of hand you use to slap with.

"Darkness still bother you, Frank?" he asked in a soft voice I didn't like.

I watched his big hand, swaying gently.

"Hit me," I said, "and I'll kill you, you—"

"No need getting personal, Frank," he said quietly. "I've got a job to do."

"No need getting personal!" I sneered. "I trusted you. I told you things I'd have told no one but my own father. I confided in you. And now you're using what doesn't exist any more, to beat me over the head." I laughed—and the laugh was ugly. "God knows you warned me. You told me that if you tell a personal secret you plant a seed in another person's mind, a suspicion. And now, because of what I told you, you think I'm a coward."

"All right," he said. "I wanted to keep it strictly business. You've made it personal. Well, it's personal enough to me not to want you to be a cop if you're yellow. And, while we're being personal, no guy afraid to walk up a dark alley is marrying my daughter. That about covers the personal end and we can forget it.

"I don't know whether you're yellow or not. But I expect to find out. The personal angles are beside the point. I'm a cop and I've got a cop's job to do."

He sighed and walked back to the desk and sat on a corner of it.

■ "FLAHERTY WAS a cop, too. He was a good, honest cop. He leaves a nice wife—and a couple of kids. I'm going to sit here and ask questions and you're going to sit there and answer them and I'm going to do my job as good as I know how. You got that clear?"

I looked up at him. At his blank face and tired but alert eyes, at the impersonal, but easy, slouch to his body. Like some wary bulldog who wouldn't quit until he had the truth. Who would lie to you, trip you, trick you, sneer at you, honey you and batter you. But would get the truth. I'd already told him the truth. The God's truth.

I looked up at him. And, in a distant corner of my heart, I admired him. And, while I admired him, I hated him as I'd never hated any person on earth. I was tired, groggy. He was just as sleepless—but he didn't show it.

I looked into his eyes—cold, suspicious, impersonal cop's eyes. This was the guy who'd been a father to me. I thought of Flaherty's dead, sightless eyes. And came near forgiving Bill again.

And then I thought of Helen!

After that, nothing mattered. It was *her* father—the man she idolized—who'd ripped the last shred of pride and decency and honor from me with his questions, his suspicions.

I didn't care any more. I was a core of seething bitterness and the humiliation and shame and the knowledge that I'd done nothing of which to be ashamed, were by now without meaning.

Bill took a fresh cigar from his pocket. He lit it as he always lit them, rotating it with maddening calm, getting the fire evenly about it, blowing out the match and then inspecting the match with blank, calm eyes before placing it carefully in the ash tray. Having put the match aside, he looked directly into my face. And I could hear the echo of his last words:

"I'm going to do my job as good as I know how. You got that clear?"

And I said: "Yes, sir."

"Okay," he said. "Now, tell me—"

Bill still doesn't believe Frank. He is determined to break down Frank's story. How will Frank convince him of the truth? What will Helen think of this and now that Bill has openly rejected Frank as a husband for his daughter, what will happen to their plans to marry? The third installment of this exciting story will appear in

APRIL TRUE STORY
On Sale Everywhere March 15th

He's Helpless in your hands with the New Hinds

For all eternity the cherished beauty of your hands can hold him close. Thrilling-soft, enchanting hands . . . pampered with NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—*instantly* makes them feel smoother . . . lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic — because your skin *eagerly* takes in the special *softening* ingredient. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects *longer* against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and $1.

faster soothing lanolin-enriched

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

For pancakes yes!

Pancakes with an extra UMPH!

Try them this way: When pancakes are done—stack 3 on a plate, cover with butter and Sweetose—put in oven for a few minutes, before serving.

VANILLA ICE CREAM

CHERRY PIE

RAISIN BRAN MUFFIN

AND 100 OTHER USES TOO!

This new-type syrup—sweet enough to do things with!

Science now brings a wonderful new home sweetening agent. For luscious desserts, and mousses, and frozen custards. For muffins and shortcakes, for freezing fruits and making pies—and 100 other uses.

It isn't a substitute. It isn't a "stretcher". It is something new, that stands on its own. Thousands of women who have tried it, prefer it to sugar for many uses. The name of this new food invention is Sweetose. Sweetose is a new type of syrup made from corn. BUT not like any corn syrup you ever tasted before. It's new! It's different—so different, that the Government has granted us a basic patent.

We think you will be in for a surprise when you use it. It mixes very quickly, blends well, and gives a really satisfying sweetness that men and boys really like. You owe it to yourself to try it.

So just as a starter, mail the coupon below, and we will send you eleven new modern recipes for eleven wonderful, *quick* desserts, together with other information about this new modern miracle made from corn.

Just fill in and send the coupon to us today . . . you will be glad you did. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois.

CREAM CARAMEL PUDDING

FROZEN ORANGE PRUNE WHIP

A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Dept. T-3
P. O. Box 1091, Decatur, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me free, your recipes for eleven luscious desserts made with your patented new-type syrup, Sweetose. Also other information about this new food discovery.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Sweetose* IT'S REALLY SWEET!

*"Sweetose" is a trade-mark of the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois, registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

LOVE'S TRIANGLE

(*Continued from page 120*)

It was that fall that tragedy struck at the very core of Sheila's heart, for in November Frank died suddenly. He had gone to work as usual that morning, apparently in excellent health and spirits. And then late that afternoon they brought him home on a stretcher—a limp, ashen-faced ghost of himself with the spark of life almost extinguished. He'd been warned months ago of an overstrained heart, the doctor told us gravely, but Frank had only scoffed at the warning and done more work than ever.

He died that night in Sheila's arms. When I looked at her stricken face drained of all but grief, I knew that part of Sheila had died, too.

In the days and weeks that followed, our positions, for the first time in all the years of our long friendship, were reversed, for now it was Sheila who leaned on me and not I who leaned on Sheila.

It was good to be needed, even though I knew that Sheila's dependence on me was only temporary.

■ I HEARD through Judge Treadwill that Alan was in England, then in the thick of the fighting in France, that he had been made a captain. He seemed a long way off in time and memory now.

But the night the bells of peace rang out over a war-weary world, the first thought that moved through my mind was: *Alan will be back again!*

He came back in the late fall of 1945. It was a raw November day and little feathery gusts of snow were falling softly. I had just come out of the library with an armful of books and was starting home when I heard quickened footsteps on the pavement behind me and a voice calling my name, "Mary!"

Even before I turned, I knew who it was.

"Alan!" I exclaimed. "How nice to see you! I had no idea you were back!"

"I got back last night," he said. "I'm taking up in Uncle Ben's office where I left off four years ago." He looked older; there were new lines around his mouth, new strength in his thin brown face, but his smile and his eyes when he looked at me were still the same. My heart beat fast.

He said, "I wanted to call you right away, Mary, but— I wasn't sure whether you'd want to hear from me. It's been so long—"

I said, half under my breath, "You never wrote me—not once—"

"Did you want me to, Mary? If I'd thought just once that you did—"

We stood there, looking into each other's eyes, into each other's heart, and suddenly, all the long years of time between us became as yesterday.

He put his hand on my arm, drew me toward him. He said a little unsteadily, "Mary, what young fools we were! What a lot of time we've wasted!"

So, as simply as that, Alan and I were back again in each other's lives. He walked home with me that afternoon to Sheila's house, met her again with a simple friendliness that was utterly at variance with the old veiled hostility that had characterized his manner toward her in the past. He accepted her cordial invitation to stay and take "pot luck" with us for supper. He was introduced to Muffy and charmed her completely by his flattering attention to her whims. He praised Sheila's cooking, complimented her upon how well she looked, and was gravely sympathetic when Frank's name was brought into the conversation.

I thought, watching his face across the candlelit table, *He's a warmer, more human person than he was four years ago. Somewhere along that hard, war-torn road that he's been traveling, he's learned the grace of tolerance.*

Soon after supper, Sheila scooped Muffy up in her arms. "We're off to bed," she announced. She winked at Alan. "You'll excuse us for being such sleepyheads, won't you? Mary'll keep you company!"

He grinned down at her. "You're a pal, Sheila. Thanks for the swell supper—thanks for everything!"

When they had gone, he stood for a moment smiling across at me. In his eyes something began to grow—a deepening tenderness; and then in two swift strides he cleared the little space between us. He caught hold of both my hands, pulled me to my feet.

"Mary," he said huskily, "let's not waste any more time—too much of it's been lost to us already." His arms went around me, he pressed his cheek to mine. "There's never been anyone else for me—there never could be—"

"Nor for me, either, Alan."

It was as if I could hear music in my ears rising—a song of rhapsody, and hearing, I knew this time for certain that I was hearing the theme song of my life.

I put back my head, looked up into his eyes, let him read, unashamed, what was written there. Our eyes held for a timeless moment and then: "Oh, my darling, my darling!" he said huskily, and kissed me. As our lips met, it was as if I knew for the first time in four long years the meaning and purpose of life.

We were married very queitly a few weeks later in Sheila's flower-decked living-room. She was unselfishly glad for my happiness. "Muffy and I are going to miss you, though, like nobody's business, Mary. The good Lord only knows what we'd have done without you this past year," she told me as I was putting on my hat at the last minute to go away with Alan.

There was a suspicion of a break in her voice, and I turned away from the mirror quickly, went over and gave her a big hug. "Don't you dare talk as if you're losing me for good," I chided her gently, "because you most certainly are not! Our house is only four blocks away and I'll be running in every day to see you. Why, I couldn't get along without you and Muffy —not possibly!"

■ BECAUSE ALAN'S mother was slightly indisposed and unable to attend our wedding, we decided to spend part of our honeymoon visiting at his old home in Virginia. We spent two wonderful weeks in the south and I fell in love with his family.

We came back to Hartdale in the blue dusk of a winter afternoon. Sheila was waiting to greet us in our new home. She had the lamps all lit, a fire going in the cozy living-room, bowls of flowers set around, and the dining-room table set with some of my trousseau linen and the thin old silver that had belonged to Aunt Hester. "And everything's ready for you folks' supper, too, Mary—it's all cooked and in the refrigerator. You won't have to do a thing but heat it up!"

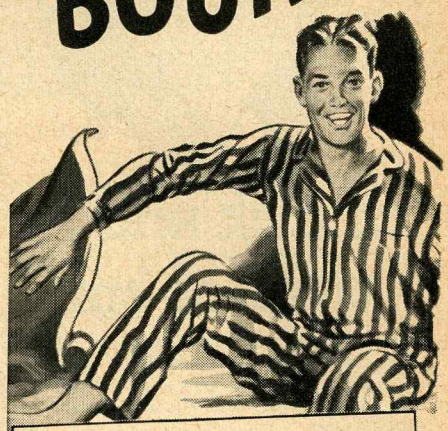
She beamed at us, her eyes full of warm affection. I knew that she had done what she had out of the bigness of her warm, kind heart, but just for a moment—I wished that she had not come over at all. I would have liked to have come into our own home for the first time alone with Alan, to have cooked our first meal—

Out of the corner of my eye, I looked at Alan a little uneasily then, but his face showed no trace of either annoyance or impatience. "You're a peach, Sheila, to have done all this," he was saying pleasantly. "A real pal—that's what you are!"

"Oh, pshaw, it was nothing!" Sheila waved away our thanks carelessly.

In the weeks that followed as Alan and

Wake up WITH A BOUNCE



Try this tonight for Morning Freshness!

Bounce out of bed? Maybe *that's* a slight exaggeration! But *this is a fact*—thousands rely on this easy, effective way to wake up clear-eyed and buoyant. They simply drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime.

For Ovaltine does three things, to bring vigorous morning freshness.

First—taken warm at bedtime it promotes sound sleep *without drugs.*

Second—it furnishes specially processed food elements to build up vitality *while you sleep.*

Third—it also supplies extra vitamins and minerals in a delicious, *more natural* way for all-round health and vigor.

So why not turn to Ovaltine for better sleep—starting *tonight!*

OVALTINE

FREE THREAD *and* BOOK *with* QUILT PIECES CUT FROM DRESS GOODS

Large, colorful, carefully selected prints, percales, ginghams, etc. 3 lbs. (18 to 22 yds.) only $1.49 plus postage. **FREE**—500 yds. white No. 50 thread **free** and large quilt book filled with pages of actual size patterns, pretty pictures in colors, plans, suggestions and quilting information—all **free.** If not satisfied, return quilt pieces, keeping **free** thread and **free** book. We will refund your $1.49 plus all postage spent both ways. You can't lose one penny. Order now. **Send no money.** Mail postcard today.

KNIGHT'S REMNANTS
Dept. 330-C 30 W. Washington Chicago 2, Illinois

SILHOUETTE SMOOTH

Fine mesh with elastic

SITROUX HAIR NETS

BY THE MAKERS OF SITROUX TISSUES

I'm sick and tired of 'em!

You know I complain very little, but worms make me sick and tired! Why, some mornings I haven't even felt like wagging my tail—and you know what that means!

The boys down at the corner tell me that Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules clean out the worms—safely, dependably, and *fast.* How about giving them a try?

Sergeant's also takes care of worm difficulties for pups and small dogs, weighing less than ten pounds, with *Puppy Capsules.* Nineteen tested, reliable dog care products are made by Sergeant's. They are available at most drug and pet stores.

• *Check up on the symptoms for worms and other ailments with Sergeant's new,* FREE *Dog Book. It's yours for the asking at your local drug or pet store. Or write direct to Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.*

Sergeant's

DOG CARE PRODUCTS

MONEY QUICK — **Sell GREETING CARDS AND PERSONAL STATIONERY**

Extra cash with new 1947 line. Just show friends, neighbors, others, tremendous value 16-card All-Occasion assortment. Sells for only $1.00. You make as much as 50c per box. Also fascinating Birthday, Get-Well, Baby, Humorous, Gift Wrapping, Correspondence Notes boxes 33⅓c up. Extra Bonus. Special Money-Saving Offer. Experience unnecessary. Write for Feature Everyday assortment on approval and FREE Personal Stationery sample portfolio. **Elmira Greeting Card Co., Dept. M-191, Elmira, N. Y.**

FREE SAMPLES PERSONAL STATIONERY

When PRAYER FAILS

The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people often have only pain, poverty and sorrow. Why? Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman found the answers to these questions. His eyes were opened by the strangest mystic he met during his twenty-one years of travels in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and world-wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 9,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives. No obligation. Write for your FREE copy today.

INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS, Dept. 302-B
213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

I settled down to the routine of domesticity, I found out how ignorant I was of many important phases of housekeeping.

Alan was used to good food and he liked it, expected it, so I bought the best the local markets afforded and, all too often, shed secret tears of chagrin when the expensive roast or leg of lamb I'd cooked turned out to be less succulent than my hopes of it had been. So, more and more, I turned to Sheila, went to her for advice and, gradually fell back on the old dependence on her.

At first Alan pretended to be amused by it all, but gradually I began to sense a faint irritation in his attitude.

I must be more careful not to do and say things that irritate him, I told myself worriedly one day. *After all, my marriage is the most important thing in the whole world to me, and I must do nothing that will jeopardize its solidity.*

■ AND THEN, something happened that sent all my resolutions into the discard.

The telephone rang in the middle of a rainy spring night and Sheila's voice, thin and panicky, came over the wires. "Mary, the baby's sick—awful sick—she's got a fever of 104—I've sent for the doctor—could you—could you possibly come over?"

I went, of course, and Alan, kind and concerned, went with me. I sat with Sheila while the doctor worked over the small, moaning figure on the bed. "My ear hurts, Mummy, Aunt Mary, make him stop!"

There might be mastoid complications, he couldn't tell just yet, the doctor informed us gravely. The child was too ill to be moved to a hospital, she must be kept perfectly quiet at home.

Morning came and Alan left for his office. I stayed on with Sheila. All through a day and a night and another day I shared her anxious vigil. Alan looked in on the scene briefly from time to time, asked if he could do anything for us, but I always sent him away. It worried me vaguely to realize that he was being forced to shift for himself, but that was something that could not be helped at the moment.

And then the crisis was passed and we knew that Muffy would be all right, and I went home with Alan to fall into a twelve hours' sleep of utter exhaustion.

Muffy had a strong little constitution and once she passed the crisis, her recovery was rapid. But her convalescence was difficult for all who crossed her path. She became badly spoiled. I tried to relieve Sheila as much as I possibly could, but, naturally, the burden of nursing fell heaviest upon her.

Just how heavy it was, I did not realize until a few weeks later when she broke down completely. Nerve exhaustion, the doctor called it, and ordered her promptly to bed, installed a practical nurse to take charge. Sheila was too ill to argue.

In spite of the fact that the nurse was competent and thoroughly efficient I had my own hands full, for Muffy did not like her, refused to let the woman touch her. So it was I who had to be on hand every day to give Muffy her bath, her lunch, and cater to her whims.

"I never heard of such nonsense," Alan fumed. "Letting a three-year-old kid get away with murder like that! She ought to have her hide tanned!"

"Alan, how can you be so callous? She's been sick—you know that's why we've spoiled her!"

"Well, she's O.K. now," he said shortly. He scowled at me. "I won't have you wearing yourself out this way, Mary."

I looked back at him levelly. "I don't see how you can help it, Alan."

He stared at me for a moment, then turned away, and the subject was dropped until the first Saturday in May.

It was a fine sunny morning, and because I had a lot of odds and ends I wanted to attend to around my own apartment, I decided to bring Muffy home with me to spend the day. Enchanted with the plan, she was out in the kitchen with me around noontime when Alan came home unexpectedly.

He seemed to be in an unusually good humor. "Hello, honey," he said, stooping to kiss me. "I phoned Sheila's and Miss Robinson said I'd find you at home. I didn't know you'd brought company with you, though." He gave one of Muffy's curls a passing tweak. "How're you doing, toots?"

Muffy moved her head away from his hand. "Don't!" she said contrarily.

Alan ignored her. "It's such a swell day, Mary, that I thought we might drive out in the country somewhere for lunch. What do you say?"

■ "OH, DARLING, I wish I could, but—"

I looked in Muffy's direction significantly.

"We'll bundle her up and take her with us. It'll do her good," Alan said generously. He smiled down at Muffy. "How about a ride to the country, toots?"

Muffy stuck out her lower lip at him. "I don't wanna go!" she announced.

"Oh, sure you do!" Alan persisted easily. "Get her ready, can't you, Mary?"

I knelt down before the small rebel. "It'd be heaps of fun, sweetie—lovely green country and pretty flowers."

"No, I don't wanna go!" The little face was like a thundercloud.

"Why not, baby? Tell Aunt Mary!"

"'Cause I don't like Uncle Alan—that's why!" Muffy said promptly.

Alan's face flushed and he muttered something under his breath that sounded suspiciously like "brat." I broke in hastily, "For shame, Muffy! Of course you like Uncle Alan!"

But she refused to change her mind, and

TUNE IN
PHOTOPLAY STUDIO TOUR

Hear what people just like you say about their tour through the big Hollywood movie studios. It's an entirely different radio show . . . one you'll fully enjoy.

Daily—Monday through Friday

3:45 p.m. EST 2:45 p.m. CST 1:45 p.m. MST 12:45 p.m. PST

Over All *ABC* Stations

after a few minutes I gave up. "I'm sorry, Alan, I don't think I'd better force her—"

He said curtly, "You mean you won't go?"

"I *can't* go, Alan."

His right hand, clenched into a fist, beat against the kitchen table. "I say you *can* go—if you want to, Mary!"

"No, Alan—I am *not* going!"

For a moment the clash of our wills made a loud, resounding noise in the kitchen. Then he said, in a harsh voice edged with bitter anger, "It's an issue, Mary, and we might as well face it, settle it. Who comes first, the Dornan family or I? I'm just your husband, of course!"

I said hotly, "You're being unfair—putting it like that!"

"You haven't answered my question."

"And I don't intend to—unless you phrase it differently!"

There was a silence for a moment and then Muffy, sensing the tension quivering in the atmosphere, let out a frightened wail of protest and clutched at my skirt. I picked her up in my arms, held her close. "It's all right, sweetie—Aunt Mary's got you—it's all right—"

"So," Alan said coldly, "that's the way it is. I can't see why you bother to stick around here, Mary. Why don't you move bag and baggage over to Sheila's? That's where your real interest lies, apparently."

Over Muffy's red-gold curls I looked at Alan stonily. "That's a good idea," I said distinctly. "Maybe I'll take you up on it—and this very day, too."

He stared at me angrily for a moment—then flung himself out of the room. I heard him stomping through the house, then the sound of the front door closing behind him and I knew that he was gone.

I fed Muffy, flung a few things in a bag and took a cab to Sheila's house. By way of explanation I said to her jerkily, "I've had a quarrel with Alan—a serious one. Please don't ask me to talk about it now. Do you mind if I stay with you for a while?"

"Of course you're more than welcome to stay as long as you like, honey—it'll be a godsend to me with Miss Robinson leaving today, but—" her face was distressed, "Alan's your husband, Mary—you don't want to do anything that's too hasty—"

"He's unfair, unreasonable! You don't know the half—" My voice broke.

■ I CRIED myself to sleep that night, and the tears that I shed were tears of anger and frustration and loneliness, too. Six months seemed such a little while for a marriage to last—a marriage that was supposed to be made in heaven and to last a lifetime's span on earth. *Whose fault was it that it had failed so soon?*

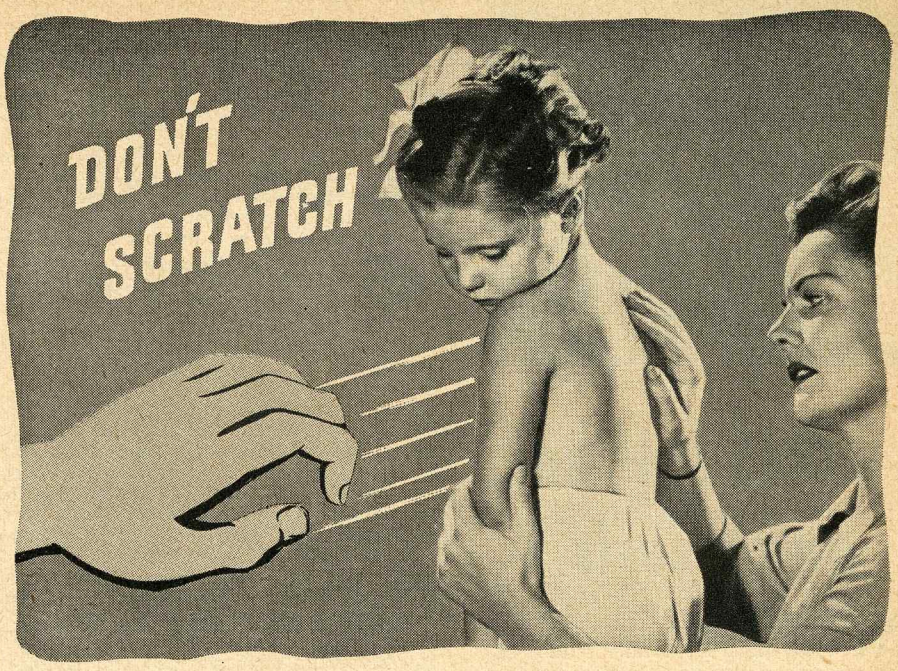
It was Tuesday night, around nine o'clock, when the doorbell rang shrilly. Sheila said wonderingly, "Who on earth?" I said, putting down some rompers I was mending for Muffy, "I'll see who it is—"

I went to the front door, opened it, and there was Alan standing on the narrow stoop, bare-headed, hat in his hand. "Mary," he said thickly, "I can't stand it any longer—I had to come here tonight. see you, talk things over. I've been a stubborn, jealous coot—" And then he broke off, his face working oddly, and reached out for me blindly, caught me close, buried his face in my hair. "I can't get along without you," he mumbled huskily.

I lifted my arms to his neck. "Darling," I said shakily, half laughing, half crying.

The living-room was deserted when I took him back into it. Sheila, apparently realizing who our visitor was, had tactfully slipped away. Alan and I sat down in chairs drawn up close to the fire that had been lit against the chillness of the spring night.

He realized how much Sheila and I depended on each other, he told me earnestly, and he didn't ever intend to try to in-



Never scratch an itching skin. You only make it worse. Relieve the itch with *ZEMACOL.* It provides a soothing film of medication that stays in prolonged contact and gives long-lasting comfort.

Antiseptic, germicidal, fungicidal . . . greaseless and invisible . . . it doesn't show on the skin or soil clothing. Get ZEMACOL today—50¢ and $1 at all druggists.

IF YOUR SKIN ITCHES AT ALL . . . TRY

Zemacol*

A Norwich Product — Norwich — *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STOP Scratching

Relieve Itch in a Jiffy

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid **D.D.D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D.D.Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

SIMPLE EASY INVENTION
TRIMS HAIR AT HOME!
SAVES BARBER BILLS
Trims hair as it combs! Easy! Quick! Keeps men's, women's children's hair trim, neat, freshly cut looking *all the time!* Trims, tapers, thins out uneven hair. Use like ordinary comb. Safe. Simple. No experience required. Fine for legs, underarms!
Sells like wild!

$AMPLES FOR AGENTS Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. SEND NO MONEY. Just your name. **KRISTEE CO., 1346 Bar St., AKRON, OHIO**

Hair OFF Face

Lips . . . Arms . . . Legs

Now Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many things . . . even razors. Then I developed an inexpensive method that brought results which proved satisfactory. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** book about Superfluous Hair explains method, proves success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. **Write** MME. ANNETTE LANZETTE, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 411, Chicago 54, Ill.

GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

Marvel
$3.50
WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE
for Women
AT DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Free Booklet. Marvel Co., 12 East St., New Haven, Ct.

MAKE Spare Time PROFITS

Sell EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS

Easy to earn extra CASH. Show lovely Everyday Greeting Cards for Birthdays, "Get-Well", etc. Assortment of 14 sells for only $1. Take orders, make up to 100% cash profit. 12 other Assortments, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, retail 60c up. START NOW—write today!

SEND FOR SAMPLES on Approval

PHILLIPS CARD COMPANY
731 HUNT STREET - - NEWTON, MASS.

Brush Away GRAY HAIR ...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

• Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 75c and $1.75 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE

Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 343, COVINGTON, KY.

terfere with our friendship again. He'd thought it all over carefully and he knew that he'd been wrong, and now he wanted me to come home and bring Sheila and Muffy along to stay with us for a good long visit that was to have no time limits, no strings whatsoever—certainly until Sheila had fully regained her strength and for as long thereafter as she felt like staying.

There were tears in my eyes when he'd finished, and I said, "Alan, I've never loved you quite as much as I do this minute!"

At first Sheila demurred when we summoned her in and told her our plan. "It's too much—I can't let you folks do all that for me—"

Alan said, smiling down at her, "You'd do as much for Mary, wouldn't you?"

"Sure I would!"

"Then it's settled! You girls work out the details and get packed up. I'm taking Mary home with me tonight if you don't mind, Sheila, and we'll pick you and the kiddie up tomorrow. No—no arguments now, I won't take no for an answer!"

Whatever secret doubts I may have had of the unusual arrangement working out satisfactorily were gone after Sheila and Muffy were settled in our household. Alan went out of his way to make himself charming and agreeable to both our guests.

As the spring days warmed and lengthened into early summer, Sheila became more like her old self again, and she began to do little things around the house, to relieve me more and more of housekeeping tasks. One day she made a lemon meringue pie and Alan, taking his first bite of it that night at dinner, put down his fork to exclaim enthusiastically, "Say, that's the best pie I've ever tasted, man or boy!" He leaned over to pat my hand proudly. "Some cook I've got for a wife, eh, Sheila?"

■ I FELT myself flushing uncomfortably. "But I didn't make it, darling. Sheila did!"

"Did she now?" He beamed his appreciation in Sheila's direction. "I wish you'd teach Mary some of your tricks around the kitchen, then, Sheila. For all her charms, she's never made a pie like this!"

It was absurd, of course; it was petty and childish, I knew, but just for a minute I couldn't help feeling a twinge of jealous resentment. Alan was only teasing—

And there was the Sunday morning she got up early to surprise us and cooked a delectable breakfast of waffles and sausages.

That was the morning that Alan said casually, "Oh, by the way, girls, I forgot to mention that I've asked a guy to dinner tomorrow night—a new client of mine, name of Jim Gregson. He's a stranger in town, living at the hotel and managing the power plant; he's a bachelor, too." He looked over at Sheila, grinning a little. "Might make a nice beau for you, Sheila. Better get going on one of those lemon meringue pies of yours!"

So it was Sheila who planned the menu for the next night's dinner. Sheila who fixed the smothered chicken with mushrooms, the crisp green salad with roquefort dressing, Sheila who made the hot rolls, the pie, the rich black coffee. Sheila who sat at the table, pink-cheeked and glowing from the men's praise, in an extremely becoming pale green dress with her hair piled up on her head and her blue eyes a dancing reflection of the fun she was having.

Jim Gregson, a big, solid-looking man with a pleasant, kindly face that reminded me a little of Frank Dornan's, could hardly keep his eyes off her during the meal. He and Alan chuckled appreciatively at her sallies, deferred to her constantly. I began to feel like an outsider, a guest in my own home, and with the feeling resentment began to rise and seethe inside me.

Little grievances piled up in my mind day after day, making a towering mountain where there was only a molehill to start. And all the while that shameful, secret jealousy inside me spread. I cried into my pillow at night and woke up in the morning feeling miserable and headachy, but I kept that secret from Alan.

And then one day I went to see the doctor.

I came out of his office in a daze. It was a hot summer day and as I stood there on the pavement, it seemed to me that the whole world shimmered and swam in a fierce, blazing light. The doctor's words rang back in my ears, "You're going to have a baby, you're going to have a baby!"

I was passing a little park and I went over and sat down on one of the wooden benches. I thought of the long, difficult months ahead of me before my baby would be born. I thought of how good Sheila would be to me if I'd let her, of how I could lean on her, depend on her.

But I wasn't a little girl any longer; I was a grown woman and having this baby was my own particular job. And I didn't need Sheila's help, much as part of me yearned to reach out for it now. The time had come for Sheila to leave us, for Alan and me to be alone. Difficult as it would be, I must tell Sheila that very night.

But when I got home, Sheila was in a hurry dressing to go out with Jim and there was no time for conversation. I didn't tell Alan my secret that night, either. I wanted, perversely, to talk to Sheila first.

I waited until after breakfast the next morning to tell her. Alan had left for the office, Muffy was playing in the front room, and she and I were alone at the table, dawdling over second cups of coffee. I put down my cup, said without preamble, "Sheila, I've some news for you—"

"And I've some for you, too, Mary. You tell yours first, though."

I said a little tremulously, "I—I'm going to have a baby, Sheila—and—and I'm awfully happy about it—" My voice broke and I fumbled for my handkerchief. "I've been so nasty and mean to everybody lately—I'm so ashamed—"

"Why, honey, that's all right—and I'm so glad about the baby—you'll make a wonderful mother. Look how crazy you've always been about Muffy! Gee, Mary, I think it's swell!" Her voice was warm and generous, but when I lowered my handkerchief and looked at her, it seemed to me that her face wore a peculiar expression.

Suddenly, I remembered something. "What was the news you had to tell me?"

■ AND THEN she told me. She and Jim Gregson had become engaged only the night before. It seemed that he had accepted an offer recently from a public utility company in Bruxton, a town some two hundred miles away, and he wanted her to marry him at once, go along with him to establish a home in the new town, taking Muffy with them. "But, of course, I'll postpone getting married now until I see you through this, Mary. I wouldn't think of letting you down—not for the world!"

I looked at her through a mist of tears in which I seemed to see the clear shining of her loving heart. I got up then, went around the table, put my arms around her and hugged her tight. I said chokily, "Sheila, you are the most generous, selfless soul that ever lived, but from now on I'm on my own. You and Jim are going to get married right away—and from this house, too. Alan and I won't hear of anything else! Oh, Sheila, isn't it *wonderful* the way everything's turning out!"

Sheila mopped at her eyes, blew her nose vigorously, gave me a little pat on the shoulder and then a shove. "Now get going and call that guy of yours on the phone. Tell him you're coming down town to lunch with him today 'cause you've a secret to tell him—an extra-special secret. *And don't you tell him you told me first!*"

SERENADE AT SEVENTEEN

(*Continued from page* 49)

"I'm sure she's swell, Brick," I managed. "Do I know her?"

"I don't think so. Her name's Jo-Anne Edin."

"I know about the family," I said, and he seemed surprised. "Honest? How?"

Well! There was still a lot of Stuporman about him. I guessed he'd never looked at the newspaper or read the society news. Maybe he was unworldly enough not to know, even, how important the Edins of Edincamp were. But he'd learn. Miss Jo-Anne would let him find out.

"Oh—you hear about them! Tell me about Jo-Anne," and he said, "I hope you'll meet her soon. Gosh, you two have to be good friends. She's kind of—kind of little and cute—"

And he began to warm up. She was the second girl and just his age. They'd both be nineteen in November. She had wonderful small, soft hands, and wonderful eyes—he was a little uncertain about the color, probably gray—and wonderful white skin, and she was wonderful—super—smart.

■ I DON'T know just when the tears began to stream down my face and sobs to rise from my throat.

"Hey, Jane—you sick?" Brick's voice was distant, faint. Did he call his precious Jo-Anne "hey"? Of course not. It was for her, and from her crowd he was learning his high-falutin' new type of speech that he'd pulled on me at first.

"I'm crying with happiness," I fibbed. "Oh Brick, I am happy for you—" and belying my words, I rose suddenly from the stone ledge and ran. I didn't stop to explain, or look back. I don't know if Brick began to follow me. The sound of my dream cracking and splintering, the feel of it being ground underfoot was more than I could endure, at last. I didn't care what Brick would think of my reaction. How could his opinion make any difference now. I stole softly through the front door and upstairs to my room.

Despite a numbness that seized me, the days flew by with incredible speed. I was kept pretty busy in my job, and probably the feeling that anything might happen as long as Brick's engagement didn't come to public light, and the *waiting* for anything to happen—all these kept me living in tomorrow, rather than today.

Looking back now, I know that I was really in love with Brick, although it may not look like it. Young love, desperate, inexperienced, fumbling, posing—and yet it *was* love, the only kind I was capable of at that period, but nevertheless the kind that has its roots in all sincerity.

I couldn't give Brick up without a fight. It would have to be a civilized fight, not a hair-pulling match, and this Jo-Anne Edin was a real menace. An unknown danger is always worse than a known one. I hadn't ever seen her. For all I knew, I might never even meet her. The contest would be a battle with a ghost, and I had no idea how to proceed. I couldn't talk to Mom, since she had made it plain that she wasn't going to promote or prevent my friendship with Brick. Lucy was away on her honeymoon, and besides she wouldn't be very interested.

I had only one hope now. I simply had to get some advice, some comfort. Mrs. Brickell had always seemed more sympathetic about Brick and me than my own mother. I'd seen her once or twice for a few moments while she was getting settled

Does your laxative leave a bad taste in your mouth?

THE SICKENING, "druggy" taste of some laxatives is enough to turn your stomach. But it's even worse when that taste *lingers* in your mouth, as an unpleasant reminder of the dose you've taken.

There's nothing like that, when you use Ex-Lax! You just eat a delicious little tablet which tastes like fine chocolate... and that's all there is to it! Ex-Lax is a *pleasure* to take—not a punishment!

And Ex-Lax *works* pleasantly, too. It's dependable and effective, but effective in a *gentle* way. Not too strong, not too mild... Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative!

For more than 40 years, Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative—the choice of grown-ups and children alike. Today, Ex-Lax is used by *more* people than any other laxative... *over 40 million boxes sold last year!* As a precaution, use only as directed.

10c and 25c

The "Happy Medium" Laxative

★*When you have a cold—and if you need a laxative—don't dose yourself with harsh purgatives. Take Ex-Lax!*

DON'T DYE GRAY HAIR

... until you try **Mary T. Goldman's** Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. This famous "**Color Control**" method gives hair the lovely, appealing color you desire, quickly—**or** so gradually even close friends won't guess your secret.

So simple! Safe! Sure! Comb this clear liquid through your gray, bleached or faded hair. Watch "Color Control" action give your hair the youthful-looking shade you want. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities (no skin test needed). Won't harm wave or hair texture. 50 year favorite of millions. Now give yourself **lustrous hair beauty**—in the privacy of your home!

Buy a bottle today! Sold on **money-back guarantee** by drug and department stores. Or if you prefer, order direct from Mary T. Goldman Co., St. Paul 2, Minnesota. Send $1.92 (includes tax) for regular size, mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. State color desired: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Blonde, Auburn.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

AMAZING NEW Pocket or Purse size RADIO!

SMALL AS A PACK OF CIGARETTES! Weighs only a few ounces—Beautiful black chrome plastic case. Uses new war born crystal diode. Hi-Q-slide dial. **No tubes, batteries or electric "plug-ins". Usually receives local broadcasts without outside aerial wires.**

GUARANTEED TO PLAY when used according to instructions sent with each radio! You can use it at home, in offices, hotels, cabins, in bed, etc.—lots of fun—real entertainment!

SEND ONLY $1.00 (cash, money order, check) and pay postman $2.99 plus delivery fees on arrival or send $3.99 for postpaid delivery. Complete as shown **Ready to Play** with self contained personal phone. For Gifts—children will love—grownups too! An exceptional value—order yours and enjoy the many good radio programs coming! **Don't be without your Pa-Kette Radio another day!** (All foreign orders $5.00 U.S. cash.)

Pa-Kette Electric Co., Dept. TS-3, Kearney, Nebraska

FOR TIRED ACHING FEET

● Don't let tired feet due to overstrain get you down, rob you of recreation hours after work. Try a MU-COL foot-bath.

MU-COL CO., Dept. A-347 Buffalo 3, N. Y.

Sample Free Use Coupon

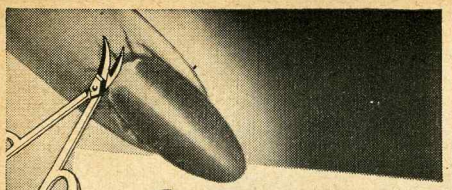
Mu-col

Name_____

Address_____

A-347

...SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES



STOP!

don't take chances CUTTING CUTICLE

TRIMAL keeps cuticle trim without cutting

Safely removes dead cuticle.
No hangnails—No infection.
New fingernail beauty.

Use TRIMAL CUTICLE REMOVER

10c AND 25c AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

USED BY MILLIONS of SMART WOMEN

in town again, but she was busy so I hadn't paid a real call.

From the things Brick's mother had told me, I knew he had class on Thursday nights. I didn't want to run into him yet, so on Thursday of that week I decided to stroll over and say hello to the Brickells. There was a light in the basement which meant that Mr. Brickell was tinkering in his workshop. That was fine. Nobody could pry him loose when he started that, and, as I suspected and hoped, Mrs. Brickell was in the living-room, listening to the radio and doing some mending.

"You're a welcome sight, Jane," she cried. "I'm a workshop widow tonight. Do stay and chat with me—we'll have some cocoa and cake after I finish sewing on buttons."

I followed her into the living-room, and pulled up a footstool beside her chair. We went through a lot of preliminaries about everybody's health and Lucy's honeymoon, but Brick's name wasn't mentioned.

Finally, Mrs. Brickell said, "What's bothering you, dear?" and I nearly bit my tongue. Mothers have the darndest way sometimes—they're positively psychic.

■ "BRICK STOPPED by one evening to talk to me. I guess he thought I'd done something special spending the week-end with you, but I hope I didn't act as if I was conferring a great favor."

She pushed her needle through the eye of a button and smiled. "And he announced that he was engaged to Jo-Anne Edin?"

I could feel my jaw drop. "Yes. You know?"

"He told me when he came home after Labor Day," and she went on sewing.

"And you don't care?"

"I'm afraid I can't take it too seriously!"

"Do you like her? Is she pretty?"

"So Brick says. I haven't met her."

She didn't seem at all concerned. In fact, she was almost laughing. "Don't you want to meet her?" I gasped.

She folded the shirt she was working on and dropped it in the basket. "I'm afraid, Jane, by the time all the machinery is set in motion, the Edins paying their respects to us and arrangements exchanged, and all that—why, there mightn't be any engagement," and I interrupted, "Why what do you mean? Isn't he in love with her?" and she said, "Oh, let's stop this dull routine work and have something hot to drink."

I followed her into the kitchen. My mind was in turmoil. Had Brick been fooling, or just teaching me a lesson, or what?

"Oh, I'm sure he thinks he's in love with her, and no doubt Jo-Anne thinks she is, with him—for the present. I'm not at all sure that she's said anything to her parents. It's probably to be considered a dead secret. And the more secret it is, the less likely to last," Mrs. Brickell was saying.

"Why?" I burst out.

"Because as soon as a thing like that is public—pride enters and social custom, and word of honor. Now it's just a bargain between two youngsters."

"But Brick isn't like that! I mean—he's not changeable—"

"Then probably the girl is. You see, Jane, Brick's a very young man. Maybe he believes he's in love. He'll believe himself in love a good many times before he settles down," and I asked "How do you know?" in complete bewilderment, to which she replied, "Every mother of boys knows that, and hopes for it. It's best for him to use his wings in a good many directions before he decides upon a steady course of flight. I can't grow excited about it. I haven't even told his father—watch the cocoa while I cut the cake, will you?

"You see, Jane, this Jo-Anne person is a bit different from the girls he has known. He's captivated, the way a small boy is by the cookies in the house next door. They

Stout Women

"Your dresses are far superior"

writes this customer of

Lane Bryant

WE NEVER PRINT A LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S PERMISSION

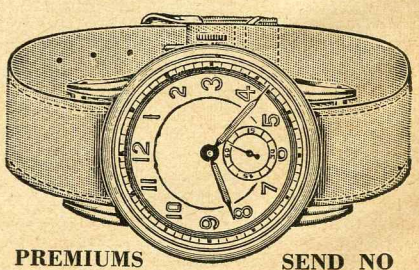
Your hosiery, dresses and corsets are far superior to those I find elsewhere. They fit and wear, and are well made. I am grateful to you for your prompt service.
Mrs. Della Clancy, *Industry, N.Y.*

Lane Bryant
752 EAST MARKET ST., DEPT. 63
INDIANAPOLIS 17, INDIANA

"BC" FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES, NEURALGIC PAINS AND MUSCULAR ACHES—10c and 25c.
Caution: use only as directed.

NEW CHEAP OIL BURNER
FOR HEATING AND COOKING STOVES FURNACES
HEAT YOUR HOME, COOK YOUR MEALS WITH CHEAP FURNACE OIL

NO MORE SHOVELING COAL OR ASHES. A New Fuelizer Starter Vaporizing System turns Cheap 130 Flash Furnace Oil, Distillate, Kerosene etc. into Oil Gas heat without clogging up. LIFETIME GUARANTEE against defects. ***$1.00 Bonus Offer for Testing.*** We will let you try it in your own stove or furnace for one month. Get yours for introducing. Big Profits QUICK. Be first. Send in your name TODAY.
NORTHWEST MFG. CO., 573-C 5th. Mitchell, So. Dakota



PREMIUMS GIVEN — SEND NO MONEY NOW!

Boys! Girls! Ladies! Send name and address—Attractive wrist and pocket watches—alarm clocks—bicycles—rifles—dishes—blankets—other premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE colorful pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, sold to friends and neighbors at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid by us. Our 52nd year. Write for trial order of SALVE and pictures on trust to start.
WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 74-63, TYRONE, PA.

always seem so much more delicious than the ones his mother makes—for a little while anyway—"

I didn't know whether to defend Brick or just listen. I didn't think he was fickle, but maybe the way his mother explained things didn't mean he was fickle, but—well, the way I'd been about Frank. I could look back on my secret pash for my brother-in-law as something sillier than a kid crush.

"Don't keep yourself strange around here," Mrs. Brickell was saying. "The week-end after this one—why don't you come over to spend it with me? Brick will be home I'm sure, because—anyway, I'm sure."

For a moment the whole world made like hot trumpets, and then I shifted in embarrassment, unable to meet her gaze. "Brick—he doesn't want to see me. He—he won't like that" I mumbled, and she replied, "My son doesn't run this household. I think I'm privileged to have a guest, if I wish to. Oh, I know—he doesn't want to take you out, or make a date with you. He's engaged, in big capital letters, and owes all his loyalty to *one* girl—I'm inviting you to visit me, Jane. Won't you come?"

I couldn't let Mrs. Brickell coax me, and it was only after I started home, all choked up with gratitude to her, that I remembered Mom and Dad had wanted to go away that week-end, but had refused to leave me alone in town. Mom had an aunt who was going to celebrate her fiftieth wedding anniversary in a city upstate, and now they could go.

■ PROBABLY YOU'LL think I was silly to make all the preparations I did, to go for a visit around the corner from my own home. I made an appointment at the beauty parlor—the place where Mom went—for a shampoo and set, the first I'd ever done professionally. I arranged for a manicure, too. And then I planned what I'd take with me, matching all the accessories up carefully. Of course, I wasn't going to dress up like a show horse, but I wanted to have two complete costumes, in case—just in case things should turn out that Brick would suggest going out.

On the fateful Friday morning, I kissed Mom and Dad good-by. They were leaving at noon and would deliver my overnight bag and the key to the house to Mrs. Brickell. I was to go there directly from work.

Brick came to the door in answer to my knock. I checked my impulse to turn and run, and since his mother wasn't around, I fell into my old habit of putting on a scene.

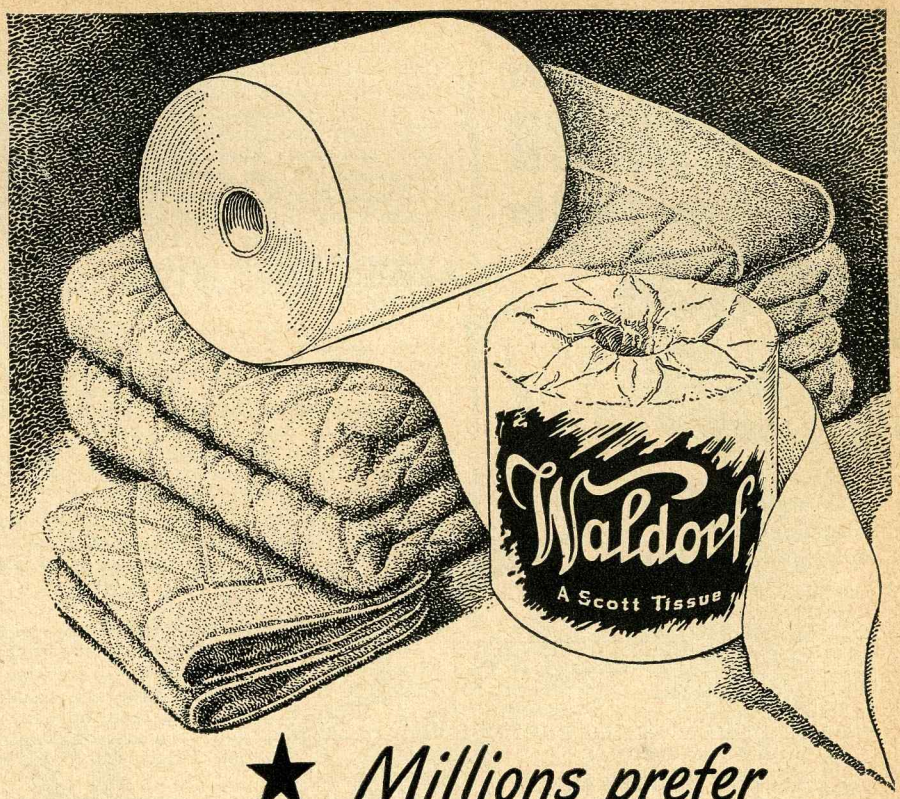
"I didn't expect to see you, Brick," I said, and he said, "Come in. Let me take your coat. Why didn't you expect to see me?" and I said, "Naturally I thought you'd be—busy elsewhere."

Believe it or not, Brick not only helped me off with my coat, he hung it up in the hall closet, and carefully balanced my hat upon a hat stand. "But Mom told me far enough in advance so I could arrange to be home."

"You could arrange to be home?" I echoed, not knowing what to say now that I'd started the act. Repetition gives you a little chance to think. "This is very embarrassing, Brick," and he asked, "Why?" and I told him, "You made it rather plain you didn't want to see me—"

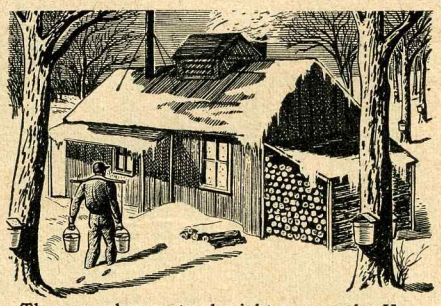
His formal manners flew out the window, "Hey—I did not! I said I couldn't make a date, but gosh! If you're visiting Mom, or I meet you on the street, or we happen to be going to the same show—I sure won't turn and run away. What do you think I am? I'll always be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Brick," I said. "I was a little embarrassed at first because—I did sort of make a scene, the last time we spoke. I didn't mean to, and I'm sorry. I don't know why I should be upset because you've fallen in love, and you're planning to marry—"



★ Millions prefer
Waldorf's SOFT Strength!

Trade Mark "Waldorf" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



The sugar house stands right among the Vermont maple trees so the maple sugar can be made from freshly gathered sap.

Taste this real maple sugar flavor

The flavor of real maple sugar is an unforgettable treat. And that's the flavor we give you in Vermont Maid Syrup!

First, we choose maple sugar with unusually full flavor. Then we blend it with cane sugar and other sugars. This makes the maple flavor *uniformly* rich and delicious.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.,
Burlington, Vermont.

Vermont Maid
Syrup

FRIED FISH

Fry fish till browned and remove from fire. Blend 2 tsps. Lea & Perrins Sauce with butter in pan. Pour over fish and serve. *There's* fish to bait a man's appetite! For extra seasoning keep a bottle of Lea & Perrins on the table.

A FAVORITE FOR OVER 100 YEARS

LEA & PERRINS
Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

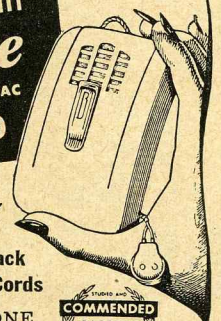
FREE Recipe Book. Write Lea & Perrins, Inc., 241 West St., New York 13, Dept. T-3.

NOW! The ONE-UNIT

HEARING AID

Thousands Have Waited for

The New ONE-UNIT Beltone MONO-PAC HEARING AID



THIS IS ALL YOU WEAR

No Separate Battery Pack

No Dangling Battery Cords

The tiny new BELTONE Mono-Pac is about ⅓ size and weight of old-style hearing aids, yet so powerful you hear even *whispers!* Get helpful facts about this new "MIRACLE" aid in valuable FREE book about deafness.

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

BELTONE HEARING AID CO.
1450 W. 19th St., Dept. TY-73, Chicago 8, Ill.

FREE BOOKLET

Beltone Hearing Aid Co.
Dept. TY-73, 1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Ill.

Please send me FREE booklet about deafness and what can be done to overcome it.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

BACKACHES CAUSED BY MOTHERHOOD

Muscles are often strained by motherhood and cause backaches for years. Allcock's Porous Plasters give prompt effective relief . . . They support the muscles, bring heat to painful spot. 25c at druggists.

ALLCOCK'S Porous Plasters

DRESS for YOU FOR ORDERING 3!

Thrilling new plan! Your choice of gorgeous new dress in your favorite style, size and color **GIVEN to you** for sending orders for only 3 dresses for your friends or family. Write for style presentation showing scores of latest fashions with actual sample fabrics. No money needed. Don't miss this opportunity to get complete wardrobe—and chance to earn up to $22 in a week besides. Write today. HARFORD FROCKS, DEPT. R-9007 - - - CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Give Druggist's name, address. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, BOX 547 Northwestern Station, Dept. 2511, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

"Nobody knows yet," he blurted out, and I said, "Oh," simply, "Oh," and after a silence, added, "I acted the same way when Lucy told me she was engaged. I guess it's a sort of excitement that catches hold of you when you want to wish people happiness and don't know how to say it. Or sometimes it's just surprise."

I must have talked with conviction because I saw that he was taking me at my word. He believed I didn't care a whoop and holler about his being in love with another girl. He believed my tears had been merely an excess of pleasure.

Dinner was so jolly an outsider might have thought that Jo-Anne Edin didn't exist. Mr. Brickell could do excellent imitations and he kept us all laughing by impersonating all the people who had been in his office that day.

After dinner Mr. Brickell came to the rescue with the suggestion that we all go to the movies. "Swell!" Brick cried.

He seemed to have forgotten that other girl until after the show, after Mrs. Brickell had served cokes and sandwiches, and she and her husband had gone upstairs—

■ BRICK AND I were in the rumpus room in the cellar. Brick turned on the radio while I sat in an old deck chair we'd acquired at the lake. The program wasn't much. Brick turned it off, and honest, I can't recall what led to what, but quite suddenly, it seemed, Brick was talking about Jo-Anne.

At first I didn't pay much attention to what he was saying. I watched his face. He had a rapt look, an expression of enchantment, as if he might be talking about an angel or a creature created from some finer substance than mere flesh. There was actually a glow on his face, not exactly a flush, but a rosy light under the skin.

Jo-Anne was super-colossal, super-tremendous, super-everything. She could play the piano like a professional. She could dance like a professional. She wasn't sure whether she wanted a stage career or a career of designing clothes. She might go to Hollywood to get into the movies.

I was mad clear through, but I held on to myself. He didn't think I was conferring any favor on him by listening to this corn. He didn't think he was lucky when I'd coached him in math and helped him save his allowance, and even added my savings to his when we were kids—so we could own a scooter jointly. Here he was supposedly entertaining *me*, by talking about *her*.

Well, I couldn't see the time wasted that way. I'd had high hopes for this visit. I suspected Brick's mother did, too, or she wouldn't have invited me, and here it was dribbling away, with a strange girl who wasn't even present as the center of attention. I *had* to get his thoughts to center on me, somehow. The more I felt sorry for myself, the whackier were the ideas that flitted through my brain. I haven't any explanation for what I did, or any excuse, except the old habit of dramatizing myself.

I interrupted him in the middle of a sentence. "I'm so happy you've found the right person, Brick," I murmured, letting my voice and face go all dreamy, "because, you see, *I know what it means.*"

"You do?" in some wonder, as if it wasn't possible that I could be in love, as if I'd never told him I was in love with *him.*

I leaned closer, lowered my voice to a whisper, although there wasn't a soul around who could possibly eavesdrop.

"Brick, can you keep a secret?" and when he nodded, I clasped my hands over my heart and went all icky. "Brick—*I know what it means to find the only one. I'm married!*"

An electric shock went through him. He stiffened, sat up straight. "What do you mean, you're married?" and I said, "Just

Use this famous *Canadian Formula* for CHAPPED DRY HANDS

1. Quicker results. Softens roughest, driest skin over night.

2. Proved effectiveness for 65 years in cold Canada.

Economical—single drop serves both hands

3. A pure, rich concentrated emollient. Aids healing. Choice of countless doctors, nurses, housewives, mothers.

At cosmetic counters—10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1.00 a bottle

Campana Balm
THE SKIN SOFTENER

STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2442, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

A FRIENDLY WAY FOR YOU TO EARN BIG MONEY

Show lovely DOEHLA All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Gift Wraps, Correspondence Notes and Stationery — earn up to 50¢ on each $1 box, even more through BONUS PLAN. No experience necessary. Work from home—spare or full time. Send no money—we mail sample boxes on approval. If friends don't snap them up, return at our expense. Write . . .

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Dept. C-3, Fitchburg, Mass.

SUIT YOURS AS A BONUS

And Big Money in Spare Time, Too

We want you to wear this fine made-to-measure suit! Make it yours by sending a few orders, and earn BIG CASH PROFITS in spare time. Your suit will help you get more orders with scores of rich, quality fabrics, tailored-to-measure to newest styles. Also Ladies' Tailored Suits—complete line. Write today for FREE SAMPLES. No experience, no money needed. For quick action tell us about yourself. J. C. FIELD & SON, Inc.
Harrison and Throop Sts., Dept. R1601, Chicago 7, Ill.

MONEY-BACK, POSTAGE-BACK GUARANTEE

QUILT PIECES

FREE! Jumbo Spool Thread!

Beautiful new prints. Large colorful pieces. 3 lbs. (18 to 22 yds.) only $1.49 plus postage. Sent C. O. D. FREE! EXTRA! Jumbo Spool good white #50 thread FREE and 16 lovely quilt patterns all sent free. If not perfectly satisfied, just return quilt pieces (keeping free sewing thread and free quilt patterns for your trouble) and we will refund your $1.49 plus all postage spent BOTH ways! You be the judge. You can't lose. Could anything be more fair? Compare our offer and liberal guarantee with others. Send No Money! Just mail a card Today. Act Now!

18 yds or more $1.49 FREE!

REMNANT SHOP, Box 494-C, SESSER, ILLINOIS

that—you know, I promised to love and cherish, and all the rest of it."

He seemed to shrink away from me just a little, and yet his eyes were fixed on me with a terrible fascination. "You can't be!" he gasped, and I asked, "Why not?" and he said, "You're not even eighteen."

I put on a very superior look. "Oh, such things can be managed," then I clapped my hands over my mouth. "Brick—you won't tell? It's a secret. You're the only one who knows." And that was the solemn truth, the fib being what it was.

"I don't get it," he said, staring at me with admiration, and a look that intimated I was a woman now, not a child. "Your folks—"

"Hush, Brick, keep your voice down—please! My parents don't know a thing."

"Well, who is he? Do I know him? When did it happen? Gosh, this is colossal, Jane. It's terrific. You hadn't ought to keep things like that from me."

■ I HAD caught his attention all right. He began to ask questions all over again and I was caught for fair. I couldn't tell him the rest wasn't his business, once I'd begun to confide in him.

I had to think fast and talk glib. I began hesitantly, inventing a husband and a romance as I went along. I refused to tell my husband's name, no matter what. That had to be a dead secret (because I had no name handy that he couldn't check. Suppose I invented one and it turned up in the phone book?) So his identity was to remain a mystery. He was a returned navy man, twenty-three, and studying seaplane designing in another city. He had at least another year to study before he'd be ready for a big job with a future, but even after that year, I was afraid—I told Brick—that my parents would still consider me too young.

That's why we hadn't made any arrangements for a home, as yet. I was saving my money. Now and then, he came to Camwell, and we met, very hush-hush, of course. My sister Lucy didn't even have any inkling of what was going on. And wouldn't the explosion be simply terrif, atomic. No less, if the family found out. "So you see Brick—I'm—I'm at your mercy—"

He put his hand out as if to take my wrist, the way he used to, and then withdrew it quickly, like I was poison. He flushed, and looked very apologetic, having just remembered I was a married woman. That was fine. I was now forbidden fruit.

Long after midnight, Brick and I shook hands on our secret. He was now a party to my deception. *He couldn't give me away,* so I wouldn't have anybody to contend with but Brick when the final reckoning came. This had been so easy, I was carried away by my own cleverness. I didn't even think ahead to the possible complications, the terror of a final reckoning. We shook hands—and Brick withdrew his quickly, almost guiltily. Oh, this was grand fun! Then we started upstairs, and at the door of the guest room, I threw my arms around him and kissed him impulsively.

He was disturbed, which was what I wanted. "You mustn't *do* that!" he cried, and I just smiled enigmatically and entered the room.

I'd succeeded. Brick would think of *me* all night, not Jo-Anne. He'd go over this tremendous thing in his mind, over and over, wondering how he'd lost me, and convincing himself that he'd noticed a change in me right after my early summer visit to the lake. He would forget, of course—he'd already forgotten—how I'd proposed to him, and how I'd gone gooey when he announced his engagement to this Edin girl. Good—oh good—

But the rest of the week-end fell flat. Brick wasn't going to take a married woman around—that's what was in his mind! So

DON'T LET

"Leg Feathers"

RUIN YOUR ROMANCE

Ask the Man in Your Life about *"leg-feathers."* Or, better...*don't!* Better erase all that unsightly leg-hair the E-Z way. *E-Z does it!*...quickly...safely... gives your nylons a chance to really *flatter* your legs. Use this dainty hair-eraser millions buy yearly ...at all chain store cosmetic counters. In 10¢ and 39¢ packets.

Largest Selling Depilatory

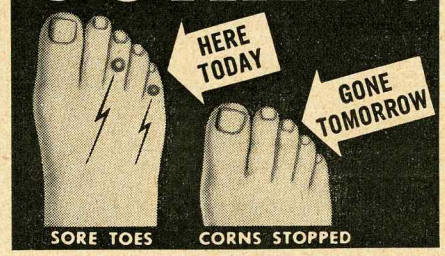
E-Z can also be used for arms, underarms, face and back of neck

E-Z HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

A HELEN NEUSHAEFER PRODUCT

Copyright 1947
A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

STOP CORNS!



Instant Relief

NEVER wait! ACT at first sign of sore toes from new, tight or stiff shoes! Protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief. Corns won't have a chance to develop. So, always keep a box handy. But—if you have corns—these thin, soft, soothing cushioning, protective pads will give you almost magical relief—INSTANTLY!

SPEEDILY, GENTLY REMOVE CORNS

You'll marvel, too, how Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove corns when used with the separate *Medications* included. Cost but a trifle. Largest selling corn pads in the world. Try them!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

GIVE YOUR BABY CURLS!

Think of *your own baby* with a lovely crown of soft curls. Yes, mother, your baby *can* have adorable ringlets with the help of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment. This gentle lotion, made especially for babies' fine hair, has been used and praised for over 30 years by thousands of mothers. Start today if baby's second growth of hair is about one inch long. Commended by Parents' Magazine. Sold at drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops. If unable to buy locally—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NESTLE-LE MUR CO., Meriden, Conn.

☐ Send me (tax and postage prepaid) full size bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment at special introductory price of $1.00. I am enclosing $1.00. Also send me your FREE booklet "Curls for your Baby".

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE TS-3-47

Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT

Young in Spirit... Modern in Mood

"Ariette"

a new design For Youthful Figures...

"Ariette" gives that subtle pointed uplift which is youth itself to bosoms which are *average* or just-a-trifle *under* average.

In pure White Irish Linen, in Plaid Gingham, and in Tearose Broadcloth.
If you can't find *your* style at first, try again!
Dealers receive shipments monthly. Send for *free* Style Folder: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16

BRASSIERES BY

Maiden Form

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

WE PAY YOU $25
FOR SELLING FIFTY $1 ASSORTMENTS
of Birthday, All-Occasion cards. Tremendous demand. Sell for $1.00—your profit 50c. It costs nothing to try. Write today.
CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. N-1, White Plains, N.Y.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES

LAW...

STUDY AT HOME Legally trained men win higher positions and bigger success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before.
More Ability: More Prestige: More Money We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send NOW. **G. I. APPROVED.**
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, 417 South Dearborn Street
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 3358-L, Chicago 5, Ill.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.
Original returned with your enlargement.
57¢
3 for $1.25

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**
PROFESSIONAL ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 27-C Chicago (11), Ill.

Lovely DRESS GIVEN TO YOU!

Imagine! You can take your pick of dozens of gorgeous Spring dresses—**without a penny of cost.** And you earn up to $23 weekly in cash besides! That's what we offer you for representing us in your spare time. Show our popular frocks to your friends, then send us their orders. Collect handsome cash commissions **in advance.** No canvassing or experience necessary. Pleasant, dignified work. Get free details of this unusual offer and Portfolio of new styles. Send no money. Everything furnished FREE. Rush name, address and dress size on postcard. **Fashion Frocks, Inc., Dept. 43023, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.**

EARN up to $23 WEEKLY!

Saturday night we took a walk and ended up in the movies and on our return, while we were having a snack, Brick entertained me by glowing reports of his work and what he planned for the future. Very ducky and oh, so impersonal, and for the remainder of the visit, he maintained that impersonal note. Sunday night he walked home with me, shook hands formally at the door and set my bag in the foyer. *He wasn't going to come in.*

"Nice seeing you, Jane," he said. "Well, keep swimming and you'll get there," and with that he turned and walked off.

Too soon it was clear that my victory was very slim. Several weeks passed, and Brick didn't call up.

I couldn't live in a fox-hole all my life, listening for the telephone, opening the front door when I thought I heard his footsteps and doing things like that. I had to go out. I was young, and every new man that came to work in the warehouse wanted to date me.

Big blond Gregg, the ex-paratrooper, got more dates than the others. One evening Gregg said it was the first anniversary of his discharge and he wanted to celebrate at the Royal Hotel, no less.

Of course, you guessed it. The first person we saw at the Royal was Brick—with a group of men. And he saw me with Gregg. I wasn't surprised to see Brick turn in at our gate the next evening.

■ I TOOK my coat from the hall closet and went out to meet Brick before he could ring the bell.

"Hello, Brick," I cried, pretending I hadn't seen him coming. "I was just going out for a breath of air."

"Mind if I walk along?"

"Why not? You're the oldest friend I have."

He fell into step beside me. While wondering how he was going to broach the subject, I was caught off guard by a direct question.

"Was that fellow your—husband? I saw you with him once before."

"No!" I exploded, and deciding I'd been too quick, repeated, "No—o—" drawing it out. "You see, my husband has red hair." I was astonished at myself. The crazy spider in my mind was weaving the web tighter and tighter and I was encouraging it.

"If I am your oldest friend—"

"*If*, Brick?"

"D'you mind if I ask *who* he is?"

I smiled indulgently. "A very special friend of my husband. Gregg saw him last week—had his permission to take me out."

"I see."

"I'll have to tell my husband that you're protecting his interests," I laughed.

We hadn't walked any farther than the corner. By the light of the street lamp I could see that Brick was embarrassed. There seemed nothing else to say. He asked, "Going far?" and I replied, "Just 'round the block. It's windier than I thought."

Brick brought me to my door and left me. I went up to my room quickly and shut the door. I wondered why Brick considered it his duty to find out who my companion was. Why had he remembered Gregg's face? Was he a little jealous—maybe?

I wanted to have dates, but I was afraid of meeting Brick. I couldn't hide from him any more. Wherever I went, I met him. Once again with Gregg. Then with Dan, the boy from high who'd taken to coming around again. I refused to go out with Joe Simmons because he had red hair, and if Brick saw him—well! The night I would have gone out with Joe, I went bowling with Pete and who should be there? You guessed it. Brick! With three of his fellow students at the plant.

Again, the next night, Brick turned up at the house. Mom and Dad had gone to

BLESSED RELIEF FROM

loss of sleep DUE TO head cold MISERIES

Why torture yourself with that "suffocating" feeling due to head colds? A few drops of Mistol Drops with Ephedrine help clear out your nose.. help you to breathe easier and therefore sleep better.

Caution: Use only as directed

Copr. 1945, Stanco Incorporated

PICTURE RING $1.

EXQUISITE PICTURE RING—made from any photo. **SEND NO MONEY!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman ONLY $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25 cents extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size NOW. Picture Ring Co., Dept. J-50, Cincinnati 2, O.
Made from Any Photo or Picture! SEND NO MONEY!

A NEW AND NOVEL WAY TO MAKE MONEY

SELL INDIVIDUAL 5¢ AND 10¢ GREETING CARDS

COST YOU 2½¢ EACH UP
Extra money quick. Up to 100% profit. Extra bonus. Send at once for FREE catalog of wonderful year 'round money-making line super value greeting card assortments and FREE samples name imprinted stationery. Request special feature $1.00 All Occasion Assortment on approval. Special Offers.
FREE SAMPLES 50 for $1.00 PERSONAL STATIONERY
NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, BOX A, North Abington, Mass.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"
Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

some church affair. I was alone, so I asked Brick in. He didn't sprawl all over Dad's chair by the radio, the way he used to. He stood with his back to the fireplace.

"What's going on anyway, Jane?" he demanded, and I said, "What do you mean?" and he said, "With you—your marriage," so I asked, "Why?"

His hair was flying in all directions but he raked his fingers through it, which made it worse. "Are you having trouble? I mean you and your husb—"

I put up my hand. "You promised not to betray me!" and he said angrily. "You said nobody else was home," and I pointed out that the walls had ears.

"What is this, anyway, Jane? You going out with a different man every time I see you—" and I asked, "Who wants to know?" and he cried "Me!" ungrammatically. "I got a right to know certain things. I'm your oldest friend. I'm kind of—like your brother that you never had—"

"Are you, Brick?"

All the ingredients for a quarrel were cooking up, but fast.

"Look, you were always a swell kid, nice and—and swell. Don't you know now you're married you have no business going out with anybody else? You haven't been out in the world long enough to know that fellows talk about a married woman—that is they have pretty nasty thoughts—if she makes dates—"

"And if they don't know about me—" I began, but he swept on. "They will know some day and then there'll be gossip. All the neighbors are going to hunt back and remember that they saw you with this one or that one. You got to stop it, do you hear? You can't tell me your—he—that guy is willing for you to have dates!"

His accusation enraged me. Words poured out of me. I said whatever I did was my business, my husband's, forgetting that I mustn't mention that word. I said it was my life and my marriage, and he could go and boss Jo-Anne Edin if he wanted to, but my affairs were no longer any concern of his.

This last was uttered to his back, and I didn't realize he had gone until I heard the door slam. I was trembling all over and anger gave way to profound shock. Why had I gone into a rage, anyway? From Brick's point of view, *he was right.* I'd missed the opportunity to tell him that my marriage didn't exist, that it was a fabrication of an adolescent, love-loony mind.

I lay face down on my bed trying to untangle the web. If I ran after him now and confessed the truth, he'd be contemptuous of me. He was pretty straightforward. I remembered instances where he'd advised telling the truth, no matter what. I'd lost him completely.

■ DAYS AND WEEKS passed. I didn't dare go out with Gregg or anybody. I was tired of the whole pretense, and frightened, for now I knew that Brick and I might have had a pleasant relationship, despite his engagement, and I'd thrown the whole thing away. I'd dramatized myself once too often.

I never expected to see Brick again except by accident. But the unexpected always happens to me, and a few days before Thanksgiving, Brick called on the phone, asking specifically to talk to me. "Could I see you, Jane?" he asked abruptly and I said quietly, "Of course, Brick."

"I'm sorry I talked to you the way I did, Jane. Honest! You were right. I had no call to."

"Maybe you did."

"Maybe I had a right to be interested, but not to talk like a—like a heel. I got to talk to you, Jane. It's not really a date, is it, if I'm kind of disturbed—"

"We can skip that, Brick. Come over." It's not really a date! Would the shadow

Prove to yourself...Chapped Hands heal FASTER with this famous cream

• Give *your* chapped hands quick relief as so many doctors and nurses do! Use Noxzema, the greaseless cream with the *medicated* formula.

Baltimore nurses were among the first to discover that Noxzema gives *double* aid to hands—brings quick, soothing relief—softens, helps whiten red, rough skin. Actual clinical tests prove it *helps heal* tiny cuts and skin irritations quickly—often *overnight!*

Millions of women rely on Noxzema as a skin aid to lovelier hands. 20,000,000 jars bought yearly! Get your jar today. *Let Noxzema nurse your chapped skin back to beauty!*

BE PREPARED FOR
SICKNESS or ACCIDENT
. . . THIS HOSPITALIZATION PLAN
PROTECTS YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

Benefits begin the day you enter a hospital

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT
Hospital Expenses paid, up to . . . $540.00

FOR ACCIDENT
Doctor Expense paid, up to $135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed, up to . . $300.00
Loss of Life by Accident $1000.00

WAR COVERAGE AND EXTRA BENEFITS
Childbirth Expense paid, up to . . . $75.00

It's easy to run into debt when sickness or accident hit. Under the Family Mutual Plan, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills. And in case of accident, you'll be reimbursed for your doctor expenses, for loss of time from work. You can enter any hospital in the United States. Your family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., WILMINGTON 99, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co. TS-21
601 Shipley St., Wilmington 99, Del.
Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Vitaflo Modern Nurser 20c
Separate Bottle 10c; Nipple or Cap 5c

Busy mothers appreciate the handy Vitaflo Nurser with its nipple, bottle, cap all-in-one. They prepare enough bottles for the day and seal the nipples downward in the bottles with the formula. Vitaflo Nursers are then ready for baby bag or refrigerator. For feeding, it's easy to place the nipple upright thru the cap.

Vitaflo's smooth nursing action enables babies to finish their bottles better. Two pin hole valves in nipple base admit air as food is withdrawn, thus relieving vacuum that collapses ordinary nipples. Vitaflo Units 20c at 5c to $1.00 Stores.

of that foolishness always haunt me? How could something that was nothing cast an evil darkness over your whole life? It's supposed to be a scientific fact that you can't make something out of nothing. But I sure had. I'd made a trap out of a marriage that never existed.

Mom and Dad evaporated from the living-room, but before they left, one of them must have touched a match to the fire that was always laid. I was sure it was Mom. She knew how cheery and warm a fire can be, how the sight and sound of it draws people together. Waiting for Brick, I prayed that I'd do the right thing. *Let me be honest, dear God. If this is another chance, show me how to use it. I don't expect you to keep on giving me chances if I throw them away.*

Again Brick stood with his back to the fire. The reflection of the flame shimmered on his hair—blue and yellow and red. He had on old slacks, and one of his mended sweaters. For a minute I had the illusion that I'd dreamed up the whole nightmare of the past months, and we were just a couple of kids starting our senior year at high.

"What's wrong, Brick?" and he blurted out, "Jo-Anne broke our engagement."

"I'm sorry, Brick," and I meant it. "Why?"

"I guess she doesn't love me."

"And you, Brick? Are you hurt? Do you love her very much?"

"I thought I did."

"You only *thought* you loved her?"

"Yes. I believed it when I asked her to marry me. I guess she didn't love me. She's been engaged twice before. She'll be engaged again. She thinks it's fun."

"Then why are you unhappy, Brick? If she doesn't care and you don't, isn't it good that you found out?"

■ HE TURNED to face the fire. I sensed by the look of his back and shoulders that he was just staring into it, aimlessly. I felt uneasy. There was something going on, and I wanted to comfort him. He turned to me, misery in his eyes.

"Yes, it's better. But I found out something before that. Ever since you told me you were married—I couldn't have fun with Jo-Anne any more. I couldn't enjoy anything. The world turned sour. I've been calling myself all kinds of a fool. I was too dumb to love. That time at the lake, Jane, I could have acted different. I didn't have sense enough to know—I mean we could have been engaged—you and I—only I was a dimwit, brainless. I just let you slip away. I—see, Jane—" He stopped, aghast. "Skip it, Jane. I haven't got the right to talk this way, now."

Why, he was telling me he loved me! He was telling me the whole world was shot to pieces if he couldn't marry me and that his heart was broken and life not worth living. *This was the moment.*

I got up and walked to him slowly. A wave of penetrating warmth, sent out by the fire, swept over me. "Oh, Brick," I said, "I'm not married."

"You mean—you're divorced?"

I laughed. Yes—I laughed! "I never was married."

He recoiled from me, as if he'd been slapped. "I don't get it."

"I made up a husband, Brick. I made up the whole story," and he cried, "You lied?" and I said "Not exactly, Brick. You see—I couldn't stand the idea of your being engaged to another girl. I was so ashamed of the way I acted, and I wanted to cover up how I really felt about you."

"So you told me a lie!" he shouted. "And if it's anything else but, I'd like to have it explained."

It seemed very clear to me that my love for Brick had made me perpetrate the hoax, but I realized before I'd done much more talking that he would never under-

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Women and Men, 18 to 50

Many Swedish Massage graduates make $50, $75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for Diploma. Anatomy Charts and 32-page Illustrated Book FREE—Now!

The College of Swedish Massage
Dept. 740C, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11

Extra Money Every Day
SELL EVERYDAY CARDS

Easy to sell stunning folders for Birthdays, Anniversaries, etc. 15-card Assortment sells $1. You make good profit. Also sell other Everyday card assortments, engraved Stationery $1 a box. Samples on approval.

PROCESS CORPORATION, Dept. H-18
Troy at 21st Street, CHICAGO 23, ILL.

GET SAMPLES

Make This Easy 7-DAY TEST
DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR

BRUNETTES • BLONDES • TITIANS

Just try this **SYSTEM** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **Attractive Hair** that can so often capture Love and Romance.

MARVELOUS HELP FOR DRY, BRITTLE, BREAKING-OFF HAIR. When Scalp and Hair conditions are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer, much more attractive.

Send No Money • Fully Guaranteed

Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** for 7 days. Then let your mirror prove the thrilling results. SEND FOR IT NOW! C. O. D. $1.00 plus Government charges. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write today!

JUEL CO., 4727 N. Damen, Dept. R-614, Chicago 25, Ill.

TO BE Cherished FOR A LIFETIME

Each West Branch Cedar Hope Chest is exquisitely designed to be a lovely symbol of enduring devotion. Its fine woods, patiently fashioned by skilled craftsmen, will enrich your home-to-be. You can safely entrust your woolens, linens and cherished mementos to its roomy, mothproof interior.

WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

West Branch
CEDAR HOPE CHEST
The Present with a Future

Start your own profitable BUSINESS
MAKE AND SELL Costume Jewelry

FREE BOOK VALUE 50c

Send today for our Free Book "How to Make Costume Jewelry." Includes complete instructions, colorful pictures and all information to start your own profitable business—at home. Write Today—It's FREE.

ZANONE'S, 434 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 34, Chicago 5, Ill.

Destroy UNWANTED HAIR

Temporary relief not enough—you want freedom

Only by KILLING THE HAIR ROOT can you be sure your unwanted hair has gone FOREVER. The Mahler Method—used successfully all over the world for over fifty years—positively enables you to do this in the privacy of your home. It brings relief and social happiness long denied you. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet, "New Charm for Madame."

MAHLER'S, Inc., Dept. 347C, E. Providence, R. I.

Want EXTRA Money? Sell Everyday Greeting Cards

Show beautiful 14-card $1.00 assortments of Birthday, Get-Well, Easter cards; also Baby Congratulations, Sympathy cards, many other big values. Quick sales . . . easy profits. Write today for amazing SAMPLE OFFER!

WETMORE & SUGDEN, INC.
749 Monroe Avenue, Dept. 9-Y, Rochester 2, N. Y.

LARGE FABRIC PIECES $1.98
CUT FROM NEW BOLTS of DRESS GOODS!

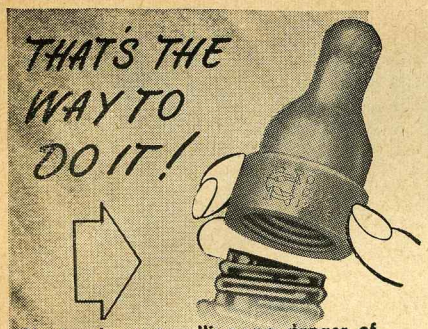
Equal To About 22 Yards Of 30-Inch Width Goods

Bargain! 4 pounds gorgeous prints and solid colors. Excellent quality. Ready to use. None pasted or sewn. Useful for quilts, pillow covers, patchwork aprons and skirts, rugs, children's play clothes, shawls, etc. Lovely, colorful assorted hand size cotton pieces—some even larger.

GIVEN 18 Piece Sewing Outfit and 20 Quilt Patterns With Order

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $1.98 and postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back! You'll be delighted!

Great American Sales Co., 2226 Silverton Way, Dept. M37, Chicago 16, Ill.



No tugging, no pulling, no danger of fingers touching feeding surfaces when you use the Davidson Nursing Unit. Includes patented all-in-one-piece screw-on nipple; screw-on air-tight cap; screw-top Davidson heat-resistant bottle.

DAVIDSON
***no-colic* NURSING UNIT**

Write for free booklet, *"The Right Way to Feed a Baby."*

DAVIDSON RUBBER COMPANY
DEPT. B, CHARLESTOWN 29, MASSACHUSETTS

Sell GREETING CARDS
FAST SALES, BIG PROFITS. Show exquisite Everyday, Birthday, Easter, Humorous Boxes, Gift Wraps, Stationery, Correspondence Notes, Special Offers, Bonus. Request $1.00 Everyday Box on approval
100 MONEY MAKERS
HEDENKAMP & COMPANY
343 Broadway, Dept. M-7, New York 13, N. Y.

RED, ROUGH HANDS
Enjoy soothing comfort, prompt relief with world-known, mildly medicated, emollient
CUTICURA OINTMENT

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays." G. I. APPROVED.
LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 3358-H, Chicago 5, Ill.

CONFIDENTIAL LOAN SERVICE
Borrow $50 to $300
Need money? No matter where you live you can borrow BY MAIL $50.00 to $300.00 this easy quick *confidential* way.
BY MAIL

IT IS EASY TO BORROW BY MAIL!
Completely confidential and private
CONVENIENT MONTHLY PAYMENTS

NO ENDORSERS NEEDED
EMPLOYED MEN and women of good character can solve their money problems quickly and in privacy with loans MADE BY MAIL. No endorsers or co-signers. We do not contact employers, friends or relatives. Convenient monthly payments. Send us your name and address and we will mail application blank and complete details FREE in plain envelope. There is no obligation.

STATE FINANCE CO.
511 Walker Bank Bldg., Dept. H-120, Salt Lake City, Utah

stand. Words couldn't justify my behavior.

All Brick kept saying was, "And I spent sleepless nights thinking about how I'd lost you," and "Here I worried myself stupid wondering if this guy would be good to you—and there wasn't any such guy," and, "You cheated, Jane. You just cheated."

Finally there was such disgust and contempt in his face that I covered my eyes. When I looked up, he was gone. Had I really been foolish enough to think that all I had to do was to say it was a joke, and all would be forgiven?

Now truly all was over. My heart had come to a dead end, and two evil red lights blinked at me, warning that I must go no further. There wasn't any place to go, anyway. I couldn't very well run after him—

But why not? Hadn't my pride done enough harm already? Why couldn't I go after him, as I'd done when we were children? I used to plant myself firmly in front of him and say, "Make up?" and he'd say, "For two bottle caps" and, prepared, I'd hand over the two caps. If it was the other way 'round, I'd say, "For two pins." He'd turn back his lapel and produce them.

I rummaged through a catch-all drawer in Mom's kitchen cupboard, then took my coat and ran around the corner to Brick's house. All the windows were dark, except his.

I threw up a handful of pebbles. He must have heard the rattling, but he didn't raise the blind. I threw a bigger handful. The window shot up, and the blind with it, making a sound like a cannon shot. "What do you wanna do, wake up the folks?" he called, and I whispered hoarsely, "Come down, Brick, please" and he said, "You cookin' up more stories?" I felt around with my toe until I located a real stone and I took aim. I saw him jump back just as it flew through the open window.

"Okay!" he grumbled. "Half a mo," and that sounded like Brick.

In his mother's spotless kitchen, we sat down at the blue-topped table. At once I began to babble—I couldn't help myself. I told him I had to have his respect. I began to explain all over again. I said I didn't care if I never saw him again—I wanted to know that he believed me. No—that wasn't true. I *did* care, but I'd keep out of his way and never even come to see his mother or enter his home, if he'd just understand that I didn't mean to hurt him or give him an unhappy hour.

■ THEN SUDDENLY I remembered why I'd come—certainly not to talk.

"Make up, Brick?" I asked softly, and in a daze he said, "For two bottle caps," and I took them out of my pocket and dropped them into his hand. Slowly his face began to change, from wonder, to fear, back to wonder and finally to a sweet tenderness that was new to him.

And what did he do? The big precious gorp—he turned back the lapel of his old corduroy coat and there were two pins, with yellow glass heads.

"I was coming over to you, dope," he said, closing his fingers about my wrist. "That's what I was doing upstairs—hunting for these pins."

He hesitated, then drew me toward him. We didn't have to hurry now. He didn't have to snatch me to him. We had the whole rest of our lives, beginning now, with this golden arrow of a kiss that he sent quivering through me as I raised my face.

Of course we have to wait. I'm not much past eighteeen, even yet. Brick is just over nineteen. He has years of study. We really don't want to be married now. It's too serious. We don't even talk much about love. But deep in our hearts we know this—and now we really know it—I'm for Brick and Brick is for me, and some day in the future, we'll make our own world.

THE END

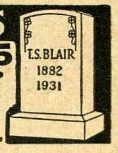
Stuffy Nose of Head Cold

DO THIS FOR FAST RELIEF!

Instantly, relief from head-cold stuffiness starts to come when you put a little Vicks Va-tro-nol in each nostril. This specialized medication works fast *right where trouble is* to open nose . . . reduce swelling . . . make breathing easier. Try it! Just follow simple directions in package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

TOMBSTONES DIRECT TO YOU $9.95 UP
Genuine beautiful ROCKDALE Monuments, Markers. Satisfaction or MONEY BACK. Freight paid. Free catalog. Compare our prices.
● EASY TERMS
Rockdale Monument Co., Dept. 865, Joliet, Ill.

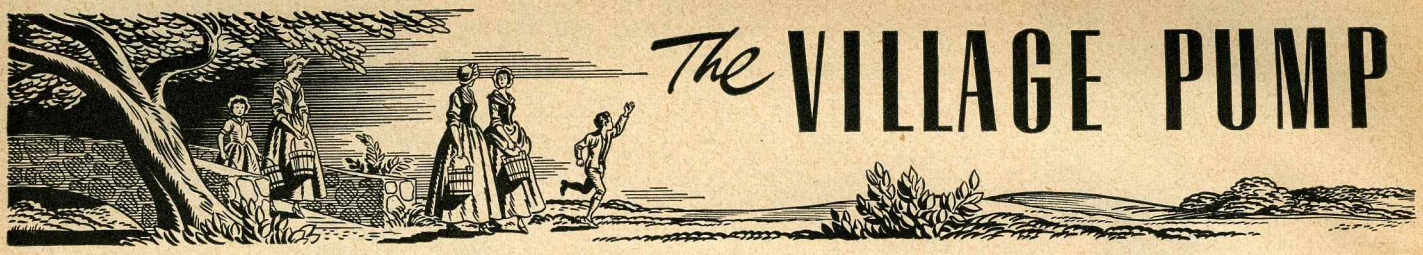


IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE BIG MONEY THIS WAY!
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—Earn big, steady income showing lovely Bluebird All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Gift Wrappings, Stationery—to friends, neighbors, co-workers. 17 different assortments. Make up to 50¢ on ea. $1 box. Samples on approval.
BLUEBIRD STUDIOS, Dept. C-23, Fitchburg, Mass.

FAST RELIEF FROM THE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES

● Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those tortures of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo Ointment—acts instantly to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—lubricates dry, hardened parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness—acts to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed this relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo Ointment. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists in tubes complete with perforated pile pipe—also tins and handy suppositories.



The VILLAGE PUMP

THE QUESTION has often been asked, "Are parents people?" Now another question arises, "Are teen-agers people?"

We stand right up on our soap box to announce that The Village Pump, your TRUE STORY Community Center, certainly considers teen-agers people. In fact, our best people of the future are now teen-agers, and have the same right to speak up in open meeting as their elders, if they keep to the rules.

This month we print a letter from a teen-ager, who, in defense of all growing girls and boys, compares youth of today with teen-agers of the previous generation. What do you think? Are young people of today better or worse than their parents were at the same age? We'd like to hear from adults and teen-agers.

There's a letter concerned with the teacher shortage. How do you feel about the future of our public schools? Would you like to see some improvement in movie manners? Do you feel you are entitled to a priority on soap if you've been saving fats conscientiously? Could we be kinder to old people than we are?

In these pages devoted to The Village Pump, the TRUE STORY family is offered the opportunity of exercising the fine old American privilege of free speech. But free speech operates on alternating current. It flows both ways. You have the right to speak out your mind, and your neighbor has the right to be heard. That's why we print the pro's and con's, so line up your arguments and come to The Village Pump.

Remember, Parents?

For quite some time I have been listening to adults "kicking" about how teen-agers dress and talk. They also have been asking to bring back the days of chaperones. Well, here's my answer to them.

Boys call the girls "chicks," and adults object, but in their teen-age, girls were called "flappers," and they didn't object.

Adults object to our ways of acting, dressing and our music; well, here's what they had.

Girls wore dresses above their knees, so the fancy frilled garters would show a little. They wore four buckle Arctics open, because those who didn't were called "hicks."

Their music? I am sure it was nice. Such things as "Barney Google" and "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

They say we are sloppily dressed. Perhaps, but nevertheless, we are "dressed."

Dancing? Well, it seems to me that the "Charleston," and the "Blackbottom," of their day, wasn't nearly as graceful as the "Jitterbug" of today.

As far as having chaperones goes, teen-agers have more experience, self-control and common sense nowadays. Enough so, they have proved time and again they need no "overseers."

If more adults were honest with themselves, they would understand teen-agers much better. Adults should remember how silly they must have seemed to their parents when they were young.

A suggestion to parents: Youth has taken to skirts, sweaters and overalls. Count your blessings that kids are willing to dress in this manner during the post war shortages.

Please remember, teen-agers don't have to stand in "nylon" or "white shirt" lines for hours—there is no need for it. They can have much more fun just being young.

D. G.

A Teen-Ager Speaks Out

A lot of folks seem to have the idea we teen-agers are either eternally sighing over Van Johnson or swooning over Sinatra. There may be some bobby soxers whose interests don't go any further, but there are just as many like myself who are far more interested in becoming sensible, worthwhile adults. I, unfortunately, happen to be an orphan. And many of my friends, though they have parents, just can't talk to them about some things. Besides, we like to appear grown up and worldly wise though underneath we're really quaking in our boots.

D. B.

Movie Manners

Some of our distinguished visitors from other countries have been most generous in their praise of American civilities. To help preserve that reputation, I think it would behoove us to start a "Mind Your Movie Manners" movement.

The other night at one of the better neighborhood houses during a tense dramatic scene, which was well directed and acted and was actually the high spot of the feature picture, an angry male voice in the audience shouted, "Will you stop cracking that gum?" The offenders, obviously young girls, giggled loudly and by the time the tittering in the various sections of the theatre had died down, the mood of the picture had been completely destroyed.

Then there are the groups of persons who arrive after the feature picture has begun. Forced to occupy single seats widely separated, they remain in them only until they spy other seats being vacated. Their migrations continue indefinitely accompanied by gestures and audible signals to their companions, with no consideration for the seated audience.

Radio stations admonished listeners to keep their radios tuned down. How about a series of Movie Shorts or illustrated magazine articles hinting at the rude and suggesting the courteous deportment for movie-goers?

R. M.

The Teacher Shortage

Although my young son is not yet old enough for school, he will be very soon, and I find myself worrying about what will happen to him when the time comes.

Not that Billy is a problem child—what I'm referring to is the appalling facts I've been reading lately about the teacher shortage and the causes for it.

Here in the town where we live, we've always prided ourselves on our excellent schools.

However, I'm beginning to wonder if that pride hasn't been centered more on the beauty and practicality of our school buildings, rather than the quality of the education to be found within them. For lately, even in a town where teacher's salaries and standards are above the national average, evidences of dissatisfaction are beginning to be felt.

Nor is it surprising, when one discovers —as I did—that teachers in our high schools, and men and women who have invested both time and money in long years of training, are receiving less weekly than many of their pupils on their first jobs. If this is true in a prosperous community, what must the situation be in other, poorer parts of the country?

Is there nothing we mothers can do to insure that the people who will train our children are themselves adequately trained and compensated for their work? I think there is—and I think it is up to us to do it. That is why I am writing The Village Pump—in the hope that other mothers among TRUE STORY readers will begin, as I have, to take an active interest in the quality of the men on their school boards; in their city or town budgets, to see that worthwhile salaries are offered teachers; and in the general conditions of their schools.

W.G.F.

Stay Young With Your Children

My parents were about forty years old when I was born, so by the time I was at the age for dates and the good times any girl has the right to have, my parents were then old enough to want the peace and quiet they so deserved. They petted and pampered me and I loved them dearly, but they were so far behind my own generation that I couldn't feel free to tell them all about my beaux.

I determined, then, if I ever had a husband and home of my own, I would have my children when I was young and grow up with them.

I have that home and family now and am very happy. The children help keep me and hubby young, too. And when my older friend's children come to me with their secrets and little troubles and say, "I just couldn't tell Mother this, she wouldn't understand, but you are just like one of us," I smile to myself as I think of my own girlhood.

I want to advise any couple—have your children while you are young. You will be glad you did. And do have

more than one so they will know the love of a brother or sister.

MRS. P. E. S.

Where Are the Diapers?

Must our babies go without? Why can't some of the cotton that is made up into doll clothing, women's play suits and other unnecessary items be used for baby diapers, and other material suitable for babies and young children's clothing?

I have a small daughter and am expecting another baby within the month. I have so far been unsuccessful in my search for diapers or diaper material, and many other essentials for the expected arrival.

My sisters and I have found it impossible to find cotton dresses and play slacks or material to make such for our total of five other pre-school children, and I am sure we are not alone in this situation.

Most of us would gladly go without some of the unnecessary frills if it would mean we could get some clothing to cover up our children.

MRS. L. P.

Home Talent

Last night one of our local clubs put on a home talent show and I must say it was a tremendous success.

What a shame it is that this type of show isn't put on more often. They had local men as models and a group of seven men danced in gay dancing costumes. It was just out of this world.

There was splendid talent that I didn't even know existed in this community. This type of show not only gives the community good entertainment, but also lets the old home town really see how many talented people they have.

So come, people, get busy and prove to yourselves that home talent shows aren't a thing of the past.

MRS. L. R.

Good Neighbor

I am one of the thousands of Canadian readers of TRUE STORY and other American magazines that are printed in Canada as well as the States.

I can always pick up an American magazine and know that the stories and articles on life in the United States will contain nearly the same problems and pleasures as we experience in Canada. It is a friendly, neighborly feeling.

I have always found people very friendly and helpful when I have visited the States. I hope American visitors to Canada feel the same.

We have much in common; it was always a pleasure when I was serving overseas to meet and chat with an American serviceman about "home."

I hope the future sees us even more closely linked in friendship and the better ways of life, not only that we may benefit, but other countries as well in that they may see in us a good example in profit of being "Good Neighbors."

MR. W. T. S.

Soap for Fat-Savers

Almost daily one hears on the radio, or reads in newspapers, to save and turn in waste fats to your grocer or butcher in order to get soap as well as other hard-to-get articles. However, what guarantee do we have, as individuals, of getting them if we do so? How many housewives, like myself, have conscientiously done this without being considered when the soap shipments come in?

I suggest that for every No. 2 size can of waste fats each customer turns in, a "priority" slip be given in his name, entitling him to purchase one box of soap. Each grocer could then retain the correct number of boxes of soap for these people, as shown by the "priority" slips, when he receives his soap supply. This plan would thereby give these folks who really do save waste fats a chance to actually get soap—and not just those who are first to arrive when it is put on sale.

MRS. R. A. S.

The Last Leaf

Many persons sometime in their lives have read "The Last Leaf," a poem about an old man whose companions near his age have all died. He is alone, the last of his generation in the community.

I often think of that "last leaf on the tree" line in the poem when I see an elderly woman or man sitting on a porch or walking alone. When I have an opportunity to greet these elderly people or carry on even a brief conversation and watch their faces light up and their increased eagerness to give me some information about the "time when they were young," I become happy, too.

Once a woman asked me, "Why do you give so much of your time to old people?"

I replied, "My parents taught us children to be kind to and considerate of old people. At school my teachers emphasized respectfulness toward elderly persons. As I grew older and began to solve my own problems, and met issues directly touching my own life, I became interested in elderly people during their 'last leaf on the tree' time of life. I have inconvenienced myself many times to do something or go on an errand for elderly women, but I have not regretted having done so."

We will all be old someday if we live long enough. We too, may be the "last leaf on the tree."

MISS C. B.

Prison Camp Memory

After reading your November Village Pump, I decided to write a letter of gratitude to a French missionary. I met him one dark cold night in "Altengrobue," a prison camp in Germany. He was an elderly man, in his 60's. He got into my compound by bribing the German guard with cigarettes. He entered, praising the Lord, and I as a Catholic, and many others, answered him. He then told us to kneel, and prayed over us, gave us General Absolution, comforted the sick and wounded—and only having seven cigarettes, cut them up and divided them among us.

He visited us regularly, and through his visits, has saved many souls, including my own life, by shielding me when I was accused of stealing some carrots. That man deserves all the glory I can give him.

MR. J. Z., JR.

A Country Girl's Question

May I, a young country girl, join The Village Pump to ask a question? I would love to have some answers from others. The question is: Do you think a girl of 19 too young to marry? I would like to have answers from young and old alike, but mostly from older folks.

MISS R. R.

How to Take a Walk

While I was expecting my first child, the doctor ordered me to take daily walks in the fresh air and sunshine. To me this was a task beyond all others—partly because I wasn't in the habit of walking—mostly because I felt dull, lazy and funny looking.

I started my walk in a direction in which I didn't know anyone and trudged along unhappily. After a couple of blocks, I came to a little girl with long blonde curls who said "Hello, pretty girl." I was amazed, but answered back, "Hello—you're very pretty, too." She gave a shy smile and said, "Gee, thanks."

Later I came to a little fellow who was stuffing apples he had picked from a nearby tree, into his pocket. He stooped to pick one up and said, "Where ya going?" I answered, "Oh, I'm just out walking." Then he handed me two nice apples and just said, "Here's some for you."

All along the way grown-ups and children would give me a bright smile or "hello." My walk turned out to be an enjoyable one, and now I take them with head high and with a different view. I have made friends along the way.

MRS. D. M. C.

THE VILLAGE PUMP

belongs to you, readers of TRUE STORY. If you have any idea, opinion or viewpoint you would like to share with others, here's your chance to get it off your chest. It's up to you to keep the pump primed. You may write on any subject under the sun. If we feel it will interest others, we will print it. Only your initials will be used. Keep your letters between 50 and 250 words. We will pay $15 for each letter we publish. None will be returned and the choice of the Editor is final. Address your letter to THE VILLAGE PUMP, True Story Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

NATIONAL INERTIA

AMERICANS are known the world over as people who get things done. We are always searching for easier and more efficient ways of doing things, whether opening a can of beans or flying a helicopter.

It is now a matter of history that we trained and equipped our armed forces in record-breaking time. We manufactured more war goods than any other country. During the critical war years, we raised and processed more food than experts thought possible. Yet despite all this evidence of industry, resourcefulness, co-operation and hard work, we are, in peacetime, afflicted with indolence, apathy, indifference, red tape—in short, with national inertia.

WHAT IS INERTIA: Inertia is the tendency of an object to remain immovable unless acted upon by an external force. It is also the tendency of an object already in motion to keep moving in the same direction it has been going, even after the external force has stopped acting. Inertia is what makes a car keep rolling after the motive power is cut; a locomotive moving after it is throttled; an electric fan revolving after the current is turned off. A large object or body will naturally keep moving longer than a small one.

The American people constitute a very large body, but they are unlike locomotives and electric fans because the American people can *think*. They are set in motion, not by an external force but by the activity of their minds. The American way of thinking governs the American way of acting. The mind can stop its activity instantaneously; it can alter its direction with the speed of lightning. As thinking people we can change our behavior, our national affairs, our relations with foreign governments, and any phase of our individual lives by altering the direction of our thoughts.

NATIONAL INERTIA AT WORK: The ways in which natural inertia operates are unfortunately too numerous to list, but here are a few—

About fifty per cent of eligible voters never go to the polls. We tolerate destructive political machines although their corruption has been exposed. We re-elect public officials whose dishonesty has been proved beyond doubt, and who sometimes have even been punished by the courts for their betrayal of trust. We keep outmoded laws on the books and fail to enact new legislation for new and changing conditions. We permit the enemies of democracy to poison the minds of our people through the press, radio, educational institutions, public meetings, and organizations.

These are not unusual examples of national inertia. They are common. Isn't it time, then, to wake up, take stock of what's happening, change our mental attitude and *do* something?

Millions of law-abiding, God-fearing Americans take their freedom for granted. When conditions and events are not to their liking, they shrug their shoulders and perhaps even smile. They may give vent to their annoyance at the breakfast table, or in the company of friends who agree with them. Then they forget their disapproval. Their minds keep on going in the same direction as before. Inertia has made them a silent party to a wrong.

WHAT TO DO: One of the primary ways of counteracting this inertia is to use the power of the ballot. If every citizen who votes regularly will induce one non-voter to go to the polls, the results of our elections would then truly represent the will of the whole nation, instead of fifty per cent of it.

It has been said that Americans vote not so much "for" something as "agin" something. Let's vote *for* the principles of democracy at all times, by casting a ballot for the candidate who upholds the democratic ideal. When we permit the other fellow to do all the voting, we not only neglect a duty but we relinquish a cherished freedom.

Another way to overcome national inertia is to exercise our right of free speech. If new legislation is needed or already proposed, why not acquaint our congressman with our wishes? How is he to represent us unless we speak up? How do our senators, governors and city officers know what we, the people, want if we do not tell them? And writing one letter is not enough. There should be a constant stream of communication between us and our public officials.

When we snap on a radio and hear a commentator criticize all American effort while praising everything done by a foreign government, we should do more than turn off the program and mutter to ourselves. We ought to telephone or telegraph our protest at once, and follow with a letter announcing our intention of boycotting all programs on that station.

When we discover that our children in school are the victims of subversive totalitarian propaganda, we should gather together all the parents in the neighborhood and raise our voices to demand education for democracy. When, in newspapers and magazines, we read articles tainted with the intention to destroy our democratic institutions, we ought to inform the editors that we will not read these publications again. When we attend a meeting where the speakers openly or by insinuation advocate the overthrow of our form of government—how about standing up on the spot and *using* the very weapon they are *misusing*, the right of free speech?

ORGANIZE FOR DEMOCRACY: In our easy-going American way, we permit the advocates of totalitarianism to abuse the priceless right of free speech even beyond the point of licence. In numbers these enemies of democracy may be few, but it takes only a few drops of poison to ruin a large reservoir. Few or many, they shout louder than we do. They claim every privilege granted by the Constitution, and crawl through every legal loophole in their campaign of destruction. The devil is clever. He has taught these undermining elements to shout, to make noise, create confusion, and above all to organize their work of *dividing* this country.

Therefore, let us as believers in American Democracy organize our work of *uniting* the country, not through societies and clubs, but in spirit. We need to be *united in spirit*. Let us by speaking freely and boldly for democracy at every opportunity, by improving and praising our democratic institutions, by emphasizing the dynamic splendor of self-government—let us by these means safeguard our treasured rights. By actively changing our mental attitude we can banish national inertia, and lift the United States of America to a higher peak of united accomplishment than ever reached before. This we can and will achieve with the help of God.

Henry Lieferant

Fish Feast for Four: Start with 4 thick fish steaks, such as salmon. Dissolve a bouillon cube in ¾ cup California Sauterne wine, pour over steaks and let them marinate. Pour off wine into cup, fill cup with cream and set aside for sauce. While you bake fish in fairly hot oven (400°) 15-25 min., make this wine sauce: Simmer tbsp. minced onion in 2 tbsps. butter or margarine 5 min.; stir in tbsp. flour, add wine-and-cream. Stir until smooth, add 2 tbsps. each sliced stuffed olives and diced celery. Then serve up sauce 'n fish steaks hot—with glasses of very cold California Sauterne

When fish is the dish...

Wine

is what you need

YOU HAVE HERE fish as fish should be—rich *pleasurable* eating. We wine growers invite you to try these Lenten dishes soon.

Try first the fish steaks. Serve them up piping hot with glassfuls of California Sauterne for all. Taste a forkful of fish with plenty of the fragrant wine sauce. Savor that a moment, then sip the very cold, very piquant Sauterne.

Some other dinnertime soon, set out the wine-blessed fish chowder. As a flavor-mate, serve glasses of nutlike California Sherry. You'll find your reward as folks come back for more.

We have many other good wine and food ideas for you—a booklet of menus and recipes—to send you *free*. Just write Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3.

Chowder that's a Main-dish: Simmer a medium-size fillet of cod or haddock in ½ cup water and ¾ cup California Sauterne wine until bones and skin can be easily removed. Break fish into chunks; strain broth; set aside. Then to make it hearty: Simmer sliced onion in 2 tbsps. bacon drippings, add 2 diced potatoes; cover with boiling salted water and cook tender. Add fish and broth and 2 cups milk; season to taste with salt, pepper, Worcestershire, mustard; simmer about 20 minutes. Makes 4 generous servings—delightful with glasses of Sherry wine